THE MAN'S MAGAZINE

50 CENTS JUNE 1964 A FAWCETT PUBLICATION

TRUE

®

STRANGE CASE OF

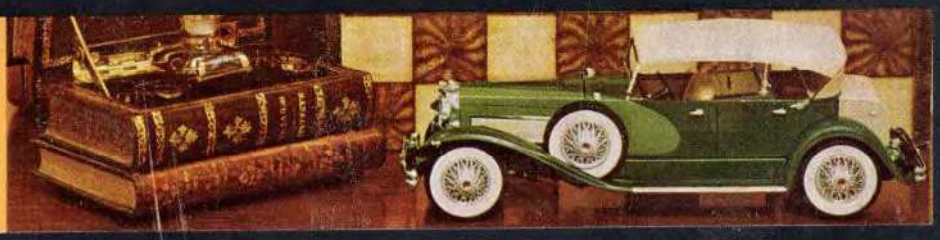
SACRIFICIAL KILLINGS AT YERBABUENA

IN THE SOUTHWEST

FABULOUS FISHING FRONTIER

FOR FATHER'S DAY

A GALAXY OF GIFTS



A GI TELLS ABOUT

MY TEN YEARS IN RED CHINA

CONDENSED BONUS BOOK

AMERICANS ON EVEREST

BY JAMES RAMSEY ULLMAN

50c June 1964 TRUE • THE MAN'S MAGAZINE A Fawcett Publication

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TRUELY YOURS

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Problem Pilot

I regret to inform you and the readers of True that Claude Eatherly once again is in difficulty. As this is written he is being held in the Galveston County jail, Galveston, Texas, in lieu of $10,000 bond, charged with armed robbery. During the early evening of Friday, March 13, he is alleged to have held up a small grocery store and robbed a cashier of $32. He used a plastic pistol. He was apprehended an hour later in a garage apartment where he had been living with a woman identified as his wife. She was in an advanced stage of pregnancy.

Eatherly told arresting officers that he had "blanked out" and that he had no recollection of the robbery. He said he was "sick again" and that he needs hospitalization. He is being examined by a court-appointed psychiatrist, and disposition of his case depends on the psychiatric report.

I have given advance copies of my book, *The Hiroshima Pilot,* to the psychiatrist; and I have offered to testify as to Eatherly's Air Force, medical and criminal records if I can be of any help either to Eatherly or Galveston County.

—*William Bradford Huie*
Hartselle, Ala.

Bullets or Bottles

It doesn't make sense to try to prevent the misuse of guns by making them scarcer (*The Great Gun Grab and How to Stop It*—May). Our approach to the problem of the misuse of cars is more sensible—driving instruction for high school students as part of the required curriculum, etc. Familiarity breeds intelligent handling.

Mr. Ruark talking about the shortage of firearms in England when the Nazis threatened invasion reminds me of an anecdote about Winston Churchill. It is told that on finishing his famous speech about fighting them on the beaches, fighting them in the hills, and so on, he put his hand over the microphone and added, "And we'll hit them over the head with beer bottles, because that's all we've got." I'd hate to see the gun grabbers reduce us over here to beer bottles.

—*Amos Darrel*
Santa Fe, N. Mex.

If it came to that, you can bet somebody would try to outlaw beer bottles.

The Beer That Lost Its Head

"Foamy Language" in the April *It's a Man's World* stated that the term "growler" came from the growl when the foam settled and showed the shrinkage in the contents of the bucket. That made me think of the gimmick that my grandad used for his growler. He used to put ordinary tar on the inside of the growler, thus flattening the beer and leaving just a thin layer of foam. In doing this, his bucket was filled up almost to the top, getting him a lot more for his nickel. My dad used the same gimmick.

—*Bob Pfeifer*
Portland, Ore.

How'd the beer taste?

For Free Press

In regard to your answer to Jim Goodman (age 16) in *TRUEly Yours* (April) I would like to say a few words in favor of the younger generation of which I am a part. We don't get much indoctrination at this age.

Obviously, True has the right to tell any side of a story it wishes, whether or not it is slighting to some of our "heroes" or to the much-told version. I am a conservative for the most part, and it appears to me that Jim is infringing on the First Amendment to the Constitution by insisting that True either print beautiful fairy tales about flaw-

[*Continued on page* 4]

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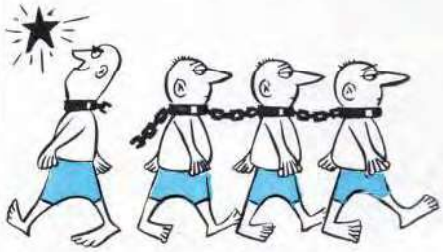
[*Continued from page 2*]

less men or be branded "Communist." Jim, read the Constitution, then try to prepare a rebuttal. One who ignores the Constitution should not call others "Communists."

—Steven E. Johnston (age 16)
Vista, Calif.

Non-conforming Hayden



Two letters in April *TRUEly Yours* accuse Sterling Hayden (*Wanderer*—December, January) of being a braggart. Our present society has grown so smug in its ignorance that a man who attempts to follow his own star is ridiculed and even persecuted. Although there may have been an excuse for the average man's conformity in the days of serfdom and slavery, in this age there is no reason why any man should fail to follow and fulfill his own desires. Especially in this country, which was founded and guided to greatness by non-conformists, we should recognize the advantages to be obtained by one's thinking for himself.

—S. Paul Schmidt
Azusa, Calif.

Reading Binge

I have just had the pleasure of reviewing 96 consecutive copies of True for a non-profit organization (myself) over a period of two months. The first copy was 1954—never again unless I wait another eight years will I have such fantastic reading pleasure. You yourselves and few if any of your readers will ever have the experience. The anticipation of reaching for another and another copy as fast as one can absorb them almost becomes a disease.

—Reg. F. Seed
Sicamous, B. C.
Canada

. . . But it proves you can never get sick of True.

Controversial Clairvoyant

Not long after I read *The Man With the X-Ray Mind* in the April True, I saw an article on Croiset the Clairvoyant in the *Chicago Tribune* that left me thoroughly puzzled. The author, a woman, obviously dislikes Croiset and Professor Tenhaeff, and for the most part she wrote about them in a derogatory tone that doesn't prove anything one way or another. But she also made some specific points against Croiset. She said he has found psychic healing more profitable than police work and so has given up crime-busting. She implied that he gets his "extra-sensory" knowledge of crimes from reading newspaper publicity. She said Professor Tenhaeff is not a member of the faculty of the University of Utrecht and that his salary is paid by a "Dutch Society of Spirit-

ual Healers" headed by Croiset. She tells of a Brussels "scientific commission" that investigated Croiset cases with "negative" results. And she quotes a statement from the Amsterdam chief of police that "The Amsterdam police have never cooperated with clairvoyants." Seems to me these statements contradict TRUE's story. What about it?

—*Frank Loris*
Chicago, Ill.

Author Jack Harrison Pollack replies: "Croiset has *not* given up crime-busting. As TRUE goes to press he is working on the case of missing 7-year-old Timo Rinnelt of Wiesbaden, West Germany, who is believed to be the victim of a sexual crime. Because Croiset accepts no money for his clairvoyant work, he earns his living from contributions for his healing. Far from repeating what he reads in the newspapers, Croiset often gives Dutch newspapers predictions of news before it happens. Professor Tenhaeff has taught at the University of Utrecht since 1926. In 1951 he was made an official teacher in parapsychology and in 1953 was given a professorship. The Dutch Society for Psychical Research (which Croiset does *not* head) persuaded the Netherlands Ministry of Education to take this extraordinary step. Croiset *has* worked with Amsterdam police, as is obvious from the specific cases reported in my book. You can believe what you read in TRUE."

ZINC WITH ZUNG

I'll go along with Meyer Zung of Lemon Grove, California, on his national lottery program ("Buck Shot"—*It's a Man's World*—April). However, let's make it efficient and issue a national lottery stamp to be used to dispatch the dollar bill fractions to Washington, D. C. I believe the stamp should carry a 10-cent rating. This would retire all operational costs of the lottery and at the same time boost the postal revenue.

—*Ernest R. Raehrs*
Alamogordo, N. Mex.

Nope. If the postal department can't break even with a five-cent stamp, 10-centers won't solve their problem. It would just add *more* to the present high cost of government and reduce the chances of a lottery.

Meyer Zung for President!

—*John Samida*
Claremont, Calif.

NAVY "E"

This Naval Facility subscribes to your magazine for the reading pleasure of a crew of about 100 men. All hands look forward monthly to receipt of TRUE, including myself. I have just finished reading *There's a*

[*Continued on page* 8]

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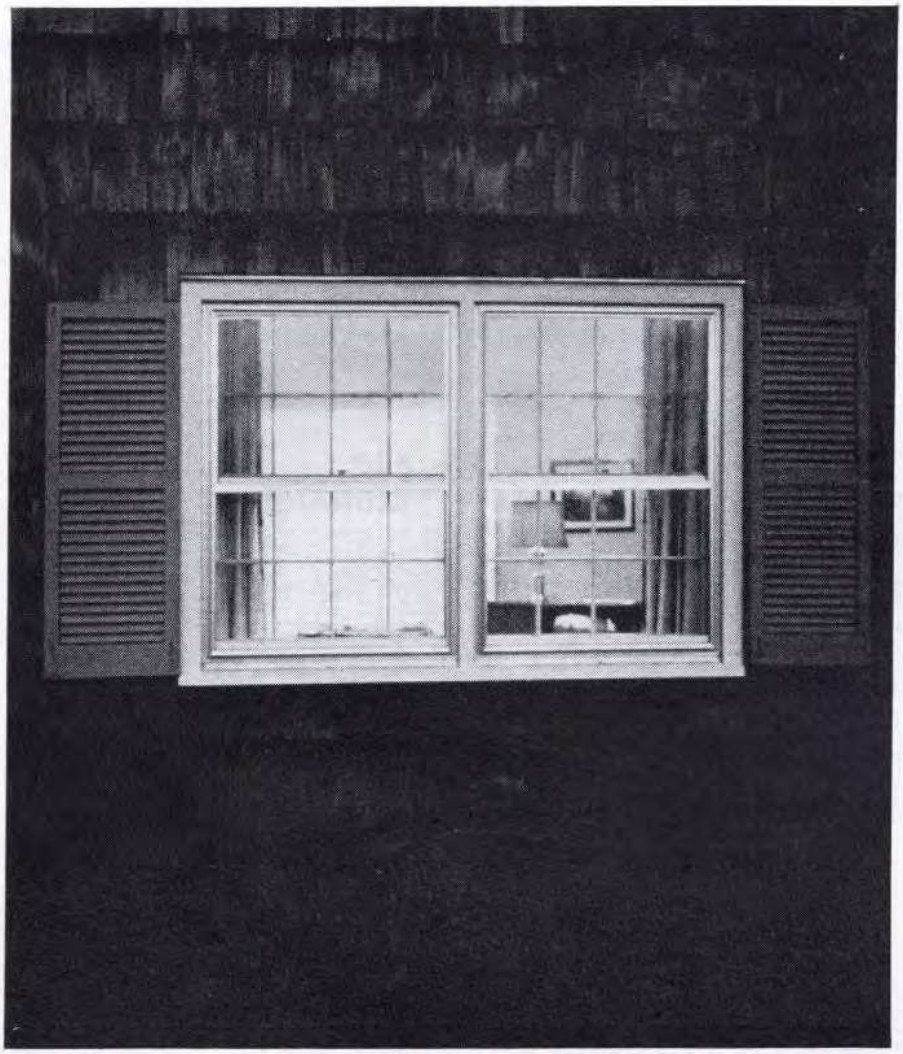

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37—Robert Daley

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THE MAN'S MAGAZINE

TRUE

'Tis strange, but true; for truth is always strange—stranger than fiction.
BYRON

JUNE 1964

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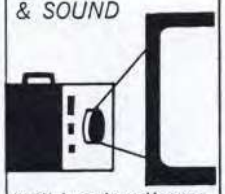

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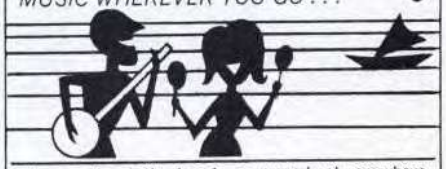

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NEW YORK WORLD'S FAIR '64-'65

[*Continued from page* 5]

Monster in the Bullpen (April). I have been reading sports magazines, publications and newspaper articles on all types of sports, particularly baseball, ever since I was a little tyke. The article by Mr. Smith is the finest such article I have ever had the pleasure of reading. There are many things that make a sports writer, I suppose. I am not too long on descriptive phrases fitting such a superior job. However, I do understand a well-written article, one with warmth, continuity, humor and interest. "Well done."

—*T. J. Clark*
U.S. Naval Facility Centerville Beach
Ferndale, Calif.

Would-be Assassin

I deeply appreciate the publication of the Paul Pavlick story (*The First Attempt to Assassinate President Kennedy*—March). If it had been Pavlick instead of Oswald who killed the President, we might not be fighting so hard now for the right to keep and bear arms. The "do-gooders," women's clubs, etc., have capitalized on the assassination by trying to have guns outlawed. In my estimation one of these maniacs is like the other; the weapon is no important factor. Almost anything could have been used. If a man wishes another dead and decides to commit the crime, finding a weapon is no problem.

—*Roy E. Cozbey*
Tucson, Ariz.

Hope you've read Ruark in May True.

At Home With Homer

We probably have the distinction of being the only two people who ever bested Homer Mills (*The Man Who Talked Riches Out of Rock*—March). We invested our money and went to live with him in Searchlight in 1951. My husband was going to learn mining, and I was going to be Homer's secretary. We were fresh from the East Coast at the time, and all this seemed like an exciting adventure to us. We took our two children and dog, and away we went. It lasted about two months or so when our suspicions were aroused, especially when I discovered letters that Homer made no effort to hide, in my capacity as his private secretary.

—*Mrs. C. P. Gungara*
Redondo Beach, Calif.

Reproduction Race

Your story *Cynical Charlie's Great Baby-Breeding Derby*—(March) brought back some pleasant memories of my days as a law student in Toronto. Three or four years after Charlie's death, and before the bequests contained in his will became headline material, I was searching the title to a property which he had owned at the time of his death. For obvious reasons it was necessary for me to read his will. I could hardly believe what I read, and instead of skimming through it I copied out the will practically verbatim. Believe me, I was able to hold the floor at the fraternity dinner table that evening and that's not an easy accomplishment.

Mr. Caesar might have gone even further than he did in explaining the humor in the will. I recall that one clause bequeathed one

share in the Kenilworth Jockey Club (Windsor) to every minister of a certain faith in the County of Essex, except one "who is alleged to have murdered a bartender."

—D. E. W. Tisdale, Q. C.
Crown Attorney, Clerk of the Peace
Norfolk County
Simco, Ontario

About July 1 of 1936 my then home town paper, the Escanaba, Michigan, *Daily Press*, published a picture of the leading contenders in the baby-breeding derby, with a paragraph saying they were looking forward to a life of luxury and ease and no more toil. Somebody goofed in the composing room, and the paper was published saying "luxury and ease and no more tail."

—James L. Booth
Flint, Mich.

Lindbergh Ladder

In March *TRUEly Yours* Perry G. Powers writes the ladder Bruno Hauptmann built to kidnap the Lindbergh baby "looked like it had been built by a kindergarten pupil." I can give an eye-witness account of that ladder. At the time of the kidnaping I lived less than a quarter mile from the New Jersey State Police barracks where the ladder was kept before Hauptmann was arrested. As a neighbor, I was friendly with the police. Since I was a carpenter and cabinetmaker, I was asked to examine the ladder. I did, and found that it was certainly made by a very good mechanic. The material was of inferior grade for the purpose of a ladder, but the rungs were so closely fitted that you couldn't find a space to fit the thinnest piece of tissue paper. I later examined the chisel that was found on the ground by the ladder. It was a Buck chisel and very keen edged. A type generally used by good woodworkers. This, no doubt, pointed to a very good mechanic. I was asked why the ladder broke. The reason it broke was that it was made in three sections, which weakened it where it came together. A person weighing about 150 pounds and carrying about 25 pounds in one arm and coming down that ladder would naturally have too much weight on one side.

—J. R.
Berkeley Springs, W. Va.

Twice the Fun

I get two laughs out of every cartoon you publish—the first when I read them and the second while I watch my wife read them.

—Lee Lovelady
Phoenix, Ariz.

We got sort of a chuckle out of that last name of yours, Lee.

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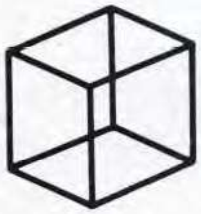
A monthly commentary by TRUE's editors to keep you entertained and informed—and to keep the little woman firmly in her place

DOWN, GIRLS!

An ad for what sounds like a rather racy book about dames no better than they should be, speaks of "ladies exercising their influence from the prone position." We advise the copywriter to watch his nuances. If he's driving at what we think he is, he means the "supine" position. Prone is the position we used to fire a rifle from in ROTC.

ILLUSIONS OF ASTRONAUTS



Take a look at this simple drawing of a cube. Now you see it one way, now another. You may see it with its top slanted up, or down. It changes in depth suddenly as you look at it. This is the well-known "Necker cube" optical illusion. It isn't just an interesting stunt. It's a demonstration of a visual phenomenon that may cause trouble for astronauts approaching a station in space.

A piece in a technical journal of United Aircraft speculates on the astronautic hazards of this visual quirk. Space stations of various shapes, brilliantly outlined against a black sky, may look distorted, sliced, or even broken off to orbiting crews attempting to make contact. Visual illusions will add to the difficulties of astronauts assembling space stations part by part. It has been suggested that space-station builders release dust around the structures, to create a kind of haze and give depth to what is seen. If you have a better suggestion, get in touch with NASA.

GUZZLERS, INC.

We always thought one drinker was pretty much like another, but it seems there are more Greek-letter types of guzzlers than we imagined. Our authority is Dr. Marvin A. Block, chairman of the American Medical Association's Committee on Alcoholism and Narcotics. The Delta belter is limited almost exclusively to cowboys, lumberjacks, and advertising executives, a fellowship too unlikely for us to have invented it. The Delta boys drink steadily all day long. The Gamma guzzler is most common. He's a compulsive drinker with physical dependence on alcohol. The Alpha alky takes a belt to bolster his courage. The Beta boozer is a he-man drinker. The Epsilon elbow bender goes on binges. This is the sort of startling information we collect when we attend a symposium (which means "drinking together").

NEVER ON SUNDAY

When a man can be hauled before a judge and fined for selling a can of baby food, a package of chewing gum, an electric light bulb or a pot of paint, it's nice to think that it can't happen here in the land of the free. But it can and does happen here—in two-thirds of our states that have odious laws against selling on Sunday. Stupid laws that got on the statute books years ago—like laws against flying kites because they scared horses and caused runaways—are not always rigidly enforced, but they are as sorry a mishmash as divorce laws and as desperately in need of reform.

We hold that a man should have the freedom to buy a can of tuna fish or a screwdriver on Sunday afternoon and that another man should have the freedom to sell the product if he wants to. A provision once written into a Michigan Sunday closing law would permit you to buy a wrench or hammer—but only if you needed it for "emergency purposes due to acts of God, war or public enemy." This is typical of hundreds of absurdities that are the law of the land or parts of the land, and we can think of nothing more likely to breed disrespect for law in general.

Recent pressure to enforce Sunday closing laws ostensibly comes from groups concerned about a day of rest and cretins who have learned to write, like one newspaper editorialist who warns of "horrendous effects on the moral fiber of the community" if Sunday sales are permitted. The real pressure comes from retailers who aren't concerned with morals but with competition. They're alarmed about changing times and buying habits and the feeling of many people that it's convenient to do a little shopping around on Sunday.

Legislators run away from reform efforts like scared rabbits. But in New York a legislative commission proposes a new penal law in which adultery would no longer be considered a crime, on grounds that enforcement of the law against adultery is impossible.

If legislators can write off adultery, why can't they clean up Sunday blue laws?

LATEX LEGERDEMAIN

A daring social commentator, Paul Benzaquin of Station WEEI in Boston, backed into a touchy subject the other day—women's underwear. It happens, he says, every time he opens one of those magazines women read.

"To judge from the ads for women's lingerie," Paul told his listeners, "half the joy of womanhood and nine-tenths of her spirit of well-being results from knowing she's clad in a glamorous girdle, in believing she's transformed, transfused and transported by the form-fitting foundation.

"Take a look at the faces of the girls in the lingerie ads. Have you ever seen such sheer joy, such self-satisfaction? The miraculous garment somehow gives new body to their hair, makes their eyes bewitching, even brings out the sparkle in their teeth. There's magic in elastic, legerdemain in latex. I prefer to believe that every one of these models is unspeakably fat, a walrus without her waist-whipper, a slob without her slenderizer.

"A wonder-world awaits the girl chosen to show lingerie. Now she's serving canapes on a jet plane in—that is, **wearing**—a brassiere, next she's climbing the Eiffel Tower in a foundation garment, tomorrow she may be orbiting in a girdle that protects her in five ways against the rigors of acceleration. The

(Continued on page 12)

CIVIC LEADER

He applies himself to all projects equally...
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. . . and he reads this magazine, just as you do.

MPA **MAGAZINES/YOUR WORLD OF IDEAS AND PRODUCTS!**

IT'S A MAN'S WORLD

(Continued from page 10)
best a male underwear model can hope for is to be photographed in his wool-knits in a locker room scowling at a three iron."

Stung to action by Paul's stirring broadcast, we skimmed through a pile of women's mags that we keep locked in the same closet with **Fanny Hill** and became lost in a dream world of textiles that restrain the fundament and perform what Michelangelos of design describe as "derriere shaping" and "tummy flattening." Women constantly degrade the language into baby talk. What they want flattened is a fat belly, not a "tummy," which is a 3-year-old's word for "stomach," an organ entirely invisible except to surgeons.

WHERE THE JOBS ARE

If you are looking for a career with little threat of unemployment, you could do worse than to scan the latest edition of the U.S. Department of Labor's "Occupational Outlook Handbook." Great job prospects are ahead for teachers, technical writers, biologists, computer programmers, economists, accountants, policemen and cooks. But little or no job growth is expected in mining, transportation, communications and public utilities, and there are very poor job prospects ahead for radio and TV announcers, actors, musicians, typesetters, machinists and petroleum industry workers.

We were disappointed to notice that no mention was made of one of our favorite occupations which, for want of a more specific title, we shall call Wastebasket Custodian. This is a branch of Industrial Spying, division of Janitorial Research. We heard about a janitor who was offered big money to let a private detective, employed by a rival company, sift through the trash collected from office wastebaskets, in hope of discovering some scribbled research formula such as $E=mc^2$. Demand is greatest for wastebasket trash from scientific departments. Trash from advertising departments isn't worth a nickel a ton in the spy market.

BRING BACK THE CRANK

We date the deterioration of the automobile from the invention of the self-starter around 1912. Until then, only a man could crank a car, and only a man could remember not to wrap his thumb around the handle, to avoid having his wrist cracked if the dang thing backfired. With the coming of the self-starter, dainty women with bells on their toes were able to stir the engine to life, and this begat hallucinations of competence in managing the vehicle that persist to this day.

Indeed, from some of the ads we see, even hard-boiled manufacturers have the delusion that woman's voice is dominant in buying a car, just because poppa tolerantly takes momma along when he's looking over the new models. This leads to such fantasies as illustrations showing a doll in evening gown leaning on a hood, mink coats crawling on the back seat, exquisitely gloved fingers pushing various buttons.

There are signs that male revolt is bringing the car back into the man's world where it began and belongs. "Customized" cars are catching on, we learn from the **Wall Street Journal.** These cars are restyled to the owner's whims. Many men are doing the job themselves, but some commercial customizing outfits do a land-office business. Hep car manufacturers are pushing customizing through "custom caravans" that tour the country and give advice on restyling.

This is great when changes are masculine, like customized airplane-type dials on Barry Goldwater's Jaguar. But if women get wind of it they'll be pouting for rhinestone steering columns, draperies at the windows, containers of nail polish to replace cigar lighters, tires with leopard skin sidewalls, horns that play lullabies, headlights with fringed shades, and concealed perfume atomizers that squirt when making a right turn. We say, bring back the crank and stop this emasculation.

SCUBA SQUAWKERS

It's pretty lonely down there for Scuba divers who can't talk very well under water. A gadget that looks something like a miner's helmet has been devised for communication between divers or diver-to-ship. The unit consists of a helmet, face mask, earpieces, power supply, and a conical reflector to focus the communication beam. Its out-of-this-world look would no doubt scare a barracuda.

VACATION BLUES

What would you do if you were handed a nice long vacation of a quarter of a year with pay? A lot of men with seniority in the steel industry are right in the middle of that "problem," and the rest of us had better be figuring what we'll do when we're inundated with leisure. Few families have enough dough for a luxury world cruise, and after a man has fished for two weeks, or a couple has gone off to visit kinfolk who are shocked by attention, there may not be much left except sleeping late and watching TV.

A wife's and husband's ideas of a vacation tend to differ. Women, according to a study by the Center for Research in Marketing, yearn to sit on their prerogative and be waited on right and left by lackeys in some luxury resort. Man is the real homelover, given to the notion that there's no place like home to relax in. Woman likes to have a man around the house but at reasonably spaced intervals. A male critter with a 13-week vacation can't be hanging cup hooks and washing windows all the time, and he gets underfoot. He goes around wrinkling antimacassars, spilling ashes in the guest room, exploring the refrigerator and leaving beer cans on the whatnot. Worse, it dawns upon him that the life of unremitting slavery his wife has complained of for years is sheer hoax.

CALLING DR. KILLCARE

When doctors drop their bedside manner you can hear it splash. The most irreverently entertaining medico we know of is Dr. James T. Brown, who writes verse that is hardly ever confused with T. S. Eliot's, such as this advice to medical students:

For women patients you need know
Just two words to have class,
They're either very nervous
Or they have excessive gas.

Dr. Brown, a surgeon of Springfield, Missouri, wrote the lyrics for four or five dozen songs of medical jollity, harmonized by an autopsy-shop quartet known as the Greene County Boys. They've made three records that are just the thing to bust up a party, provided that nobody present is already in stitches. Money from sale of records—close to $50,000 so far—goes into a scholarship and loan fund that has given financial assistance to a score of students at the University of Missouri Medical School who are studying anatomy and feemanship.

GIMMICKS FOR GOLFERS

IBM punch cards which are solving everything else are solving the problem of handicapping golfers. An outfit called Sports Data Corporation provides golf clubs with special cards imprinted with

members' names. Each time he plays, the golfer makes three simple marks on a card (month, day and score) and hands it in. From these cards his handicap is computed quickly and accurately seven times a year, at a cost of two bucks. This doesn't help his game, but we have heard of something that does: beer. At least under circumstances brought to light by Dr. William W. Vallotton, an eye doctor of the Medical College of South Carolina. He had a golfing friend who always did better with his putts on the last nine greens, after he had paused at the clubhouse for a beer. Only an eye doctor would guess that the golfer was "exophoric," which in medical lingo means that he had trouble converging his eyes into focus on the ball at the end of the putter. Alcohol apparently improved his focus and thus his putting. Whether a beer would help a golfer with perfect eyes is moot, but a man can always rationalize.

THE LAST LIVING THING

Man's most ferocious competitor isn't really woman. It's bugs. Smart as we are, our brains have lost one skirmish after another with insects, according to Prof. Dwight M. DeLong, an entomologist who is no happier about it than we are. Insects, he tells us, comprise four-fifths of all the animals on earth, and they eat or destroy one-third of everything man grows. Pesticides haven't done them in. Insects have no lungs, liver or kidneys, and they do not suffer from heart disease or old age. "When their work is finished," says Professor DeLong, "they die. There is no retirement, no social security, no old age pensions, and never a feeble grandparent." And looking eons ahead, the last survivor on the planet won't be man, but, as prophesied by Dr. J. W. Holland: "The last living thing on this globe will be some active insect sitting on a dead lichen which will represent the last of the life of the plants." Hand us that spray gun quick.

DEPT. OF ODD INFORMATION

A television-telephone that shows a picture of the speaker is undergoing laboratory tests. Tom Swift invented the same thing in the 1920's.

A proposed change in rules that would have required senators to stick to the subject in debate failed overwhelmingly.

A Moslem in England whose wife was in Arabia divorced her by sending a phonograph record saying the required "I divorce thee" three times.

—THE EDITORS

Yucatan

Vacation in Mexico
So near and
yet so foreign

The Yucatan Peninsula, that great thumb which protrudes into the Gulf of Mexico and the Caribbean Sea, is one of Mexico's fascinating areas.

It is strewn with ruins of Mayan cities — relics of a flourishing civilization mysteriously vanished long before the Spaniards appeared. The most famous are Chichén-Itzá and Uxmal.

The off-shore islands of Conzumel and Isla Mujeres beckon the fisherman, skin-diver, explorers of sunken pirate ships and Spanish galleons. In its jungles there is some of Mexico's most exciting hunting.

Long isolated from the rest of Mexico it is now easily accessible by air highway and train.

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"One reason I defected was to find out about the other half of the world—what made it tick"

"Among the Americans in the POW camp it was dog eat dog—no comradeship among us whatsoever"

My Ten Years In Red China: A GI Defector Tells Why.

Scott Rush chose the full, fantastic chronicle of his years behind the Bamboo Curtain: how he lived,

TUCSON, ARIZ.

■ Last September 7, a man named Scott Leonard Rush, along with his Chinese wife and their daughter, crossed into Hong Kong after having lived for 10 years in Communist China. He was one of 21 American soldiers, prisoners of war, who refused repatriation to the United States after the Korean War. Rush and his family now live in a $50-a-month, two-room apartment in South Tucson, Arizona, and it was there he spoke with TRUE in the exclusive taped interview that follows.

Rush, 31, a chain-smoking extrovert, is the 15th and most recent turncoat to leave China. One is dead. Five remain. Although he was born, raised, schooled and joined the Army in Ohio, Rush came to Tucson when he returned to the United States, because his mother and father had moved there for his father's health while their son was still in China. The elder Rush died in Tucson of a lung ailment, emphysema, on December 15, 1961. His mother, 53, in ill health, occupies an apartment adjacent to her son's and subsists on a monthly welfare check.

Rush was born the older of two sons to Gertrude and Howard Rush in Akron on August 18, 1932. Known as "Peewee" to his friends (Rush weighed 108 pounds when he left China, now weighs 132) and "Sonny" to his mother, he was a withdrawn youngster who took little interest in sports, but who liked to read, and played the piano by ear. He wasn't a successful student until he went to Miller Occupational School, a high school, where his principal, Esmond Thomas, recalled he adjusted well and became foreman of his machine shop class.

Rush went to work as soon as he was old enough—first as a newsboy on downtown Akron streets, later as a caddy on a golf course and, during high school, washing dishes at a hotel. One summer he joined a carnival and traveled as far as Windsor, Ontario, Canada.

He joined the Army two months after high school graduation. Fifteen months later he was 18, a sergeant and a prisoner of war of the Red Chinese in North Korea.

Not long after his return to the United States last fall, Rush got a job with a prefabricated home and apartment builder in Tucson as a $1.50 an hour laborer. When that job ended in December in a seasonal layoff, he took employment as a maintenance man at a large apartment house complex.

Rush was dishonorably discharged from the Army, but he

"I worked in a textile mill in China. I got $12 a month for a 48-hour week, plus a tiny, two-room apartment"

"Often, I was mistaken for a Russian in China. The people would shout curse words at me"

communism over U.S. repatriation after the Korean War. Here, in his own words, is married, worked—and finally fled back to freedom

has retained his American citizenship. Defection did not involve renunciation of that citizenship. In processing his travel permit for his return to the United States, officials at the American consulate in Hong Kong required Rush to swear that he had not committed some act of expatriation while he was in China, such as (as the law defines it) voting in a foreign election, swearing allegiance to a foreign power, serving in a foreign army or voluntarily renouncing U.S. citizenship. Rush's 21-month-old daughter, Betty Jean, was admitted to the United States as a citizen by virtue of her father's citizenship. Rush's wife Helen was admitted as a non-quota alien. TRUE's reporter, Dan Byrne, interviewed Rush recently at the defector's home in Tucson.

TRUE: Let's start at the beginning, Scott. Where and when were you captured?

RUSH: On November 26, 1950. I got to Korea November 11. I was captured outside of Wonsan. When we got to Wonsan, they asked for volunteers to go up to the line with this ROK outfit, the ROK Third Division. I was in the Signal Corps, a photographer. Me and my buddy were the first to volunteer in our outfit. I was the first one in our outfit captured and my buddy was the first one killed.

TRUE: What was your buddy's name?

RUSH: Bob Ritter. He was from Tarrytown, New York. Well, for four days we took this three-hour jeep ride up to the front. It was in the mountains south of Wonsan. But there was nothing going, no action. We were supposed to check each day with ROK headquarters before we went up to see where the line was—whether it was stable, or if it had moved back or forward. On the fifth day, Bob and I decided to hell with checking with the Koreans; we'd just drive up to the front. It was always the same. Always stable. So we took off in the jeep. I was driving. Ritter was in the front seat. And we had two Koreans, two guards, sitting in back.

Well, en route we got welcomed. The two Koreans were killed right off the bat. It was light rifle fire. We got some bullets through the windshield. I stopped the jeep and jumped for the side of the road. Ritter went out his side. He landed in a ditch.

I called over to him and asked him if he was all right. He said

"I first met my wife at an open-air dance in Wuhan. She was librarian in a junior high school"

My Ten Years In Red China

he was okay and he told me to come over to his side of the road. I crawled over. By this time they're cutting hell out of the jeep with machine-gun fire. And I didn't have my .45. I had jumped from the jeep with my camera, of all damn things. But Bob gave me his .45 and he had a carbine. We started down the road on our bellies. And then Bob got hit. I saw the blood flowing on his back right above his kidneys. I started to rip open his clothes, but he died. Just like that, he died.

TRUE: What did you do then?

RUSH: I took his carbine and started down the road. This time I'm running. I'm not crawling any more. I can see the Chinese now, only then I didn't know they were Chinese. I thought they were North Koreans. They're coming down the mountain in a skirmish line. They're going to cut me off. I'm firing the carbine ahead of me. Then they grabbed me. They took the carbine away from me. They were very polite about it. They took me back to where my buddy's body was and they checked his pockets. They took his rosary and prayer book. They gave the rosary to me, but they kept the prayer book. I did manage to put his dog tag in his mouth. That's the only thing they let me do. That, and they let me cover his body with rocks. None of them spoke English and I didn't say anything to them.

TRUE: Were you interrogated?

RUSH: That didn't come until the next day. They put me in this building, in a room all by myself, and this oriental comes in, dressed in Western clothes. He speaks excellent English.

"What's your name?" he says. I told him. "What's your rank?" I told him, sergeant. "What's your serial number?" I told him, and he writes all that down. "Now," he says, "I'm going to ask some questions and I hope you cooperate. How many artillery pieces do you have in your outfit?"

"Look," I says, "I'm in the Signal Corps. I'm a photographer. We don't have any artillery." Then he says, "How many tanks?" And I gave him the same answer. But he keeps it up: "How many tanks, how many men, how many light weapons, how many heavy weapons." I keep saying I don't know. Then he lets out a big sigh and says: "Look, you don't know. Do you value your life?" I said, "Yes, I value my life."

"Okay," he says, "we'll start all over again. How many light artillery pieces do you have?" [*Continued on page* 20]

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[*Continued from page* 16]
And I say, "About two or three thousand." And he writes that down. "How many tanks?" I told him "Oh, about two thousand." And so on. He writes down everything I tell him. I'm making it all up. I didn't know any of the things he asked. But evidently he's very happy about it. He gets up and says, "Thank you very much," and leaves. Oh, yes, before he left he told me I was a prisoner of war of the Chinese. And that's the first I knew about the Chinese coming into the war.

After the interrogation, they started marching me north. We marched at night, rested in the daytime. I was marching with Chinese soldiers. There weren't any other POWs. The Chinese were carrying their wounded on stretchers. It was a hell of a march. We marched for four weeks. In the middle of December, we were joined by a big bunch of American prisoners, about 300 of them. Some of them were in rotten shape. But I can't recall once ever being told by a prisoner that he was maltreated by the Chinese. Anyway, eventually we got to the first camp. It was right across the Yalu River from China, near Pyoktong.

Now this wasn't a prison camp like you see in the movies. It was just a Korean hamlet, a bunch of crummy buildings, shacks. There was no barbed wire. They put us to work fixing up the buildings. I looked like a skeleton. I weighed 130 in the Army. At the camp I guess I weighed around 90. They gave us baldy haircuts. The prisoners were dying off like flies.

TRUE: A lot has been written about a general breakdown in morale among American prisoners of war in North Korea.

RUSH: There was. It was strictly dog eat dog. There was no comradeship whatsoever among us. None at all. Everybody was out for himself—whatever he could scrounge, steal or fight for.

TRUE: Would you blame the prison camp environment for this—the bad food, dysentery, the housing?

RUSH: Of course that had something to do with it. But I don't think it was the main thing. The main thing was the education, the training, we didn't have in the Army. They didn't train us for a situation like this. They didn't drill into us not to let this cabin fever get us. The Chinese had us stacked 12 in a room, a little room, and you slept on the floor. In those circumstances it should be one for all and all for one, but it didn't work out that way.

TRUE: Did the Chinese do anything to encourage this breakdown in morale?

RUSH: Sure they did. They took people out individually for walks and talks. This left suspicion in the minds of those left behind. They'd wonder: "What's he going out for a walk for? Is he going to get an extra cigarette to smoke? Maybe he's going to get a bite to eat out of this deal."

TRUE: Were you taken out on these walks?

RUSH: Oh, yes, everybody was—sort of on rotation.

TRUE: What would the Chinese talk to you about?

RUSH: "Do you really know who started the war? Does the Army know where you are? Why did you join the Army? What kind of family do you come from." Questions like that. And then they'd ask you about some of the guys in the same room with you.

TRUE: What happened, say, when you woke up in the morning and found one of you had died during the night?

RUSH: Well, the Chinese would bring food around to us in big wooden troughs. They'd say, "How many people?" "Twelve," we'd say. Maybe there were only 10, two had died overnight, but we'd say 12 to get their share. Well, after we finished eating—and we ate right down to the splinters—they would come back for the trough. We'd say something like, "Oh, by the way, we have two dead guys in here."

The Chinese would take the bodies out then and stack them alongside the hut. There'd be a lot of bodies from other huts, too. Then around noon when it warmed up a little, they would come and pick out some of us who could stand. We'd carry the bodies up the mountain, on litters made out of a couple of poles and some pairs of trousers, six of us to a litter. And then we had to dig graves in the frozen ground. The ground wouldn't give so we'd end up with a little, shallow ditch. We'd put the corpse in it and cover it up with rocks. It got to the point where everyone became hardened to it. A guy was going to die so he was going to die—that's all there was to it. In fact, while some guys were dying, others in the hut would ask him: "Now, when you die, can I have your mess kit . . . your shoes . . . your spoon?"

TRUE: This was in the winter of 1950-51.

RUSH: Yes. This camp near Pyoktong was Camp No. 5. Along about May or June, 1951, they moved a whole bunch of us to Camp No. 3. That was on the Yalu, too. We got down there and it was the same thing—a decrepit hamlet. We had to fix it up to live in it. We were about 65 miles from Sinuiju, which is right across the Yalu from Antung, Manchuria—China.

TRUE: Up until now had there been any indoctrination by the Chinese?

RUSH: No, just those walks I told you about earlier. The lectures started here at Camp 3. They hauled us all out into the playground and we stood there while they told us who started the Korean War. They said the South Koreans did. These lectures were called "Current Affairs." First some guy would get up and jabber at us in Chinese. Then it all had to be interpreted. The lectures would last about four hours. At first the lectures were compulsory; later they were voluntary.

TRUE: What happened after you got back to the huts? Did you discuss the lectures?

RUSH: No, we didn't talk too freely about them. Nobody was too anxious to talk or to express himself on anything. No one knew who was going to be a punk, who was going to squeal.

TRUE: In other words there was a distinct fear now—you did not trust one another.

RUSH: This not trusting one another has been all the way along, since the very beginning. The communists built that up.

TRUE: At this point—this was the summer of 1951—would you say you were beginning to become persuaded to their point of view?

RUSH: No. I was more or less on the fence. I kept going just to see what they had to say.

TRUE: Tell us about the voluntary lectures.

RUSH: Well, with the voluntary lectures they gave us pamphlets to read; also the *Daily Worker* and some American novels—stuff written in the 30's or about the 30's. Things by Upton Sinclair, Steinbeck, and Erskine Caldwell.

TRUE: What did the Chinese say when they gave you these books? Did they say this is America as it really is?

RUSH: Right, that's exactly the way they put it.

TRUE: But how did you relate these settings, these books to your own experience? Obviously, they paint pictures quite unlike your life in Akron, Ohio.

RUSH: Yes, those situations were much different from what I was brought up in, but I was born in the depression. I can remember my folks talking about it. My father had a hard time through the depression. So I had these things in the back of my mind, and reading these books, it sort of all fitted together. And you've got to remember, I didn't know anything about communism. I didn't even know they were atheists. Anyway, everybody was reading the *Daily Worker* whether they were against the communists all the way or not. It was something from the states. You could get a little bit of the ball games out of the thing. Or you could see pictures of the new model cars. And if anyone had any education whatsoever, they could read between the lines and get a lot of information out of it.

TRUE: At this point would you say you were starting to buy the communist line?

RUSH: That's right. It's starting to affect me now. It's starting to sink in. Then the peace talks started. (July 10, 1951—*Ed.*) All of a sudden everything got better in the camp. They started treating us better. We broke up into squad rooms and they more or less let us govern ourselves. We got new clothing, Chinese style clothing. The food got a little better. And they let us fix up an old building as a sort of clubhouse where the guys could play Ping-Pong or put on shows. They gave us musical instruments. Then we fixed up a room as a library. They put all the magazines and books into it and they made me librarian.

TRUE: In other words, you think they were trying to make a showcase out of the camp?

RUSH: Everyone *knew* it. We didn't *think* it. We read in the *Daily Worker* that there was talk of having Red Cross inspection teams go through the camps. The Panmunjom talks were already on and the war might be over any day. The Chinese wanted to make a good impression.

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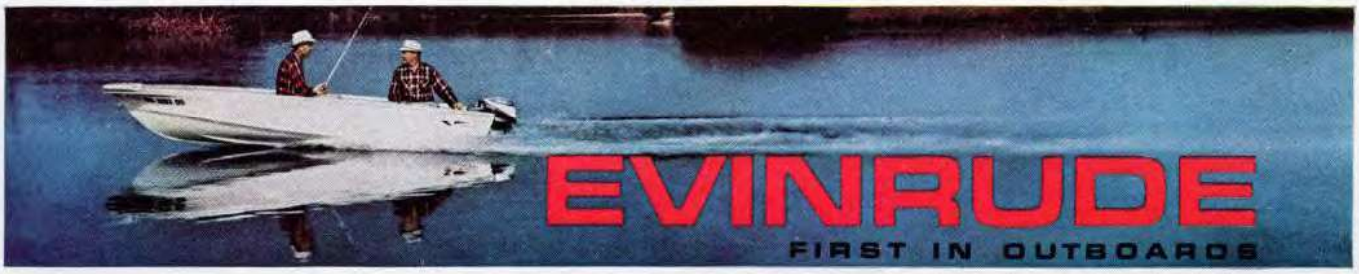

DIVISION OF OUTBOARD MARINE CORPORATION

TRUE: Would you say the camp is divided into two distinct groups at this time? Those that weren't having any of the Red propaganda and those who were?

RUSH: Right. It's already differentiated that way.

TRUE: And you were with the group that was buying the Red line?

RUSH: Starting to buy it. Curiosity is building up now. I did voluntarily go to the [communist] study groups. I read, and the group that I was in read everything the Reds gave us. And we signed the peace petitions they brought in.

TRUE: You signed the peace petitions?

RUSH: Yes, I signed them.

TRUE: Now with the camp divided, was there friction between those who were having nothing to do with the communists and your group, those who were in the study groups?

RUSH: First let me say that the camp wasn't exactly divided. There was another bunch—guys who would say one thing and do another. No one knew where the hell they stood. On this friction thing, well, it depended. Somebody might say: "Man, you don't want to buy that kind of stuff. Don't forget you're still in the Army." Or, "That's aiding and abetting the enemy." There was talk like that.

TRUE: Did they ever approach you on the simple point that you are an American?

RUSH: No. It wouldn't be put that way. They'd say, "Don't forget, when you get back to the states you're going to have to answer for some of these things." But, for me personally, that didn't worry me. I never squealed on any of the guys. In fact, I've never seen it written or heard that anyone said I did. So I had no worries on that score. I voluntarily studied, yes. I wanted to find out something. I wanted to find out about the other half of the world, what made it tick.

TRUE: Let's get to the defection angle. Had there been any hints by the communists that you might stay?

RUSH: Not at all. Everyone wanted to go home. That's all we talked about.

TRUE: Did the Reds use flattery? For example, did they ever come to you and say, "Scott, you're a smart boy. You've got the right point of view"?

RUSH: Flattery was used, yes.

TRUE: Give me an example.

RUSH: They'd say something like this: "Scott Rush has expressed his point of view very clearly. Other people should study from such, should learn from such. It's the duty of every American to know about his government." Something like that.

TRUE: And what had been the opinion you might have expressed?

RUSH: Well, I'd say something like—I hope this isn't used as communist propaganda—I might have said, "It doesn't matter who is elected [in the United States] the Democrats or the Republicans. Their interest is only for the one man, the moneybags. The average man isn't helped either way."

TRUE: At this point you were pretty well sold on the Red party line?

RUSH: No, I honestly can't say I was actually sold. My curiosity is built up. I'm saying to myself, "Is it really like they say in their papers?" By now it's the latter part of 1952. I've been a prisoner two years. How long ago is that, 10, 11 years? I can't say I was sold, no. I'm curious. I'm ready to be convinced.

TRUE: Were you impressed by the effort the Chinese were making to indoctrinate you?

RUSH: At that time I didn't really understand it as indoctrination. At the time, the Chinese kept stressing their "lenient treatment policy" toward POWs. They'd say, "We realize that you all come from the working class. We are also from the working class. This is a brotherhood of the working class." That sounded pretty good to someone like me, who was brought up in a working class family.

TRUE: Let's get down to the actual defection.

RUSH: It never entered my head, not once. I first heard about the voluntary non-repatriation clause on the camp loudspeaker system a couple of days after the truce was signed. [July 27, 1953.—*Ed.*] All this time we were getting radio broadcasts from Peking over the camp loudspeaker system. They came over about 5 o'clock every day. We all went out to listen to them because we all wanted to know about the truce talks. When the truce signing was announced, we were all happy as hell. We all wanted to go home. Then they told about this voluntary non-repatriation clause. The Chinese said there would be no retaliations if we took it up. They said both sides had agreed to it. So, I thought this was a good chance for me to see if communism was really like I had been reading it was all these years—in their magazines, pamphlets, pictorials.

TRUE: There was no idea in your mind that refusing repatriation might be considered treason.

RUSH: None whatsoever. It was in the truce agreement. Both sides signed it.

TRUE: You did not think that you might be violating military law?

RUSH: No. I thought I was out of the Army. I enlisted for three years in 1949. My enlistment was up in 1952. This was 1953 already.

TRUE: All right, you decided not to return. What did you do then? How did you notify the communists?

RUSH: I went to the communist HQ there and I told them I'd decided to take up this non-repatriation thing. Well, there was no fanfare, no pat on the back. There was nothing like that. They neither dissuaded nor persuaded me. They said, "You realize you are going to a different country; living standards and everything are different. You might find you will have some difficulty." Well, I was pretty cocky. I said I still wanted to go and see for myself. They asked me what my motive was. I said curiosity.

TRUE: At this point, you were a little bit more than ready to be convinced that there was a case for communism?

RUSH: Yes, I guess I was.

TRUE: Did you have any feeling of hostility toward the United States?

RUSH: None at all. I'd never been mistreated in the Army, nor in school, anywhere.

TRUE: Did you ask yourself how your

[*Continued on page* 85]

Continuing the comic adventures of that British model of male deportment.

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There's nothing particularly wrong with buying the same old car all the time, but there's nothing particularly right with it either. Especially when you can get a Tempest. You see, Tempest is a big car in everything but price. It's longer, it's got Wide-Track. A happy 6 comes standard (215 cubic inches, 140 horsepower) and it's as efficient as you'd expect a Pontiac to be. (That, friend, is efficient.) Let's you and us make a deal: you go down and see your Pontiac dealer, choose your favorite model from the seven Tempests—and we'll have it delivered before you can say, "I got stuck with that same old car again." **WIDE-TRACK PONTIAC TEMPEST**

Announcing the new Super-Speed and Super-X

"Compression-formed"

Harnessed power. Up front, inside the plastic hull, a thin protective strip encloses the shot—stays wrapped around it until *after* it's left the barrel. This exclusive Mark 5 collar keeps the shot round and polished. (Flattened pellets can't fly true.) It also prevents lateral dispersion of the shot; gives up to a ten per cent denser pattern.

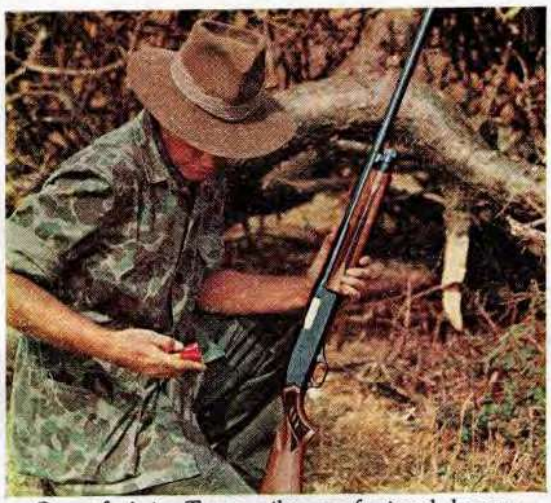
Unitized construction. This new hull is pressed out in one piece from rugged plastic. It has a laboratory measured tensile strength exceeding 35,000 pounds per square inch. It won't swell when wet, won't lose power in heat or cold. The slick, scuff-proof surface is self-lubricating—which means faster feeding, faster chambering, faster ejection.

Strong shoulders. Note the absence of a base wad. Where the normal base wad would be, this new shell's plastic sidewalls thicken into solid shoulders—forming a reinforced "vault" for the powder. The base of this shell is so strong that its solid high brass isn't actually needed. We put it on mainly because you are used to the *feel* of brass on your shot shells, when you reach for them in your pocket.

The new plastic Winchester Super-Speed and Western Super-X Mark 5's now available in 12, 16 and 20 gauge.

Mark 5 plastic shot shell.

Read how this remarkable new Winchester-Western shell —the first sweeping change in the history of shot shell design—was field-tested and proved on safari. "I never saw a shell made like it...or one that shoots so hard—so far," says David Ommanney, our man in Africa.



On safari in Tanganyika, professional hunter Ommanney crouches in sand grouse blind—gets ready to reload his new Winchester Model 1200 shotgun with our new Mark 5 plastic shells.

Ever since breech-loading shot shells outmoded the ramrod, their design has stayed basically the same.

Until our new plastic Mark 5.

Product changes as far-reaching as this are very rare in our business. That's why we wanted absolute proof—before putting this new shell on the market—that it out-performs all other shot shells ever made.

To get such proof, we decided that Africa was not too far to go.

We knew that bird shooting is fast and furious in Northern Tanganyika. Daily limits are liberal. Game birds are plentiful and varied. Here, as almost nowhere else, our "compression-formed" Mark 5 would get a thorough testing.

What's more, this way we'd get David Ommanney's opinion. Few men know more about game and guns than this famous professional hunter, whom we chose to lead our safari.

At first, as we expected, Ommanney was cautious. The one-piece construction and "strong shoulders" of this new plastic shell very much impressed him. But he found it hard to believe any shot shell could be more effective than the latest *paper* Mark 5s he'd been using.

He was soon convinced, though, by seeing the plastic shell perform on guinea fowl, francolin and quail. And, especially, by the deadly way it dropped sand grouse at all ranges. High birds, low birds, zooming-in and going-away birds . . . it hammered them all consistently and cleanly.

"In a way, it seems almost unfair," said Ommanney, "that a shell should shoot this hard and far. But virtually every shot did the job cleanly, quickly. And what could be fairer than that?"

Sure proof of this plastic shot shell's range and power is the way it stopped these fast, high-flying sand grouse.

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TOUGH FORD

but man, how gently it rides and handles!

Do you need big-truck toughness in your pickup, but want the riding smoothness of a car? Then you're sure to like the '64 Ford. Two-stage rear springs and long wheelbase make a ride that's easygoing, light or loaded. Inside the cab you'll find all the smartness of a station wagon, with the good visibility and comfortable seating you want in a truck.

Yet, the toughness you need is there, too. Axles, frames, springs and cab are heavily constructed with big-truck design for big-truck durability. The all-welded cab is solid and quiet. New double sidewall Styleside box is the strongest ever. Tough? Independent engineers ran five '63 Fords 100,000 miles each at an average cost of 3.2 cents per mile for gas, oil, tires, preventive maintenance and repair! And the '64's are even better!

Stronger, Quieter Cabs. All-welded design for fewer squeaks and rattles. 38 lbs. of insulation seal out heat, noise. Double-wall doors stay snug!

New Longer 128-in. Wheelbase. Improves ride. Less pitch on rough "back" roads.

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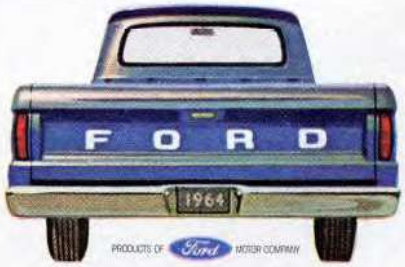


BUILT LIKE THE BIG TRUCKS-WITH A BIG COMFORT BONUS

RIDE WALT DISNEY'S MAGIC SKYWAY AT THE FORD MOTOR COMPANY'S WONDER ROTUNDA NEW YORK WORLD'S FAIR

THE SACRIFICIAL KILLINGS AT YERBABUENA

Cayetano, the Sainted Father, knew he was greater than evil. It took seven lives to prove how dead wrong he was

BY WALLY GEORGE

MEXICO

■ Villagran is a Mexican village 300 miles south of Laredo, Texas. It pokes a finger of crumbling adobe into a bend of the Mexico City highway; but *turistas*, hurrying to reach Ciudad Victoria before nightfall, do not stop there. A few miles west of Villagran, in the limestone face of El Pilón, is a cave. The simple corn farmers who live near Villagran think of the cave as the vortex of a whirlpool of evil. They can feel the currents sucking at them. They do not go there. Not now.

A few minutes before noon, May 30, 1963, a white-pajamaed *campesino*, gasping from a 12-mile run, lurched along the rutted main street of Villagran and across the plaza to the long building marked "Commander of Rural Police, 3rd Military Zone."

Commander Juan Piña, a large, cautious man who had worn the olive green of the tough rural police for half of his 50 years, was asleep with his head on the crude wooden booking desk. He scrambled up in confusion as the *campesino*, whose name was Arturo Arias, shook him by the shoulder.

"He killed and burned my brother!" Arias blurted. "Our Sainted Father is burning his people in green limbs!"

It took the commander a few minutes to get a coherent story from the farmer. The "Sainted Father" was Cayetano Hernandez, the commissar of Ejido Yerbabuena, a communal farm near El Pilón. It was 11 days ago that an angel had appeared to Cayetano, and God had filled his body. And now, in a cave

ILLUSTRATED BY STAN GALLI

SACRIFICIAL KILLINGS

over Yerbabuena, Cayetano and 40 disciples were engaging in an orgy of human sacrifice that had already killed three persons. They beat their victims with clubs, chopped out their hearts, and burned their bodies in green wood limbs.

At 12:15 the *rurales* commander and a posse of five city officials banged out of town in a pick-up truck. Their mission was simple: arrest Cayetano Hernandez and stop the sacrifices. But what the six men did not know was that the 40 *campesinos* in Yerbabuena believed that Cayetano really was the spirit of God on Earth. And they had guns. Before the murderous cult was scattered, 20 hours later, five more would die. The affair would pull back a corner of the colorful Mexican tourist poster, giving a glimpse behind the cobblestone streets and the incredible cathedrals to reveal the other Mexico, the country of the 11 million primitive subsistence farmers and their communal *ejidos* which have embarrassed Mexico's land reform for half a century.

The lawmen found out soon enough the fanatic devotion of Cayetano's followers. After leaving the pick-up in the bottom of a dry creek 400 yards from Yerbabuena, they clambered up the trail toward the cliffs; suddenly Yerbabuena lay revealed before them as two dozen wattle huts hugging the flat ground between the arroyo and El Pilón. In front of Cayetano's hut—a grass roof supported by vertical slats—a dozen *campesinos* writhed on the ground in religious ecstasy. About twice as many sat around shouting and praying.

Then Cayetano Hernandez, a burly man wearing a white robe over farmer's denims, ducked out through the door to join the worshipers. When he saw the police he began shouting for the *campesinos* to crowd into the hut. Fist in the air, he invoked the wrath of God on the lawmen, and disappeared inside with the others. The door had hardly scraped shut when the *BAM!* of a .30-.30 exploded through the slats of the hut. The mayor of Villagran spun to the dirt clutching his arm. A second slug ripped a sliver of bone out of a policeman's knee. Commander Piña hid himself behind the trunk of an oak tree. Unfortunately, Piña was larger than the tree, and a .22 slug punched a hole in the loose skin that hung over his belt.

The lawmen, with three of their six knocked out in the first 60 seconds, returned to Villagran.

Piña got aid for himself and his wounded. Then he radioed the state capitol at Ciudad Victoria for more men. While awaiting reinforcements, he questioned Arturo Arias, the informer. Piña wanted to know exactly what was taking place at Yerbabuena.

"The Sainted Father is burning his people in green limbs," Arias repeated. "He killed and burned my brother."

Cayetano held the bloody heart aloft as the campesinos prayed—and the consuming fire of green limbs flickered in the cave.

"You told us that much. But why? Who is Cayetano Hernandez? Tell me the whole story, please."

Arturo Arias was reluctant to talk. In Mexico, where the homicide rate is eight times that of the United States, the *campesinos* have little use for the law and generally settle their own problems. But Arias did tell the commander enough to make him realize that things more fantastic than he had dreamed of were happening in his district. Rapidly the commander made inquiries in the town, and when what he learned was added to what Arias said, the murky background to the murders—and the story of Cayetano and Yerbabuena—began to come out. Cayetano was, indeed, only one symptom of a malignancy that had been spreading through the *ejidos* for years.

In Ejido Yerbabuena, where the *campesinos* raise corn and cut firewood on some 3,000 limestone acres, there is no church, no school. Not a tractor, not a truck, not a car—not even a cook stove graces the collective village. Yerbabuena is typical of Mexico's *ejido* system, under which one-third of her farm land has been expropriated and divided among 25,000 villages to be jointly owned and farmed by the villagers.

Cayetano, elected commissar of the village, was an excitable, voluble character, unusual in that he had acquired six years' elementary schooling. Although he seemed intelligent, colorful, and capable of commanding intense loyalty, he was possessed of a curious morbidity that seemed to preclude any interest in farming. The $12 a month he got as commissar did not feed his wife and four young children, even in a subsistence economy. It was inevitable, perhaps, that Cayetano had watched with much interest as a close friend in a neighboring *ejido* rocketed from poverty to comparative opulence by hanging out his shingle as a practicing *curandero*.

Curandismo is the pre-Spanish art of healing by appeasing the spirits that cause disease and bad luck. As practiced in Mexico today, it is a mixture of herbology, magic ritual and Catholicism. A *curandero* treating a patient will pray to Catholic saints and Indian deities in the same breath, while administering brews that may vary from peyote to stolen penicillin. In many *ejidos* and small villages, where *campesinos* still plow by scratching the ground with a wooden stick, *curanderos* handle religious and medical matters. Although the literacy rate in Mexico has risen from 48 percent in 1950 to about 65 percent, most of this progress has been in urban areas; in rural Mexico, ignorance and religious decay present an everlasting problem. The Mexican peasant, not equipped to deal with the world of modern technology, has rejected that world: he has answered science with mysticism, religion with magic, [*Continued on page* 93]

two-man tug of war

■ In the Austrian Tyrol men wear funny hats and short pants, drink beer and yodel. They also play a casual-looking game on a table that is actually a painful test of strength. Called "Fingerhakeln," it began 200 years ago as a sort of table-top tug of war, useful for deciding who paid for the beer. Naturally it got organized. In fact, with typical thoroughness the finger-wrestlers are now set up in regular competition, with seven classes, based on weight and age, competing in graded tournaments. The first two men to try each other's strength merely joined fingers and tried to pull one another over a table. Then a looped zither string, made from sheep gut, was slipped over one finger but that had a nasty tendency to cut down to the bone. Today contenders use a loop of stag leather lined with shoemaker's thread, which by no coincidence is the exact circumference of a half-liter stein of beer. ■

Referee strains to get eager tuggers fairly placed over center line after talcum is dusted all around at contest start.

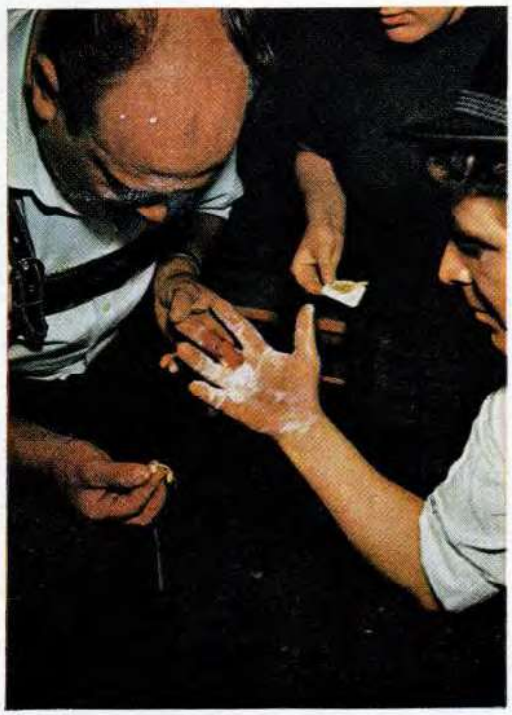
Winning pull carries loser over line on winner's side of table. Players are backstopped by helpful friends who are restricted to catching the man who is in danger of going over backward or falling off bench. They may not join in tug.

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR TRUE BY BILL HOMAN

Knee and free hand are braced against table edge; playing arm is flat on table for leverage.

Yells and moans fill the hall but it's the steady pull that wins no matter how much it hurts.

Tournament winner is cheered by his friends after quick match. Most last 3 to 10 seconds.



Bloody fingers and gashes to the bone are not unusual especially in the heavier divisions.

CHAMPAGNE BRUT
E.A. LANATY & Cie REIMS

PAINTING BY BIRNEY LETTICK

It's the official wine for launching ships and weddings, but for everyday drinking it can't be beat for putting tone in your muscle and juice in your heart BY MAURICE ZOLOTOW

■ Outside of Reims, Epernay and Ay, where the stuff is made, it is possible that the most fervent lover of French champagne is a certain Joseph A. Algeo, proprietor of the Algeo Pharmacy, 525 Warburton Avenue, Hastings-on-Hudson, New York. Man and boy, this mortar-and-pestle virtuoso has been imbibing champagne for over 50 years. Champagne is his only alcoholic potable. "Champagne," he told me recently when I came into his shop to pick up a prescription, "is the finest beverage ever discovered by the human race. It keeps you young and healthy and promotes brotherhood, good conversation and regular elimination. If everybody were to drink champagne, they wouldn't have any use for most of the drugs I sell."

Almost 70 years old, Algeo is a splendid advertisement for his favorite drink. He is lean, vigorous, charming and full of philosophically witty comments on the foibles of mankind. He still puts in a good 10 hours a day in his drugstore, including every third Sunday. On working Sunday afternoons, besides handing out the usual drugs, cosmetics, and shaving supplies and making ice-cream sodas at the fountain, Algeo pours complimentary glasses of champagne for his old customers. When he and his clientele have done away with a couple of bottles of Bollinger or Piper Heidsieck, he closes up the shop and has dinner with two old cronies, both doctors. The three friends then polish off a bottle of champagne each. On Sunday evenings he invariably guzzles Heidsieck Dry Monopole. He never drinks the higher-priced vintage champagnes. He says a first-class non-vintage champagne from France is good enough for him. He says in the golden years before 1914 a gentleman with money and taste imbibed only two potables—sound, well-aged Maryland rye and imported champagne.

In those days, our Hudson River towns were inhabited by the gentry—even millionaires resided in Dobbs Ferry, Yonkers, Hastings and Ardsley. There was a luxurious gambling casino in Ardsley-on-Hudson. The rich "swells" from New York would sail their yachts up the Hudson on Sundays and moor them at the marina of the International Hotel in Hastings-on-Hudson. Then, with their fellow millionaires, they dined at the hotel. They could watch the dusk gathering on the river and see the New Jersey cliffs across the water. Later they went to the Ardsley Casino and played blackjack and chemin-de-fer.

"They drank only champagne and ate game birds," Algeo recalls nostalgically. "Grouse, woodcock, pheasant, canvasback duck, pigeons. A dinner lasted at least three hours. They wouldn't be in any great hurry to get it over with, and they drank at least a quart of champagne apiece. It was a sporting man's drink then. A rich sporting man's drink. The working man, he drank beer on week days and whisky on Saturday nights. The middle class drank lemonade mostly and a little brandy—but as a medicine usually. The rich people drank champagne as a regular thing with meals or in an evening of friendly conversation about sporting events or the stock market or politics. I guess the average man today might drink [*Continued on page* 97]

JIMMY CLARK:

THE FASTEST ONE

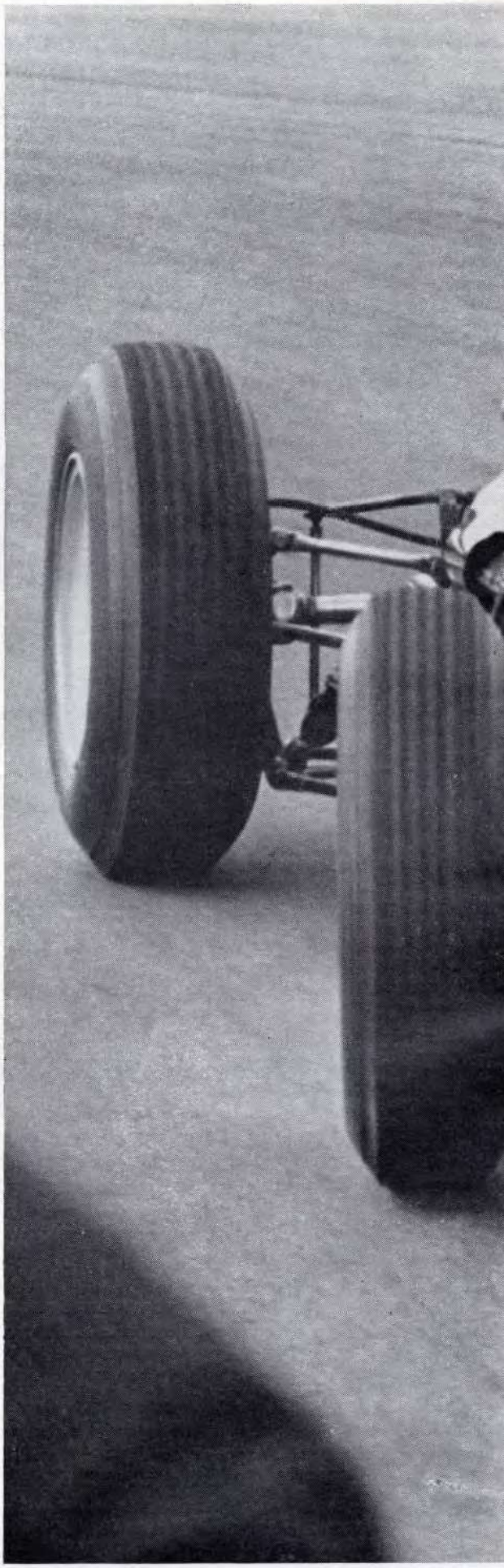
BY ROBERT DALEY

He makes only pit stop at Indianapolis where his tough driving shook competition.

■ When the slim green Lotus-Fords were unloaded, veteran Indianapolis men snickered aloud. They had seen all this before, they thought. When they first looked upon Jimmy Clark they snickered again, although most of them, out of politeness, hid the snickers behind their hands. They had seen men like Clark before, too. Plenty of times. Clark was just what they had expected: well-mannered, well-bred and obviously more sophisticated than themselves. He had the smooth, innocent face of a child.

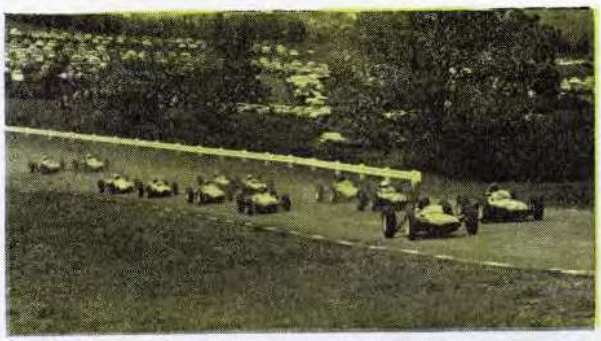
They felt, and with good reason, that Clark and his slim green car would not be tough enough for Indy. Clark, to them, was a gentleman road racer as Caracciola, Ascari, Brabham and the others had been. Ascari had gone on his head. Caracciola had gone on his head, too; and had stayed unconscious a week. Brabham, motoring cautiously, had finished seventh.

The Indy veterans snickered about Clark right up to race hour and a bit beyond. They knew the rules in European road racing: if a faster man comes up behind you, pull over and let him by; that way everybody lives a bit longer. And they knew their own hard code as Rodger Ward had once expressed it to Phil Hill:



Last year, in his first try at Indy, this moody young Scot finished second behind an oil-dripping car many thought should have been disqualified. Now he's the Grand Prix champion, back to settle an old score and prove a road-racer can win the 500

Clark's Lotus takes fast corner in a Grand Prix event. Clark earned the championship in 1963 by winning 20 of 32 races he entered, including seven of 10 races counting toward the title.



Clark leads at Watkins Glen in 1962. He won that year. Last year he roared back from bad start to finish third.

Clark drives a tractor on his 1,200-acre farm in Scotland. He owns 2,500 sheep and is as serious about farming as he is about racing.

"We are not sporty car drivers. We don't wave people by. We have to fight for our money." At Indy, drivers cut each other off, they swerve and block in the corners; and if a driver as a result smashes into the wall, tough luck and send flowers to the widow.

In the past, European drivers racing at Indy hadn't understood this difference, or at least hadn't accepted it. Clark would be the same. Clean-cut and innocent.

And so they snickered as the race started. They snickered a few moments later as Clark and Rodger Ward came rocketing down the straight side by side. Ward had the faster car. He nosed ahead of Clark and entered the turn at 140 mph. Ward set his machine in the groove, the fastest line, closing the gate on Clark.

It was all over in an instant. No one had time to snicker then. Clark apparently had two choices: brake hard, letting Ward through, or go into the wall at 140 mph. Ward knew this. Perhaps he was chuckling to himself. It is not much of a choice to leave an opponent. Ward had won at Indy twice. He had raced against plenty of Europeans, he had closed the gate on them, and always they had chosen to let him through, rather than risk smashing into the wall at such speed. Ward was confident that Clark, this youth with the choir boy face, would brake even harder than the others.

Clark, seeing the gate close at such speed, must have been astonished. This had never happened to him before. He had only a fraction of a second to decide what to do: brake, or risk the wall.

And then Clark did what to him has always come naturally. His strong wrists flicked left. The Lotus-Ford darted out of the groove, off the fast, safe line. Clark turned *inside* Ward, and calmly motored right past him.

The snickers died in the grandstand. Ward stopped chuckling, and an era ended at Indianapolis.

The Lotus-Ford was 10 mph or more slower on the straight than the classic Indy cars. Its engine was of 3 liter capacity. The Indy engines were 4.2. Nonetheless, Clark led the race for 28 laps, and he finished second to Parnelli Jones by only 34 seconds. Actually, he had closed to within 4½ seconds of Jones near the end. The vast American mob was screaming its lungs out for him and he seemed an almost certain winner. Then Jones's car began spraying oil. Clark, still hustling, still making up ground in every turn, suddenly found himself sliding sideways on Jones's oil. By rule, most observers thought Jones should have been [*Continued on page* 68]

Sitting in a cutaway version of a Lotus Grand Prix racer, Clark shows off its unique design. In place of frame, 26-gallon gas tanks on each side encase driver.

middleman goad for

Dixon Gayer is a professor, a columnist, and a roar of protest, all in one. His Webster Quimmley Society has made a lot of people laugh—and think

BY JOSEPH N. BELL

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.

■ Dixon Gayer couldn't sleep. A column was due the next morning, but the words wouldn't come. He'd gone to bed finally, planning to write his piece early in the morning, before leaving to teach his first class at Long Beach State College. Lying awake, staring at the distant lights of the Orange County lowlands scattered below his California hilltop home, he wondered how he could mine funny material from a heavy heart and an angry soul.

For eight years Gayer—a witty, cherubic, pipe-smoking college journalism professor—had written a pixyish column for the Garden Grove *News*. The *News*, an anemic weekly when Gayer started his column, was now, in mid-1961, a robust, profitable daily paper serving a booming community in the fastest growing county in the United States. When the *News* had gone daily, Gayer began turning out a Sunday column that digressed from the Buchwald-type humor of his regular column into philosophical ramblings on current affairs.

On one of these Sunday excursions, Gayer had gone to bat for a friend of his, a local doctor of high professional and personal stature, who was running for the school board. The doctor was a political liberal, and in Orange County anyone to the left of William McKinley is looked on with deep suspicion as a likely Communist and a certain fellow-traveler. A whispering campaign in Garden Grove had so labeled the doctor, and his reputation was being destroyed by innuendo. Gayer watched this character assassination with dismay and mounting anger—even as he observed the growth in membership of the conservative John Birch Society in the community.

So Gayer departed from his column character to write a pithy, no-holds-barred piece defending his friend. The day after publication, vituperative Letters to the Editor poured in, anonymous phone calls were made to Gayer's home and employer, and gossip leaped the back fences, all aimed at pairing the professor with the doctor as a Communist sympathizer. Several months later the doctor lost the election, and Gayer temporarily mislaid his sense of fun.

That was why, this night, he had stared without humor at a blank sheet of paper in his typewriter until he had at last given up and gone to bed. That was why he could not sleep. Finally, in despair, he flipped on the TV to a late discussion program. One of the guests was Robert Welch, the Massachusetts candy-maker who had founded the John Birch Society. Fascinated, Gayer heard Welch tell of Capt. John Birch, killed by Chinese Communists while defending his flag and country. Listening to Welch draw political lessons from the officer's story, Gayer

the right of the road

was overwhelmed by the utter absurdity of what Welch was saying and the ponderous manner in which he was saying it. He suddenly saw the arch conservatives in a new light—as rigid opponents who could best be fought with his own deft weapon: humor.

Inspired, Gayer turned to his typewriter. The words came haltingly at first, then quickly as the idea took shape. Following as closely as he could the style of "The Politician"—the letter in which Robert Welch had made his Communist charges against President Eisenhower and John Foster Dulles—Gayer wrote:

"The following is a rough draft of the organizational plan of the Webster Quimmley Society. Because it may make some accusations, it is to be understood that this is a personal letter to you intended only to elicit from you your opinions as to its strength and its shortcomings, and is not for publication.

"The Society shall be known as the Webster Quimmley Society, named after that great patriot Webster Quimmley, who chickened out on the Santa Ana Freeway.

"In 1959, as Webster Quimmley was driving his Essex touring car toward Los Angeles on the Santa Ana Freeway, he became increasingly concerned about the heavy traffic.

"Cars, it seemed to him, were traveling at dizzying speeds over on the left side of the freeway. Although Quimmley himself was in the center lane, there were cars even farther to the right which were driving with the same reckless abandon as those on the left.

"Finally Webster Quimmley could not take it any more. Although it took courage, Webster Quimmley stopped dead in the middle of the freeway, unfastened the isinglass side-curtains on the Essex and shouted, 'Sanity and Freedom!'

"Naturally a lot of cars had to slam on their brakes and wait behind him and they, too, took up the cry, 'Sanity and Freedom.'

"When the police arrived, they stopped traffic and led the Sanity and Freedom drivers off the madding freeway and back to a sane and free society.

"One police officer on a motorcycle said he would like to help Mr. Quimmley and asked which side of the freeway was the worse.

"The ones on the right were just as dangerous as the ones on the left," Webster shouted. As one who dared to protest, he is the only man after whom this society could conceivably be named.

"The Webster Quimmley Society watchwords are 'Sanity and Freedom,' but we stand for many more things. We believe we should respect our neighbor rather than suspect him.

"We have respect for our teachers, our schools, our churches, and the society in which we live. We believe the proper authorities should take care of the threat of communism in our country.

"We are not blind to the fact that any area of society can be infiltrated, but we believe that it is better to have faith in the society in which we live than to set ourselves up as vigilantes.

"We believe that if we are going to fight for the society in which we live, we must continue to make it a society worth fighting for. We believe this cannot be done by fear and smear, spying and lying.

"We believe the best resistance to communism is a strong America.

"We realize that there will be Communists and John Birchers who will try to infiltrate our organization, but we shall do our best to keep them out and to save our society for the great 150-million segment of the population which is neither far left nor far right.

"Keep the world sane and free for the great mass of middle of the roaders!"

Caught up in his satire, Gayer went on to describe the ground rules. The WQS badge, he said, would be made of pine between layers of redwood and birch, so the pine would "hold firm after the birch and redwood chipped away." Membership cards would contain an oath disavowing both the Communist party and the John Birch Society. "These will come in handy at cocktail parties," wrote Gayer. "If a WQS member is called a Communist or a Bircher, he can whip out his card and prove otherwise."

Dues were established at a dollar a year (later raised to $2), and the Board of Directors was named: the newspaper custodian, a local disc jockey, Gayer's wife and two small sons, and Mike Melody, "the man who paints the white line down the middle of the road for the city of Garden Grove."

Gayer ripped out the column, woke his wife and read it to her. "Welch says there are less than a million Birchers, and there are certainly a lot less than a million Communists. Cutting out small children, that must mean there are 150 million Americans somewhere in between. What they need is a Society—so I'm giving them one, with a legitimate American hero for a namesake." Then he went to bed and slept well for the first time since the hassle had begun over the school board.

The column was forgotten by [*Continued on page* 106]

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THE AMERICAN CONQUEST OF EVEREST

It was war between a team of dedicated mountaineers and the highest, deadliest peak in the world—a war in which there could be "no true victors, only survivors"

■ During the month of May, 1963, six men in teams of two stood at the climax of one of earth's greatest adventures: upon the summit of Mount Everest, the highest mountain in the world. Against the overwhelming background of peak and sky they seemed no more than masked and faceless dots. But they were not dots; they were six assorted and various human beings. One was a Himalayan hillman, a Sherpa. The other five were Americans—the first to stand where they now stood.

By profession, the Sherpa had formerly been an expedition porter and was now a climbing instructor at the Himalayan Institute of Mountaineering at Darjeeling, India. The Americans were, respectively, a university professor of philosophy and religion (and *pro tem* an official of the Peace Corps in Nepal); a photographer-geographer on the staff of a national magazine; a physician specializing in anesthesiology; the manager of a cooperative sporting goods store; and a university speech instructor studying for a Ph.D. in dramatic arts.

In age they ranged from 26 to 36, in height from 5-foot-4 to 6-foot-5, in weight from 130 to 200 pounds (the poundages being of pre-Everest vintage, for some had lost as much as 30 pounds during the climb). In appearance, background, temperament—and probably politics—they were as various as six men could well be.

Two things only did they all have in common. The first was that each was a mountaineer, and by mountaineer is meant a man who not only climbs mountains but who knows and loves them. The second was that all, during this month of May, stood where they did for identical reasons: their own desire and effort and dedication—plus the equal desire and effort and dedication of other mountaineers who climbed with them.

They were not, to be sure, the first of all men to reach this 29,028-foot crest of earth's surface. That golden prize had been won 10 years before by the New Zealander Edmund Hillary and the Sherpa Tenzing Norgay of the 1953 British expedition led by John Hunt. In 1956, in a remarkable performance, a Swiss party had put four men on Everest's summit, in teams of two on two successive days. But there was still no paved highway to the top of the world. Of the 15 major expeditions that had challenged Everest before us, only these two had demonstrably reached the goal.

Before World War II all the expeditions, totaling seven, were British, and they had approached the mountain from the northern, or Tibetan, side. After the war, for political reasons, the approach shifted to the southern, Nepalese side—at least for non-Communist climbers—and besides the British there were now Swiss and Indians in the field. The Chinese placed a third claim to going all the way. In 1960, they say, three members of a large expedition, climbing from the Tibetan side, reached the crest of Everest and left a bust of Mao Tse Tung, no less, as a memento of their visit. That there was a Chinese attempt in that year is a known fact. But the account of the venture is so saturated in propaganda, so vague in mountaineering detail, that most non-Chinese authorities (including the Russians) have strong doubts that their claim is true.

In any case—twice or thrice climbed—Everest was

BY JAMES RAMSEY ULLMAN

Author James Ramsey Ullman has condensed this story of the dramatic American Mount Everest Expedition from his book Americans on Everest. *War correspondent, Broadway producer and mountaineer, Ullman is known for such best-selling books as* The White Tower *and* Tiger of the Snows. *Climbing Everest had been his great dream since he was a boy.* Americans on Everest, *the official history of this expedition, is being published this month by Lippincott.*

Barry C. Bishop © National Geographic Society

Climber Lute Jerstad staggers toward Camp VI, 27,450 feet up. Here he and Barry Bishop spent a tormented night before tackling the last—and toughest—lap of summit try.

still no place for a casual picnic. "*Why* do you want to climb it?" the great British mountaineer, George Leigh-Mallory was asked years ago, and his cryptic and now famous answer was "Because it is there." As of the beginning of 1963 it was *still there*, every inch of it, in its storms and its battlements, its perils and its glory.

Particularly was it still there for American mountaineers, who had yet to have a try at it.

And it was high time, some thought, that they did.

You don't however, just decide to go to Everest—and go. Not by a damn sight. Before our expedition so much as laid eyes on the mountain it had been through a struggle on the precipices of organization and finance that bade fair to make the climb itself seem, in contrast, what Baedeker used to call "an easy day for a lady."

In the beginning there had been no more than a gleam in the eye of Norman Dyhrenfurth. Born in Switzerland but long since an American citizen, Norman had for years ranked as one of the world's top mountaineers, was a veteran of four previous Himalayan expeditions, and—perhaps most important of all—had still, in his middle 40's, the passion and energy to turn gleam into reality. In our United States, raising money for a mountaineering venture is only slightly less difficult than, say, soliciting funds for the erection of a statue of Karl Marx on the White House lawn. But in the end the fiscal miracle was accomplished, with grants, contributions, contract payments and donations of food and equipment adding up to an eventual total of over $400,000.

Not all of this was for pure mountaineering. To raise anything like what it cost to get it off the ground, the expedition took on as adjuncts several scientific projects: in glaciology, in climatology, in physiological, psychological and sociological studies of men under stress. And all this, while helping to meet the budget, also greatly increased it.

Meanwhile, of course, there was a quest for that other necessity without which all the funds in the world would have been useless: manpower. But here the going was far easier, for the very word *Everest* is enough to make a mountaineer strain at his rope, and presently Norman had assembled a team that was as strong and well-knit as any that could be found in the country.

As what might be called "straight" climbers there were William F. Unsoeld, James W. Whittaker and Luther G. Jerstad, from the Pacific Northwest, and Richard Pownall, John E. Breitenbach, and James Barry Corbet, from the Rocky Mountain area. Representing the sciences were William E. Siri (who was also deputy expedition leader) as physiologist, James T. Lester, psychologist, Richard M. Emerson, sociologist, and Maynard M. Miller, glaciologist, with Barry W. Prather as his assistant. There were three physicians: Drs. Gilbert Roberts, David L. Dingman and Thomas F. Hornbein (who was also our oxygen expert). In the "miscellaneous" category there were Daniel E. Doody, motion picture cameraman, Allen Auten, radio communications expert, Barry C. Bishop, representing the National Geographic [*Continued on page* 121]

Nawang Gombu, A.M.E.E.

Barry C. Bishop © National Geographic Society

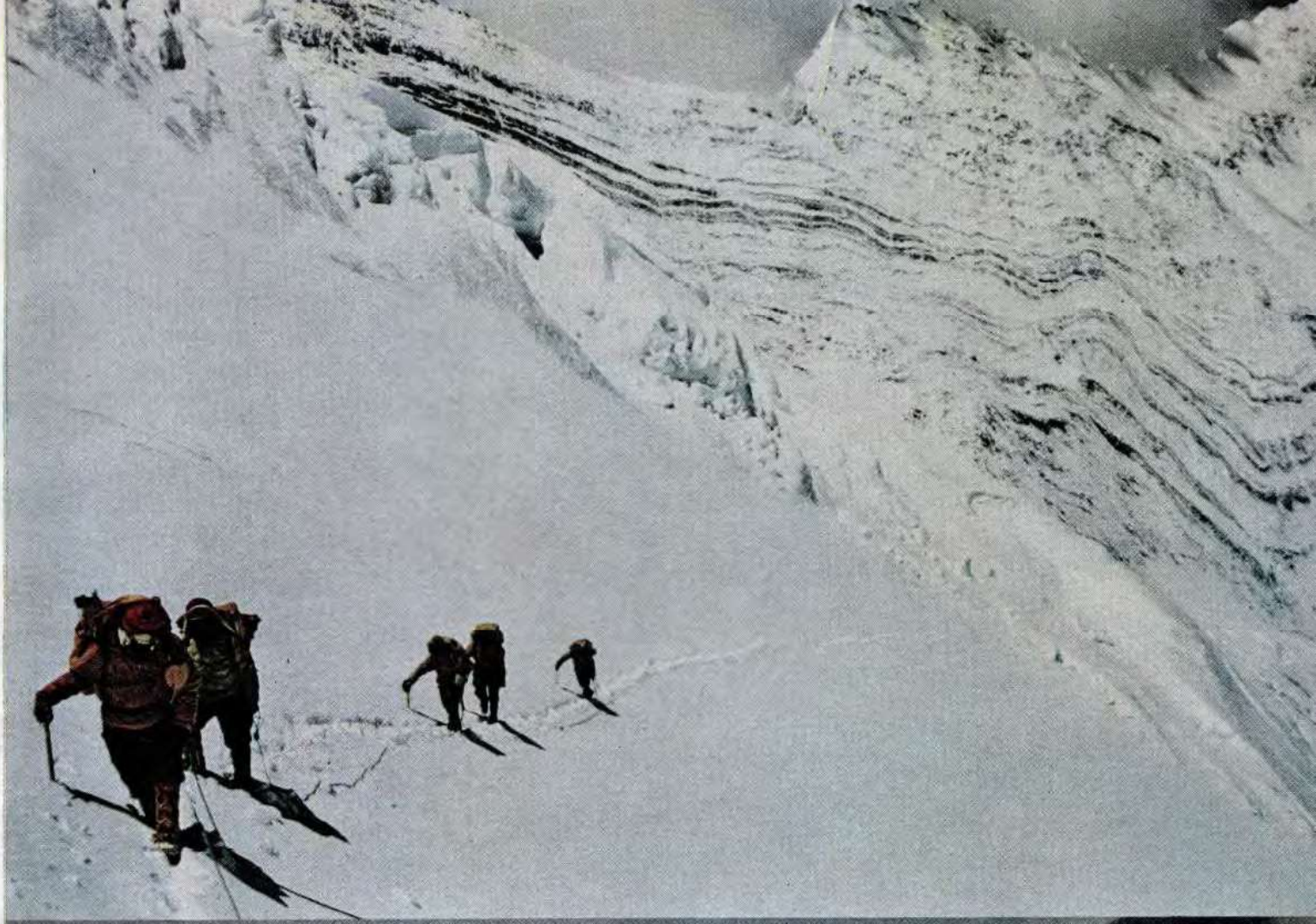
Most dangerous rock formation on Everest is the notorious Yellow Band, the writhing layers of limestone in the background. Men in foreground are Sherpa porters struggling up with supplies for Camp V.

William Unsoeld, A.M.E.E.

First American on top of Everest, Jim Whittaker waves flag-decked ice ax in moment of triumph after making assault up South Col route. Everest's peak at sunset, lower picture, is seen from camp 3W, midway up West Ridge route. Willi Unsoeld took photo after setting off on the perilous climb up this new route, never before conquered by man.

Top of Everest pierces the jet stream, produces these wind-blown clouds of snow, a constant menace to climbers. Mountaineers are at Camp III, about to launch first assault on summit.

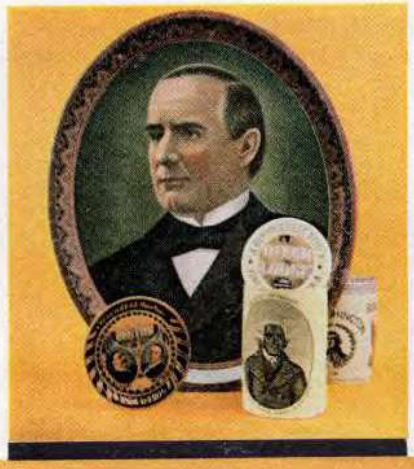
James Whittaker, A.M.E.E.



THEY ALSO RAN

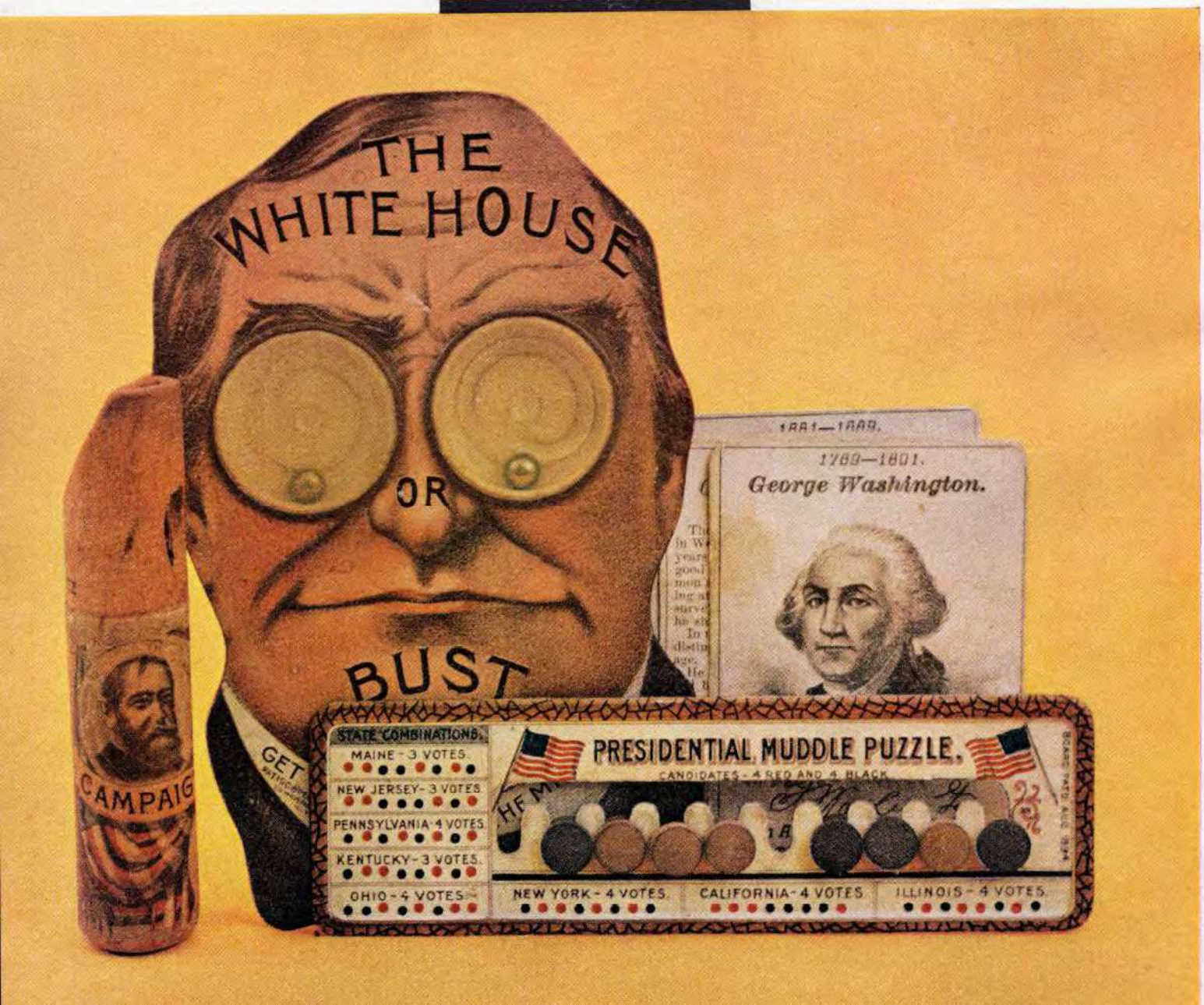
PHOTOGRAPHED FOR TRUE BY JERRY DANTZIC
From the Ralph E. Becker Collection of Political Americana of the Smithsonian Institution

A man running for President must be ready to talk, smile, promise, kiss babies and give things away. Here is a group of souvenirs given away by hopeful candidates of other years to keep their image before the voters. Some names are familiar. Some—the losers—are almost forgotten except for these campaign and inaugural mementoes.



The drinking public was the target (left) for 1896 beer tray with McKinley's portrait and 1908 Taft-Sherman coaster. Jefferson and Washington ornament two mugs. Nixon-Lodge flash button is from 1960 campaign.

Wooden whistle from 1888 Harrison campaign and William Jennings Bryan game (below) appealed to the young. Puzzle was satiric comment on 1896 campaign. Presidential advertising cards were collected and traded.



Banks reminded of need for campaign funds while spreading candidate's fame. Two hat banks (left) are from 1908 campaign. Bear is Teddy Roosevelt memento. Large bank, 1872, represented Tammany politician.

Landon's sunflower (below) is one of most famous campaign symbols. Two watch fobs keep otherwise almost forgotten names alive. Harding nose-thumbers and T. R. cartoon come from a lustier era than Ike key chain.

BAREHANDED BULLFIGHTER VS MADDENED MEXICANS

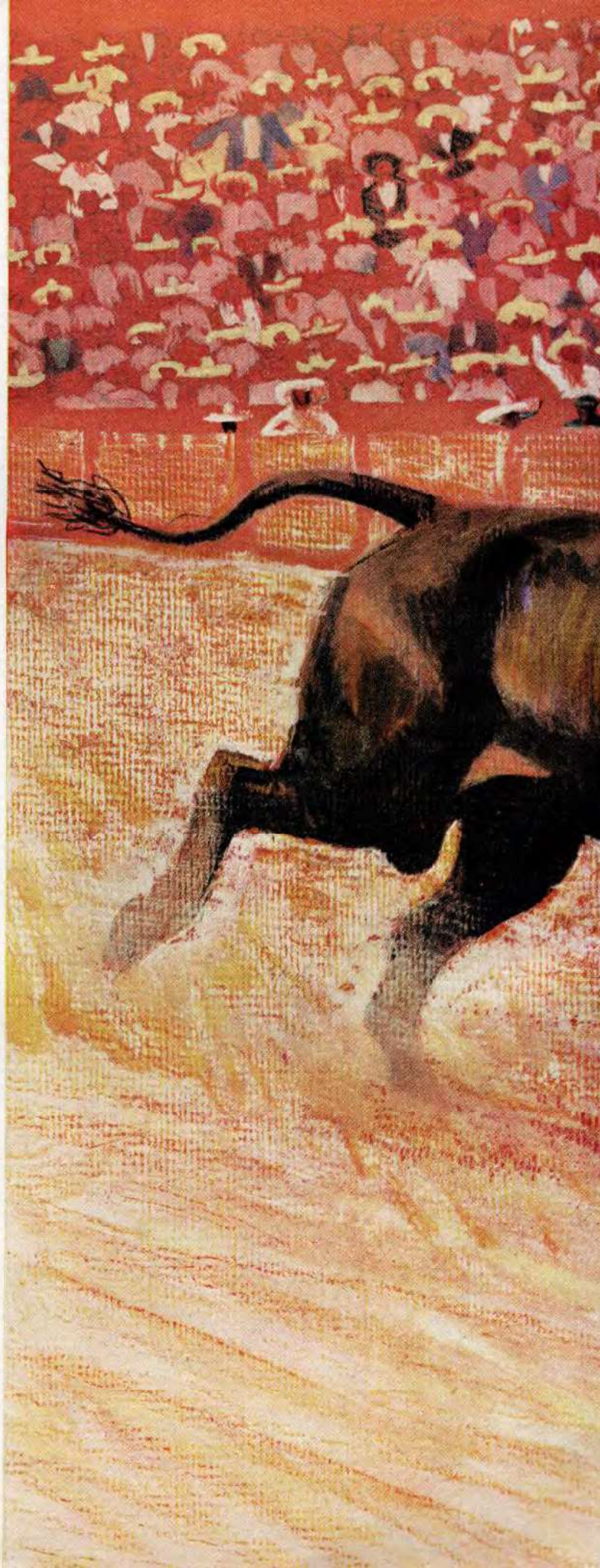
When Bill Pickett invented the sport of bulldogging, he never dreamed he'd someday take on a Mexican fighting bull —and a Mexican fighting mob

BY JOSEPH SCHOTT
ILLUSTRATED BY STAN GALLI

■ If ever a man needed help in a hurry, Bill Pickett was the one. Draped over the head of an enraged Mexican fighting bull, his arms wrapped around the critter's throat and his feet bouncing off the ground, while flying beer bottles rained around him, he could well ask, "How the hell did I ever get into this mess?"

In a way that question was easy to answer. Bill Pickett, cowhand and star performer of the 101 Ranch Wild West Show, had become the center of the worst riot Mexico City ever saw just because he had developed the art of bulldogging steers. Until Pickett came along, no one had ever been crazy enough to do more than flap a sombrero in a steer's face to shoo it along, or stand way off at the end of a 40-foot lariat to pull the brute down. But after Pickett introduced his hand-to-hand technique, fooling with a steer became an invitation to the boneyard. Reckless as Pickett was, however, he would not have jumped onto the horns of a fierce Mexican fighting bull if his boss, Col. Zack Miller, hadn't been bitten by a terrible hankering to outdo Buffalo Bill.

No one now knows exactly where the Negro cowboy, Bill Pickett, came from, except that it was somewhere in Texas. He was a kid in the 1880's when old George Washington Miller, father of Colonel Zack, signed him up as a cowboy for a trail drive to the Oklahoma Territory. As [*Continued on page* 110]



As the rage of the crowd grew, the bull smashed Pickett against the arena wall.

HE MAKES MEDICAL QUACKS EAT CROW

Every year the 50,000 quacks in this country take the sick, the dying, the gullible for a billion dollars. They'd do even better if it weren't for the AMA's Oliver Field

BY CHARLES REMSBERG

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR TRUE BY ARTHUR SIEGEL

CHICAGO, ILL.

■ The hotel clerk had dialed Oliver Field's office number and was whispering his message into the phone like a seasoned police informer. "There's a bunch of guys calling themselves doctors registering over here," he said. "They're going to a meeting of the Christian Medical Research League. Is that something you ought to know about?"

Field's eyes opened wider in interest. "I've heard of the outfit," he replied. "It's neither Christian nor really medical. And the only research it's interested in is how to line the pockets of its members at the expense of suckers. I'll drop in on the 'doctors' and see how loud they quack."

Minutes later, the nation's foremost investigator of medical con artists hurried into the January snow to a Loop hotel . . . and enemy territory. Listing a fictitious Chicago address, he solemnly signed in as "Dr. John Taylor," pinned a name tag on his lapel, and joined about 40 distinguished-looking men seated in the League's meeting room.

Field had only to hear the first speaker to be convinced that the gathering was as phony as he had suspected. The lecturer was a kindly looking, white-maned man, introduced as Dr. Jacob Sass Schirmer. But he butchered medical terms like an ignorant midwife might do.

What really pricked Field's trained ears, however, was Schirmer's boast that he had "cured" a woman of *mycosis fungoides* at his "research hospital" after doctors at two universities "had given her up for lost." His secret, he claimed, was a "miracle serum" called glyoxylide. "I would have brought her along to prove her recovery," he explained, "but she feared catching pneumonia in this terrible weather."

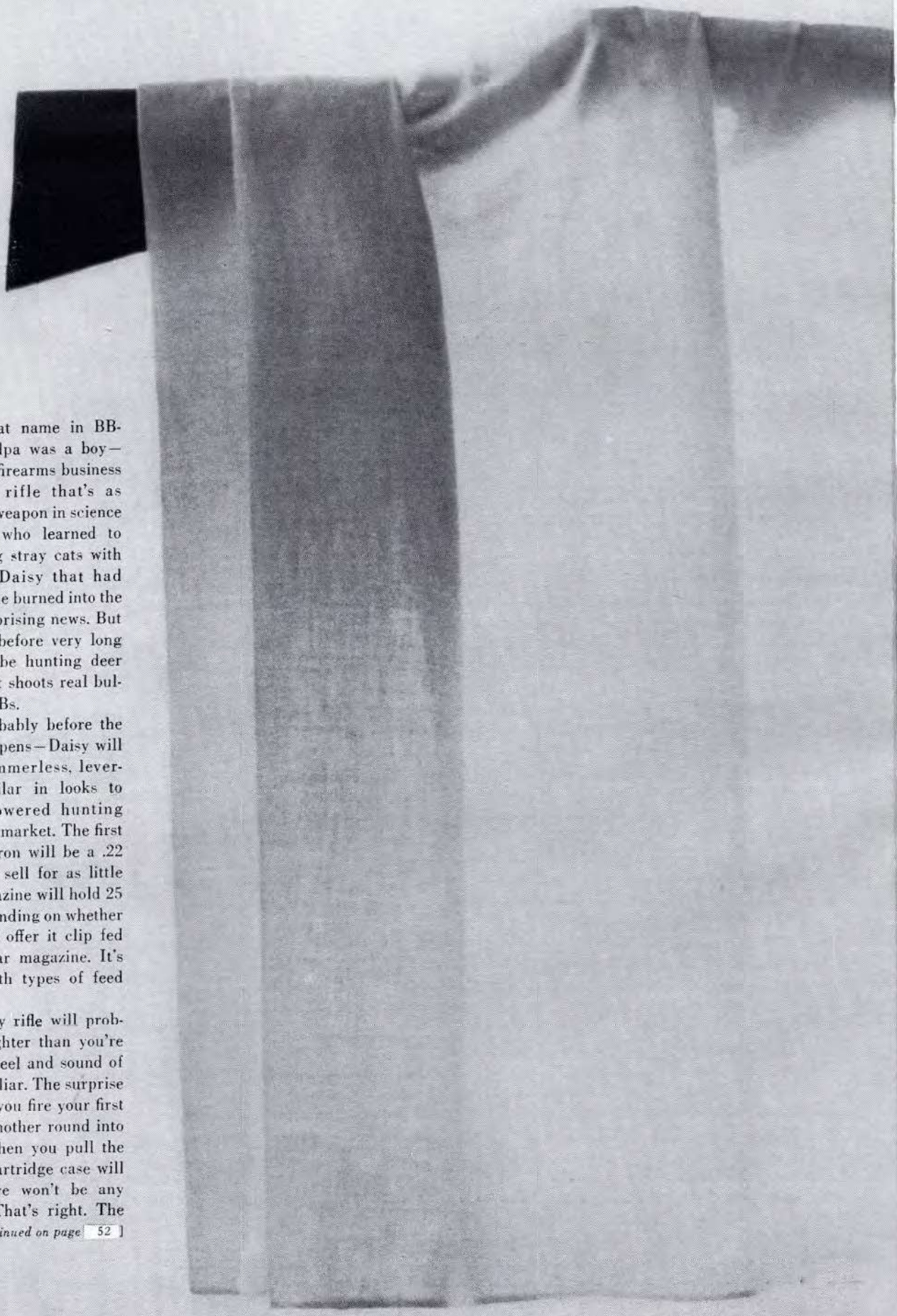
Field knew better. Recently he told me, "The odds were that she was far past pneumonia. *Mycosis fungoides* is a type of incurable skin cancer that almost certainly would put her in the grave. And glyoxylide is an absolutely worthless nostrum 'discovered' by a notorious Detroit quack many years ago. Government scientists have stated that it is indistinguishable from distilled water."

Schirmer, Field reasoned, was using this glorified tap water to soak up the cash of innocent victims who were desperately ill. His listeners could be expected to follow suit, hiding behind a guise of scientific respectability. And for some patients, abandoning responsible medical care for Schirmer's "miracle" cure, the experience was sure to be fatal.

Schirmer was still bragging about his "amazing success" with cancer victims when Field slipped out and checked the hotel register for his home address: Corning, Arkansas. Then the investigator hurried back to his sixth-floor office at the American Medical Association's headquarters and began the monumental chore of putting the glyoxylide huckster out of this phony healing business.

A tall, dedicated man, Field had been appointed director of the AMA's department of investigation only months before that day in 1950. His job then and now is to expose health quacks, no matter what their credentials—or lack of them. He commands a staff of six, operates with a budget of $75,000 a year and, thanks to the efforts of himself and his predecessors, can consult the most extensive dossiers on medical fakers in existence. But it was largely his own dogged leg work on the Schirmer case that ruined one of the nation's worst cancer quacks and established Field among government investigators, reputable physicians and charlatans themselves as [*Continued on page* 74]

Part of Field's job is to reveal to the public fake healing apparatus. Gadget in his hands is the Theronoid Belt, an induction coil that supposedly magnetized the iron in the blood and cured everything from arthritis to weak knees.



■ Daisy—a great name in BB-guns since grandpa was a boy—is going into the firearms business with a far-out rifle that's as advanced as any weapon in science fiction. To one who learned to shoot by winging stray cats with a pump-action Daisy that had Buck Jones's name burned into the stock, this is surprising news. But the fact is that before very long you and I may be hunting deer with a Daisy that shoots real bullets instead of BBs.

This fall—probably before the hunting season opens—Daisy will introduce a hammerless, lever-action rifle similar in looks to several high-powered hunting rifles now on the market. The first Daisy shooting iron will be a .22 caliber and may sell for as little as $20. The magazine will hold 25 to 40 rounds depending on whether Daisy decides to offer it clip fed or with a tubular magazine. It's possible that both types of feed will be offered.

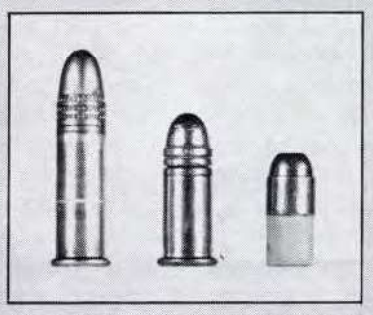
The new Daisy rifle will probably be a bit lighter than you're used to but the feel and sound of it should be familiar. The surprise will come when you fire your first shot and lever another round into the chamber. When you pull the lever down no cartridge case will be ejected—there won't be any there to eject. That's right. The new Daisy [*Continued on page* 52]

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR TRUE BY ARIE DE ZANGER

SECRET RIFLE FOR A ROCKET / BULLET

Daisy has a new concept—why use a cartridge case, primer and powder to fire a .22 at the usual high speed? The secret is in its unique bullet which is really a miniature rocket

BY JOHN S. TOMPKINS



New Daisy .22 round (right) is much shorter than cartridge .22s.

Daisy President Cass Hough, flanked by prototype of secret rifle, compares .22 ammo types.

SECRET RIFLE FOR A ROCKET / BULLET

[*Continued from page* 50] hunting rifle will shoot self-powered bullets without cartridge cases.

What Daisy has come up with is a way of propelling bullets built like miniature rockets. Each bullet carries the propellant necessary to fire it through the air. When you pull the trigger a secret mechanism will ignite the chemical at the base of the bullet and send it speeding out of the barrel. Not only is there no cartridge case, there's no primer or powder either. Everything you load into the rifle goes out the barrel.

Though they'll all look alike from the outside, Daisy expects to sell its caseless .22 bullets in three different velocities. As with normal cartridges, the power of Daisy's bullets will depend on how much of the secret propellant is packed into each. Unlike conventional gunpowder, however, a little of the new Daisy propellant goes a long way. According to Daisy Manufacturing Company President Cass S. Hough, the caseless .22s will be available at about 750 foot-seconds' muzzle velocity, or a little faster than CO_2 rifles; at 1,200 foot-seconds, or a bit faster than a .22 short; and 1,500 foot-seconds, a little speedier than a .22 long-rifle bullet. Prices are expected to be about half the cost of regular rimfire ammo.

But what about performance? On this score, Hough is emphatic. "Our rounds are every bit as good or better than conventional," he says. And when you ask him how they compare in velocity at 100 or 200 yards from the muzzle he says: "If you develop the same muzzle energies the ballistics will be the same —and they are." Most impressive of all is Hough's claim that the Daisy ammo is more uniform than commercial rimfire cartridges. As he puts it: "There's a measurably smaller variation from round to round than in standard ammunition." And he's talking about machine-loaded bullets, not hand-loads.

All in all, Daisy thinks it has the first really new shooting system since metallic cartridges replaced powder and ball. Hough hasn't decided what to call the new rifle except that the Daisy name will be on it in some way. Right now it seems a tossup between Daisy Model Number "X" and Daisy-"X". But whatever they call it, Hough plans to follow up the .22 rifle with larger calibers and heavier bullets—if hunters and shooters like the new system.

Apparently there's no limit to what the new propellant will do. While most of Daisy's present development work concerns the low-speed .22 rifle, Hough casually says he's fired bullets from an experimental rifle at better than 4,000 foot-seconds' muzzle velocity. This, of course, is in the same league as the .220 Swift—the hottest factory cartridge. Beyond that, the possibilities seem limitless. Hough says enthusiastically that the propellant is ideally suited to shotguns—where a blob of it in the base of a plastic shot cup would act in the same way as gun powder, except that there wouldn't be any empty shell left over. The secret propellant will work in pistol ammunition, too, and, while he won't go into details, Hough reveals that Daisy scientists are working right now on four different pistol designs which will use caseless bullets.

While this kind of serious firearms research may sound strange for an air-rifle company to be doing, the history of air guns shows otherwise. Only in the United States are air rifles usually considered toys. In England and western Europe, BB guns are usually made by established firearms companies. They're considered a serious and economical substitute for shooting practice with regular arms and ammunition. In Switzerland, for example, they make at least one attachment for converting a military rifle to fire air-gun pellets. A Swiss army reservist can use it to get in some cheap practice in the back yard or basement without having to go out to a regular rifle range.

All Daisy BB rifles are so-called spring air guns. That is, when the rifle is cocked a piston is pulled back against a strong spring. When the trigger is pulled the spring shoots the piston forward, compressing the air and pushing the BB out the barrel. Air guns that have to be pumped up for each shot work by compressing air ahead of time in a cylinder which is released by pulling the trigger. The closest Daisy has ever come to this kind of gun is with its CO_2 pistol—where a container of carbon dioxide under pressure substitutes for pumping air in by hand. Daisy expects to bring out a line of CO_2 rifles in the near future.

But looking ahead, it seemed that the only obvious thing it could do beyond CO_2 guns was to step over the line into .22 rifles. Hough thought about going into the .22 business for years. And though he is a persuasive salesman he has considerable respect for the firearms companies that are entrenched in the rimfire field. As he puts it: "The .22 market is well covered." With this in mind, Hough decided that any .22 rifle Daisy would make had to be a big jump ahead of the competition and not just another .22 rifle.

So he put a lot of money into research—$250,000 to $300,000 a year—and kept thinking about firearms while developing new and better BB guns. One breakthrough in the air-gun field was made a while back at Daisy and it'll probably get on the market

Jules Van Langenhoven, left, inventor of new propellant, discusses rifle design with Hough.

after the first model of the new shooting system. Hough describes it as an entirely new approach to a pump-up gun with a muzzle velocity approaching that of a .22 rifle. While it might seem that the new propellant would make such an air gun obsolete, the cost of ammunition and firearms regulations insure that this won't happen. As Daisy moves into hunting weapons it expects to keep on top of the BB-gun field, too.

Actually, Daisy's forthcoming entry in the firearms business is the result of a happy accident, or, to put it more accurately, an opportunity that came to Cass Hough and that he was smart enough to grab. It all began in the spring of 1961.

Hough was in Europe checking on Daisy's overseas sales and looking for new ideas. A friend of his had told him that a chemist working for an oil company in Belgium might have something of interest. So Hough wrote to the man and arranged to meet him in Paris in May. As the Daisy president recalls it now, there were two people at the meeting, Jules Van Langenhoven, the chemist, and a Spaniard who seemed to be the Belgian's partner. Van Langenhoven, a very serious man in his mid-40's, was full of technical details on the performance of a new propellant he said he'd been working on for 10 years. The Spanish half of the combination seemed more interested in the business possibilities of the invention.

They all spoke French and everyone was very polite but, as Hough says, it all hinged on the demonstration. Shopping for new ideas can be very frustrating; so few of them live up to the inventor's enthusiastic description. But Van Langenhoven was prepared to show his propellant in action right away. He had a German-made Diana air rifle specially altered to fire caseless rounds. (This type of single-shot air gun breaks open for loading and cocking like a shotgun.) The three of them went downstairs to a little testing range. Cass Hough's eyes still light up when he remembers what happened.

Van Langenhoven broke open the rifle and put an air-gun pellet in the chamber. He snapped the action shut and shot down range at a bullet trap. As Hough heard the flat metallic sound of the air rifle firing he saw on the counter lights of an electronic chronograph that the speed of the pellet was about 350 feet per second—normal for an air rifle of that type. Then Van Langenhoven took a small tin box out out of his pocket. He opened it and took out a pinch of what looked like dirty gray absorbent cotton. Balling it between his fingers, he pressed the cotton stuff into the hollow base of another air-rifle pellet. This time when he fired the gun there was a sharp report and the chronograph registered over 700 feet per second. A third shot with still more propellant pressed into the pellet showed over 1,000 feet per second—well into the .22 rimfire range.

As soon as the second shot was fired Cass Hough knew he'd found what he was looking for. He didn't know what the stuff was or how it worked in the gun, but he knew that he wanted it for Daisy.

"I said we'll do this and this if that's all right with you and your partner," Hough recalls. Van Langenhoven and his partner discussed it for a minute over in a corner of the rifle range and then agreed. They all shook hands and Hough gave the Belgian a personal check to bind the deal. Says Hough, "I gave him my check because I would have gone through with the deal myself if the Daisy board of directors didn't like it."

The next step was to tell the board of directors. Though Cass Hough runs Daisy as though it was his own property (it once did belong to his family), he does have many other stockholders to consider. Among the directors are John D. Murchison, Texas oil millionaire, and retired four-star Air Force General Nathan F. Twining. Hough himself has flown airplanes since 1921 and was an Air Force colonel and fighter pilot in World War II. As deputy technical chief of the Eighth Air Force in England he was the first man to fly faster than sound. He did this in the winter of 1942-43 by putting P-38s and P-47s into vertical dives from 40,000 feet.

Armed with a test rifle and a can of the secret propellant, Hough took the first plane he could get back to the United States. He smiles as he says, "I carried the propellant in my pocket—I was afraid someone might steal it." A special board meeting was called and Hough demonstrated the system to an enthusiastic group of directors. They heartily approved a 50-50 deal with Van Langenhoven and his associate and congratulated Hough on finding the invention.

It was then that trouble started.

Like most inventions, the product was still in very rough form. It worked in the test rifle but it wasn't refined or engineered for production. And Daisy had no chemical engineers or ballistic engineers to work on it. Hough was aware that caseless rounds were over 100 years old and a lot of work had been done on them by dozens of inventors—but problems had stumped them all at some point. "The more I thought about it," Hough says, "I realized we had a tiger by the tail."

The first step was to hire a project [*Continued on page* 114]

To a casual eye, this make-it-yourself headboard seems only a handsome piece with storage cabinets—but just open things up. . .

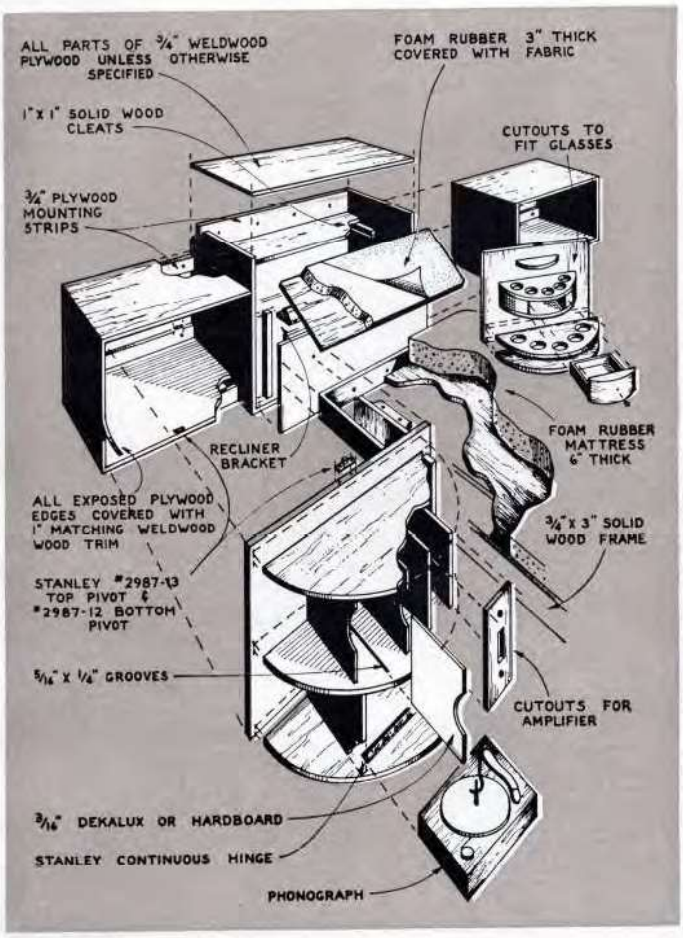
headboard for the headman

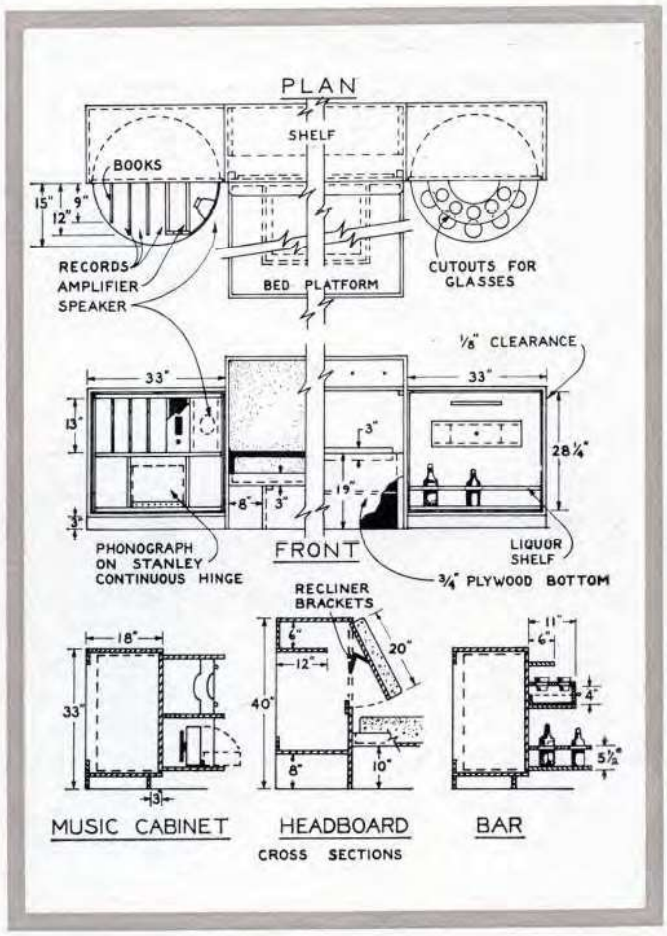
. . . at left there's hi-fi, record storage and books . . .

and on the right a potable wardrobe full of nightcaps.

■ It took me a long time to figure out that I had a device in my bedroom straight out of a medieval torture chamber. It's called, formally, a headboard, but when I think of all the aches it put in my back, I can think of a few more definitive names. I've always liked to relax in bed awhile before knocking off for the night, with a little whisky and soda at hand, some non-commercial-type music filling the background, and a raffish James Bond volume awaiting my attention. Even as a bachelor, I found this a pretty good way to tuck away the body.

But one recent night I got tired of 59 pillows for a back rest. Long ago I'd heaved out the piece of plywood they had replaced. Now I sat up and looked at that damned starkly upright headboard, and I made up my mind. And if I lost a little sleep for the next few nights, I'm sure making up for it. Liquor, lyrics, and literature are all at my fingertips, in a cabinet headboard that does just about everything for me but snooze. I made my headboard for a full-size bed, but the center cabinet can be adapted in width to mate with twin, three-quarter, or king size.





The only requirement is that you keep the center cabinet three inches wider than the width of the mattress. And for the twin and three-quarter widths, make the back rest as a single unit, rather than split.

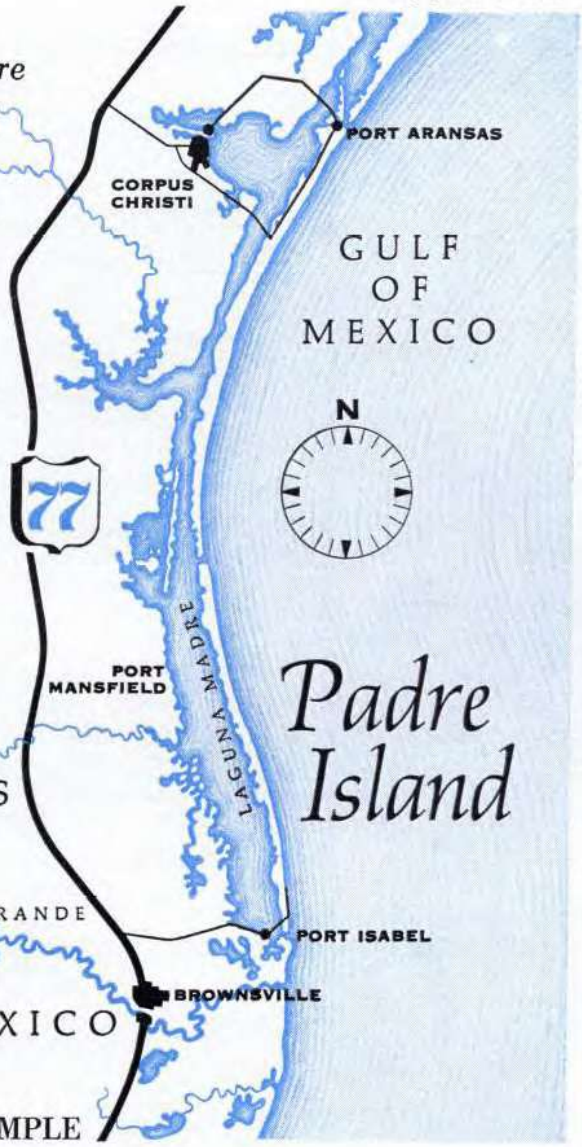
That back rest tilts from both top and bottom. Tilt it open at the top, and you can reach not only into the shelf across the back, but down into the ample storage bin below for extra bedding. Your hardware dealer should be able to supply on order the recliner brackets, but they're basically toggle joints and easy to make. For each, use a heavy 1″ angle and two 5″ lengths of heavy 1″ iron. Bore a ¼″ hole in each end of the irons and both flats of the angle. Bolt one end each of the irons together, with flat washers, lock washers for tension, and lock nuts, and one of the free ends to the angle. Bolt the other half of the angle to the back of the rest (you may have to use a reinforcing block here), and fasten the remaining open end of the bracket to the inside end of the cabinet with a 1″ No. 12 roundhead wood screw and flat washers. [*Continued on page* 112]

For bachelor or benedict, this royal roost has everything: reading before sleeping, music for the mood, liquor to make it quicker

BY BILL BAKER

Padre Island's wilderness sands are a glittering arrow in the Gulf of Mexico—roadless, peopleless—but lined with an angler's ransom of fish. Come adventure at our vast new National Seashore Area in Texas

Map by Otto Van Eersel



BY
BYRON W. DALRYMPLE

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR TRUE BY THE AUTHOR

FISHING'S NEW 117-MILE MOTHER LODE

■ We'd come onto Padre Island that morning via causeway from Port Isabel, Texas, at the south end near the Mexican border. The four-wheel-drive vehicle was heavy with ice chests we intended to fill with fish. For Padre Island, truly one of the last authentic frontiers of the United States, is also possibly the best-kept secret of the U.S. angling world, an unpeopled paradise for fishermen.

We'd fought our way 20 miles northward by late afternoon. Sometimes we skimmed along surf-packed wet sand at water's edge easily, swiftly. Sometimes we ground in all gears through soft sand, barely moving. We'd been flat stuck six times.

Now low sun touched waves of the Gulf with mauve and shining gold. The empty sand was a second sea of shifting color.

"I'll make camp," I said to Dave Hennessey. I carried out two air mattresses from the four-wheel, pumped them up, tossed them onto the sand and grinned at him. "Easy, huh? That's camp."

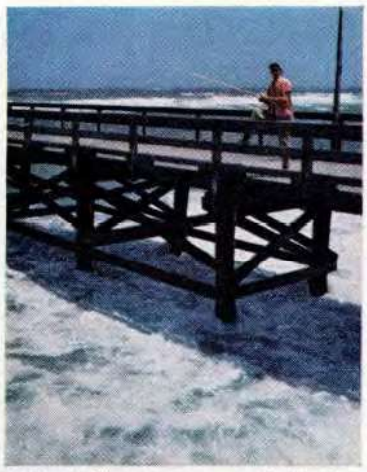
"All right," he said. "I'll catch a redfish for supper." He hauled a rod out, unwrapped a hunk of cut mullet from an ice chest and strode barefoot and clad only in shorts toward the surf line.

I watched him wade in the gentle surf. He cast into the first deep trough. Channel bass (locally called redfish) by millions search the surf along Padre's 117 miles of wilderness beach. I started looking for Gulf flotsam with which to build a fire.

Presently it was blazing. I heard Dave yell. Flickerings from my fire jumped along the darkening mirror of wet

Four-wheel power to prowl the beach leads to catches like these redfish on lonely Padre.

Wet stretches demand speed and power.



Bob Hall pier at north Padre.

You can camp anywhere in privacy.

For gourmets: a broiled flounder.

Night fishing, Port Mansfield cut.

FISHING'S NEW 117-MILE MOTHER LODE

beach. I could see him wallowing around out in the water, in deep, rod heeled down like a reed in a hurricane.

"Stay with him!" I hollered.

I dug the grill out of the vehicle, placed it across the fire and went for more fuel. When I got back Dave was coming up from the dusk-clothed surfline with a pair of thick redfish fillets. He slopped cooking oil over them, laid them on the grill.

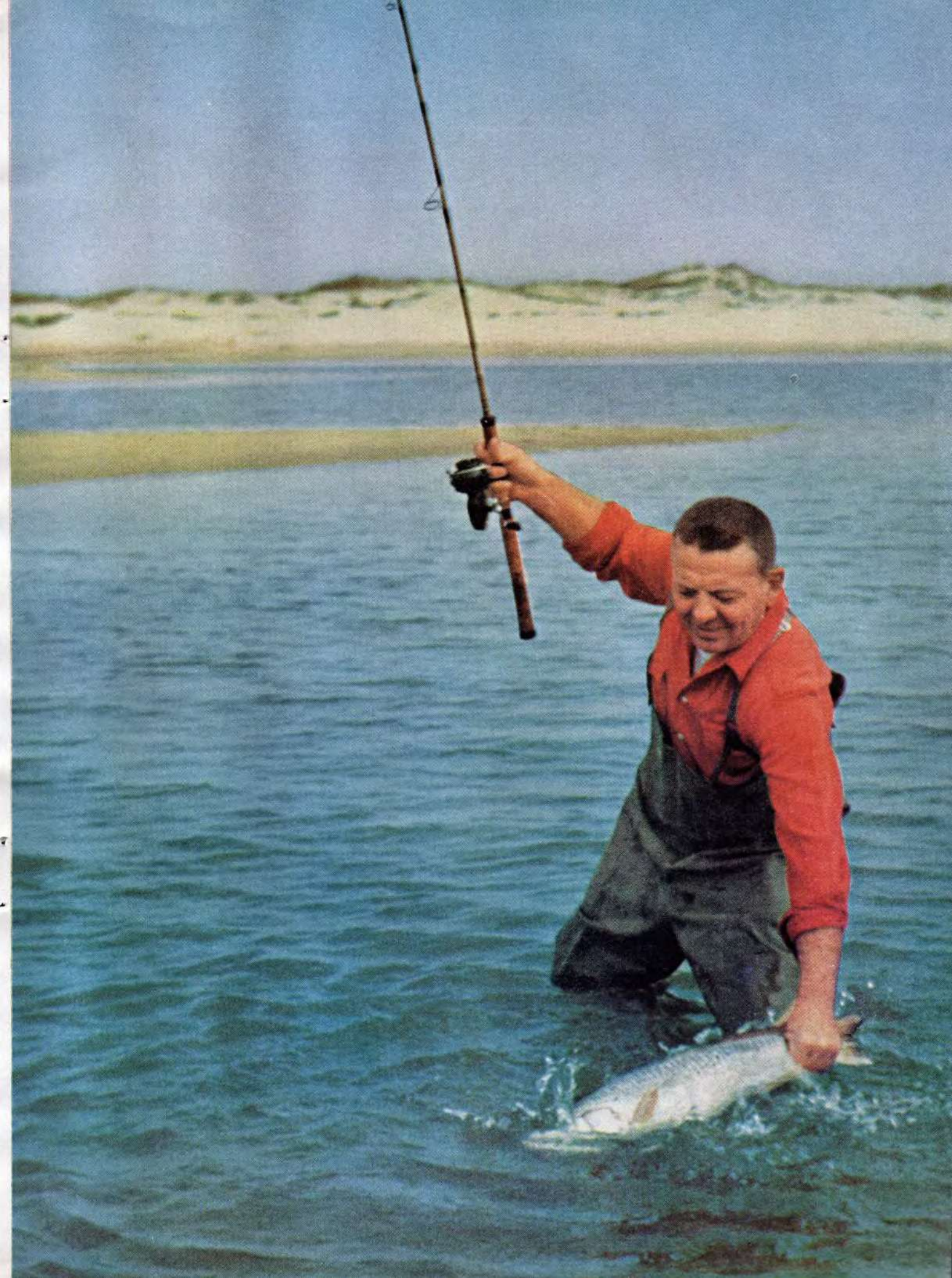
We sat watching wordlessly, like wolves. "Strange place," he said at last, reaching to turn the browning fish. "Great big stretch of sandy nothing—but it gets you."

At last the huge hunks of fish were ready. We hit them as if we thought we had to kill them first with our teeth. Dave said through a mouthful, "That bottle of wine we put on ice. Hmmm." He arose, brought it, swigging as he came. "Broiled redfish and wine. Stark as Padre itself."

We finished, rolled across the sand onto the mattresses. I remember hearing a coyote up the beach, jubilant perhaps over some dead fish he'd discovered. A wisp of sea birds, lost above us in the starlit sky, were crying into the fine night. Next thing I knew Old Sol had jabbed his long-slanted fingers into my ribs and another day on Padre had begun. . . .

A lot of fishermen—and campers and tourists as well—are going to know one day soon what Padre is like: life and land reduced to the ultimate simplicity, with terrific fishing. For a year ago this longest stretch of wild, undeveloped beach still left along U.S. shores [*Continued on page* 103]

Author struggles with a redfish (or channel bass), one of many species plentiful in surf.



STRANGE BUT TRUE

By George R. Martin

The head-on crash isn't a phenomenon peculiar to modern civilization. It's been going on in India for over 2,000 years, in deliberately staged contests between two male sheep. The fighting rams of India have been bred to provide the world's hardest-hitting sport. Their magnificent curving horns join at the forehead in a broad thick shield ideally suited for butting; a ram never tries to hook or toss. The fighting ram is groomed, dieted, exercised and massaged by its owner like a champion athlete. Led forth for a bout, its gaudy fighting trim includes yellow and violet-dyed tufts left on its clipped white fleece, and a string of beads around its neck. It and a similar opponent, worked by owners and two attendants each, are placed about 40 feet apart. Released, they come together at top speed, and the sound of their head-on collision can be heard 800 or 900 feet away. Briskly, they trot back to their original positions, and close again. Six or seven meetings may cause one to swerve or turn tail, then be rib-butted and knocked over or chased off by the victor. The crash-proof ram of India rarely sustains any serious injury. *By August Ewald, Kansas City, Mo.*

Railroad builders tunneled through mountains in the flush years of rail expansion with immense labor but insufficient forethought, it turned out. They were ahead of their equipment. In 1871 when test trains puffed into the world's first long tunnel—the Frejus, stretching eight miles under the Alps—two locomotive engineers in succession died of asphyxiation; a third barely survived. Special "smoke-consuming" engines from London's shallow, vented subway solved the Frejus problem, but it reappeared elsewhere. For 30 years, in any tunnel too deep to be air-shafted, engine crews ran a deadly gauntlet. In level tunnels, they raced through ahead of their smoke. Where uphill grades slowed them, they wrapped wool cloths around their heads and fought suffocation. Passengers behind closed windows coughed and wheezed. In 1896, an Italian inventor's forced-ventilation scheme cleared the air in Europe's smokiest holes. In the United States, disaster lurked in the state of Washington's 2½-mile Cascade Mountain tunnel. Climbing its steep grade one night in 1903, a train stalled halfway in after two hauling engines broke their coupling. The lead engine went on for help. Sniffing danger, the conductor went forward to order the train backed out; he found engineer and fireman lying unconscious—and fell senseless himself, as did the brakeman who followed. Passengers dropped; luckily, among them was a hero, a deadheading fireman named Abbot. He staggered forward, released the brakes to let the train roll back, and stopped it outside, saving some 200 lives.

The frog, as every schoolboy knows, provided one of mankind's great discoveries when Professor Luigi Galvani's wife, cutting up frogs' legs for lunch, noticed that they twitched at the touch of metal—from which in 1790 the Italian professor learned of direct-current electricity. Not so well known is the bizarre way in which, a few years earlier, frogs taught man a basic fact of life. Microscopists had observed male human and animal spermatozoa, but weren't sure of their role in reproduction. The Abbe Lazzaro Spallanzani fitted male frogs with tiny pants of waxed silk, tight at waist and knees, and let them swim in a tank above female eggs. The frogs did their best, but nothing happened; the eggs remained unfertilized. Without pants, however, the eggs became tadpoles. Thus men's all-important contribution in mating was first conclusively proved by frogs that wore silk knickers.

The first signature stamp was created to affix an English king's name to documents when government paper work began to pile up—and by the year 1545 it already stacked high. So many laws, edicts, orders, commissions and whatnot had to be signed daily that Henry VIII, to spare his writing hand, had a facsimile stamp made. It was carved from wood, rubber being still unknown. The king delegated authority for using it on routine documents to two designated officials; a third official applied the ink. Aware that any error of judgment in wielding their royal power was dangerous—short-tempered Henry had a bad habit of beheading people—the officials requested, and secured in writing, a pardon in advance for their job of counterfeiting the king's signature.

Calling the A-bomb too abominable for civilized warfare resembles the reaction 800 years ago against a new and deadly weapon of that day—the crossbow. Unlike the customary bow and arrow, the crossbow could speed a heavy dart that pierced body armor and inflicted tearing wounds. It was all right for use against heathens, the Church decided—(and Crusaders slaughtered Saracens with it) —but too atrocious for Christians. Several Popes banned the crossbow from combat, and it was generally shelved. Then Richard the Lion-Hearted, an enthusiastic ruffian, defiantly made it his favorite armament. Popular opinion held that he got what he deserved for his impiety: besieging a French castle, Richard was killed by a crossbow dart. Still, his successes were undeniable. Ignoring the ban, Christians of Europe kept plugging each other with crossbows that grew bigger and better. The outlawed weapon lasted two and half centuries before it was discarded for a more murderous invention—the gun. *By Eldridge Thomson, Bloomington, Ind.*

For acceptable Strange But True paragraphs, accurately and briefly written, TRUE will pay $25 each on publication. Readers must state their sources of information when sending contributions. None can be returned. Address George R. Martin, TRUE, 67 West 44th Street, New York, N. Y. 10036

Greenbrier Sports Wagon—one of two Greenbrier models to choose from

FOR MEN WHO LIKE TO LEAVE HOME
(and women who don't)

What do you do with your wife when you want to go fishing? Take her along—in a Greenbrier Sports Wagon by Chevrolet.

We can't speak for *you*. But our hunch is she'll think it's a great idea, even if she's never baited a hook in her life. Because the Greenbrier is a great outdoorsman's car that can be pretty nice for the indoorswoman, too.

A small motel—on wheels

For one thing, the Greenbrier has room for 175½ cu. ft. or 4/5 ton of cargo (up to twice as much space as most regular wagons, with big double doors at the side and rear for easy loading). You can stow away all kinds of gear and supplies, and still have room for your wife to fix up with the comforts of home.

If you *really* want to go first class, you can order your Greenbrier with the built-in Custom Camper Unit* that includes a foam-cushioned full-size sofa bed, fold-down table, double sliding-door wardrobe, 8 pairs of drapes, an 11-gallon water tank, ice-chest—even a stainless steel kitchen sink with handy Formica topped work space alongside.

If you need more sleeping space for the kids, pitch a tent—on top of the car. You can get a collapsible sleeper unit* that's 6½ ft. long, 4 ft. wide and

33 in. high, complete with a two-piece ladder.

Drives like a Corvair Monza

All this may lead you to think that the Greenbrier's pretty big. And it is—inside. Outside, though, it's only about 14½ feet long, actually a hair shorter than a sporty Corvair Monza, and it fits small parking spaces just as easily. It has the same choice of 95-hp or 110-hp* easy-to-get-at air-cooled rear engine, too. (The only water you need when you go Greenbrier-ing is some to fish in. You never have to add antifreeze, either.)

And with the engine weight over the rear wheels, you get Corvair-type traction in sand, snow, mud or loose gravel. You get easy handling, too. *So* easy that you don't need power steering. In fact, we don't even make it.

In other words, your wife will like driving it as much as you will.

Leave it to a woman . . .

She'll also like thinking up lots of other things you can use a Greenbrier for.

As a small 9-passenger school bus, for instance. You can make the second seat face forward or backward, or remove it and the third seat* altogether. (Some girls have almost as much fun re-arranging Greenbriers as they do driving them.)

It's great for car pools, trucking your own do-it-yourself supplies (like a whole roomful of 4 x 8 paneling), and you can even do a whole month's supermarket shopping at a time, if you want to.

Really, what more could any man (or woman) ask for? Even if you never leave home at all. . . . Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit, Michigan.

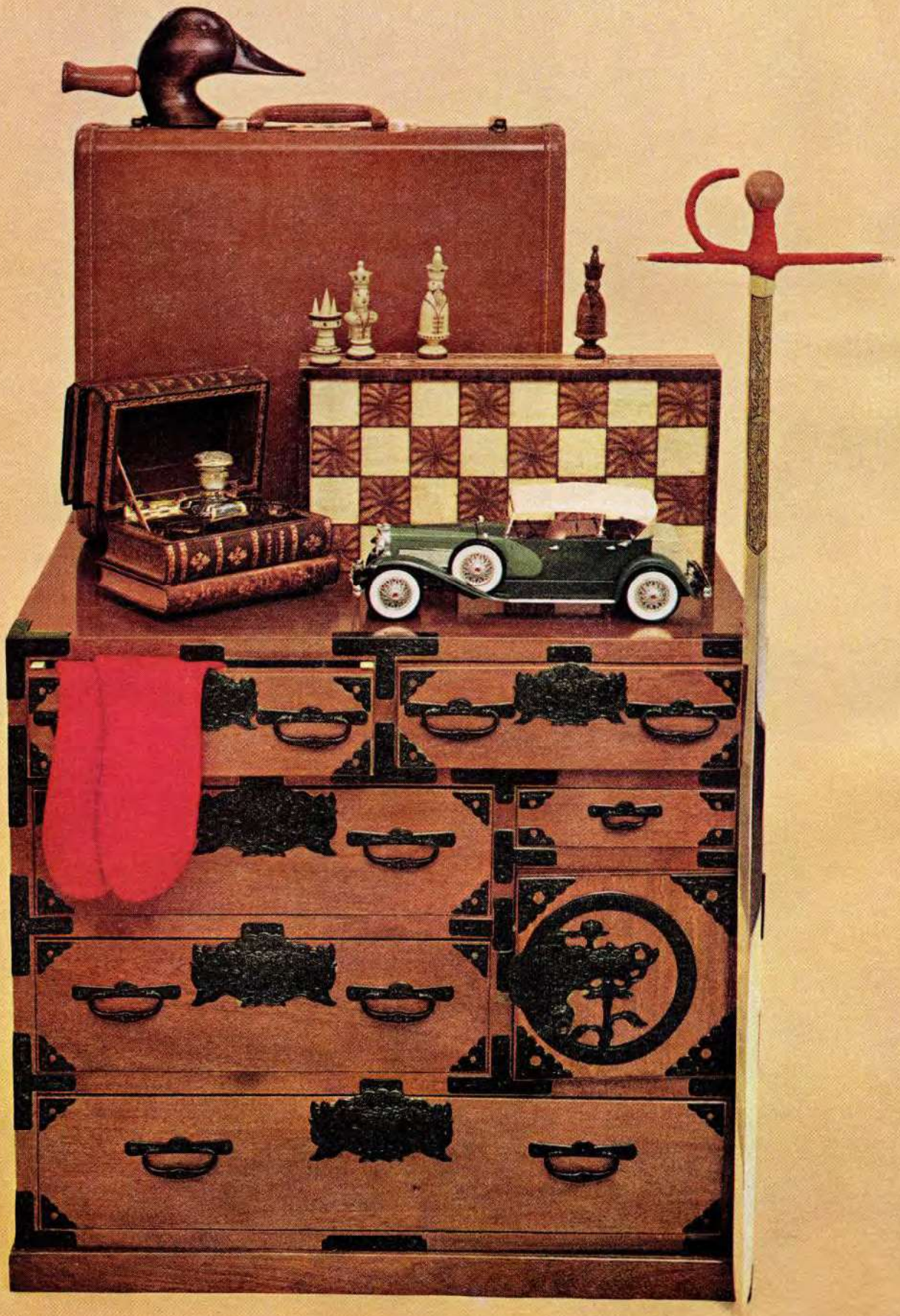
**Optional at extra cost*

GREENBRIER

Chevrolet • Chevelle • Chevy II • Corvair • Corvette

CHEVROLET

THE GREAT HIGHWAY PERFORMERS



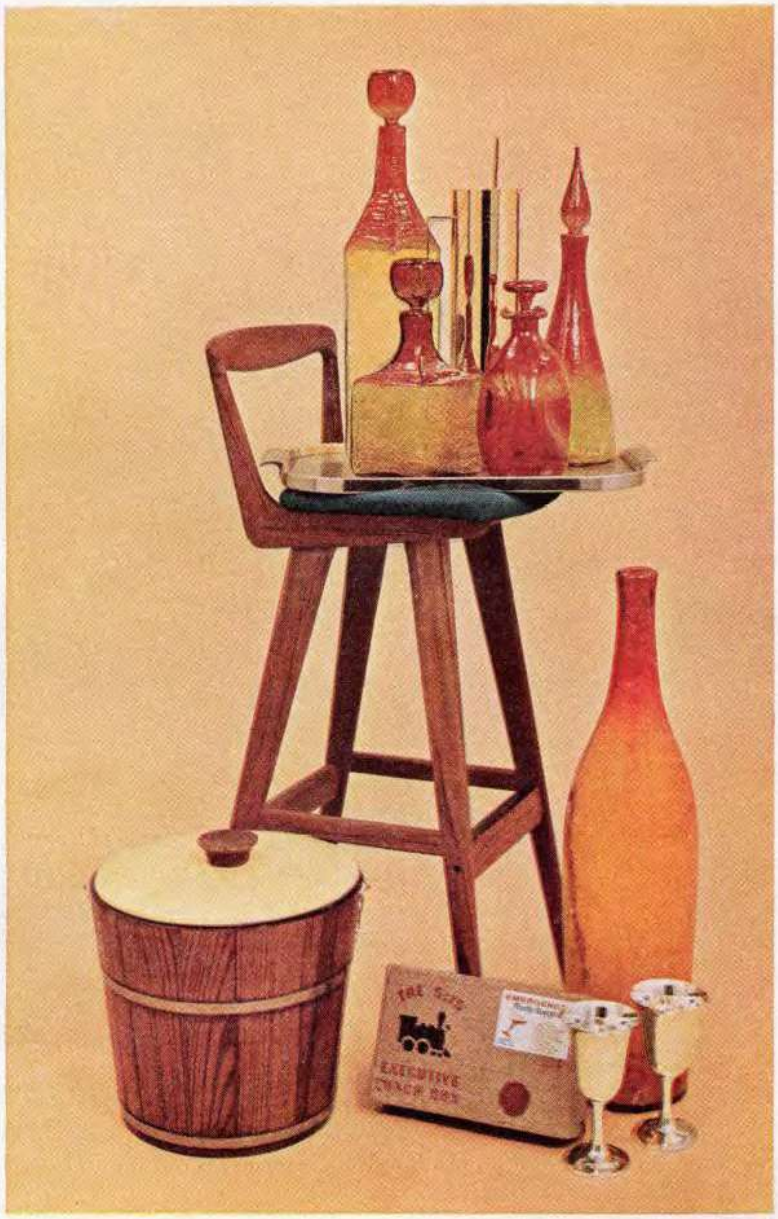
PRODUCED BY RON BUTLER
PHOTOGRAPHED FOR TRUE BY PAUL HIMMEL

GALAXY OF GIFTS FOR FATHER'S DAY

Shown on page at left: Japanese chest is from Takashimaya, N. Y., $260 (others available from $50). Paperweight duck caller, Abercrombie & Fitch. $12.50. Executive overnight case, Samsonite, $18.95. Blue Danube imported chess set, hand-carved, with chessboard box, from Queen's Pawn Chess Emporium, Greenwich Village, N. Y., $45. Bullfighter's sword, with case, Abercrombie & Fitch, $25. Decanter and glasses, set in antique books, with music box, Bloomingdale's, N. Y., $55. Duesenberg, model SJ, building kit, Hubley Manufacturing Co., $10. Gold Cup socks, Burlington Mills, $1.50.

In photo, top right: the Balscope Twenty, 20-power telescope, Bausch & Lomb, $24.95. $CO_2$200 semi-automatic BB pistol, comes with jets and BB's, Daisy, $17.95. Mirr-O-Reel, closed-face reel for casting, drift and still fishing and trolling in fresh or salt water, L & S Bait Co., $16. Chronometer watch, designed and built as a navigational time-piece, mounted in case with gimbals, Hamilton Watch Co., $235. Yachting knife, with marline spike and case, Hoffritz, N. Y., $12.50. Camera is Honeywell Pentax, Super Takumar 35 mm, with self-timer and film-finder, automatic lens, $229.50; case extra.

At right, Danish bar chair, made of teak, is by Danmart, Ltd., Danish Design Center, N. Y., $69. Western Bar 'N Barbeque ice cooler, $12.95, and Executive lunch box with emergency party supplies, (lobster spread, sardine spread, ham spread, cheese dip, olives, others), $3.95, both by Abercrombie & Fitch. Gold 70-ounce Martini pitcher, with stirrer, $25, and gold drink tray, $21, both Hammacher Schlemmer, N. Y. Sterling silver goblets, Wallace Silversmiths, $24.50 each. Blenko American Glassware decanters, available in various sizes and colors, Stern's Department Store, New York, $7.95 and up.

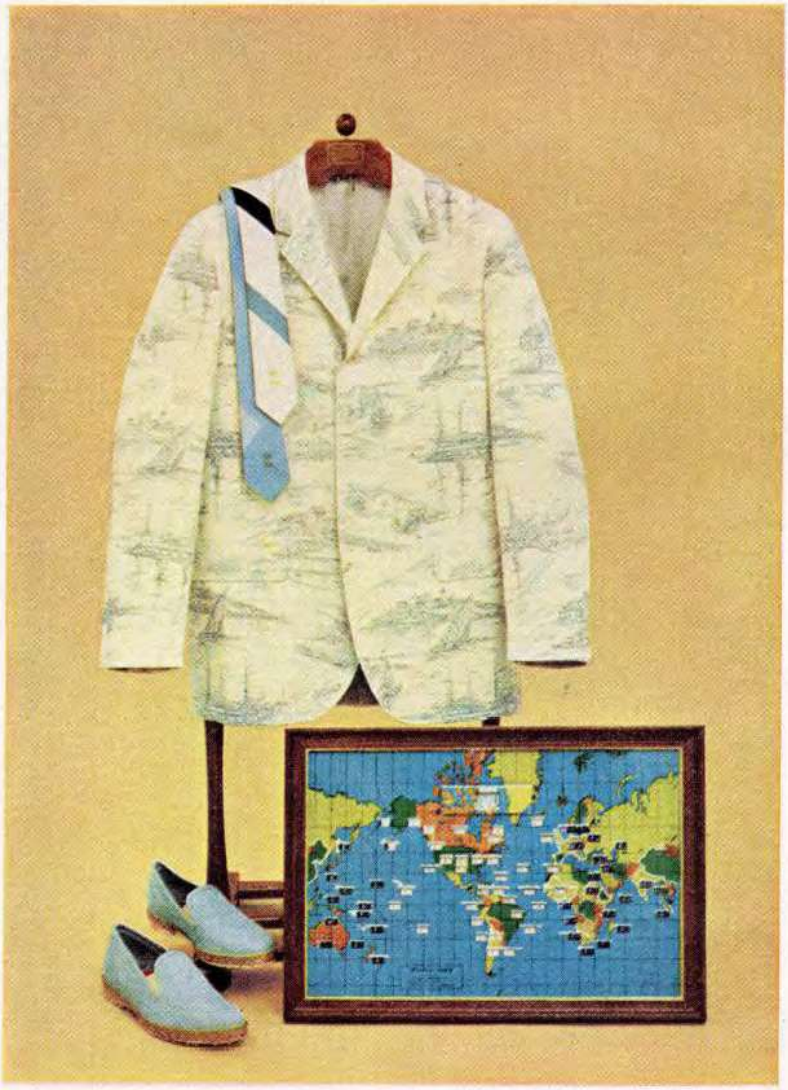


GALAXY OF GIFTS FOR FATHER'S DAY

In photo on page at right, the Red Head water-repellent hunting jacket is by Brunswick, $21.95. Reversible hunting cap, Abercrombie & Fitch, $4.50. SuperSingle lever action, single shot, 12 gauge shotgun, Ithaca Gun Co., $26.95. Kowa H automatic single lens reflex 35 mm camera, $99.50, and carrying case, $13, by Prominar International. Two-burner Habachi stove, $16.95, and miniature tree, $38, both Takashimaya, N. Y. Ted Williams six-gallon sportsman's outing jug, Sears Roebuck & Co., $6.

Seen below, sports jacket featuring boating designs is The Nassau, all cotton and available in various colors, by Stanley Blacker, $45. Ties are by Countess Mara, solid is $10, striped is $7.50. Blue kent slip-ons, The Commodores, with Scotch plaid inner sole linings, are by Red Ball Footwear, $6.95. World of Time clock, indicates correct time in 69 different locations all over the world, walnut frame, picture window glass cover over multicolored world map, Hammacher Schlemmer, New York, $59.95.

Seen below right, trail model motor bike is by the American Honda Corp., $275; additional accessories available. Robert Lewis Weather-Wear water-repellent sweater-jacket in laminated knit by Wyndmoor, $19.95. Picnic hamper, completely stocked with salami, frankfurters, canned goods, paper tablecloth, napkins, and other picnic items, National Hebrew Foods, Inc., $8. Roquefort cheese, made from sheep's milk in Roquefort, France, aged for over sixty days, (Bee Brand Société is shown) about $10.



GALAXY OF GIFTS FOR FATHER'S DAY

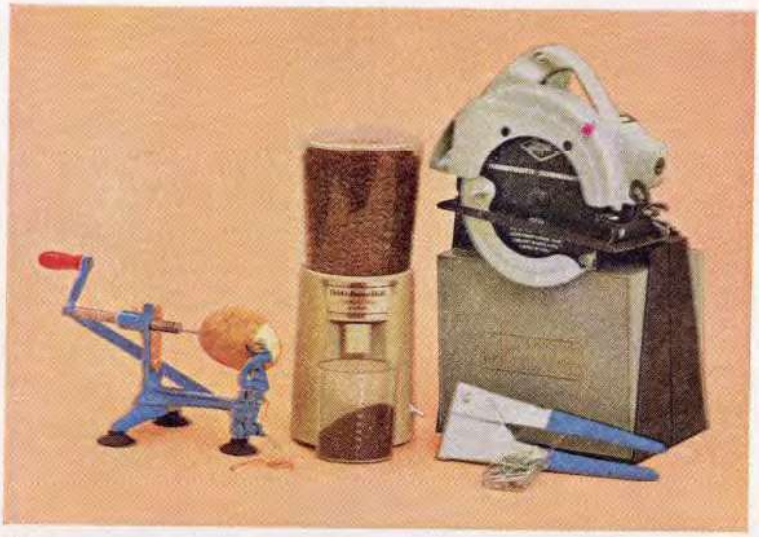
At left, all-channel UHF and VHF portable television set, model 19T31 (needs no extra antenna for UHF), by Sylvania, $171.70; with curtain-timer automatic clock, $10 extra. Hand grenade cigarette lighter, works by push button or by pulling pin, Thérése French Shop, N. Y., $5.98. All-transistor AM/FM car radio, instant play, 14 transistors, by Motorola, $139.95. Heathkit 70-watt radiotelephone, model MWW-23, Heath Company, Mich., $269.95.

At immediate right, pen and pencil desk set with calendar and name plate, comes in deluxe gift box, by Sheaffer, $50. Cigars, boxes $2 and up. Pipes: top is Dr. Grabow pre-smoked Viscount, imported briar, $5.95; bottom is White House imported briar, with special filters, $5. Gold-tooled genuine leather desk pad, Abercrombie & Fitch, $35; matching desk equipment available. Gold pestle and mortar ash tray, paper weight, Hammacher Schlemmer, $25.

Far right, A & F tennis racket, $21. Sunglasses, from top, w/cases: Holiday, $13.95, Classic, $12.95 from Renauld of France; Ray-Ban Balorama, $17.95, Ray-Ban Signet, $22.95, Bausch & Lomb. Revere Sports Shirt, $5.95. Sandals, case, Burlington, $5.95. Painting, by Ted DeGrazia, Tucson, Ariz., $250. Golf shoes, Endicott-Johnson, $12.95. Golf balls, dozen, MacGregor, $14.75. Benrus 17-jewel "Orbit Glider watch," $75. Paper Mate pen-pencil set, $3.95.

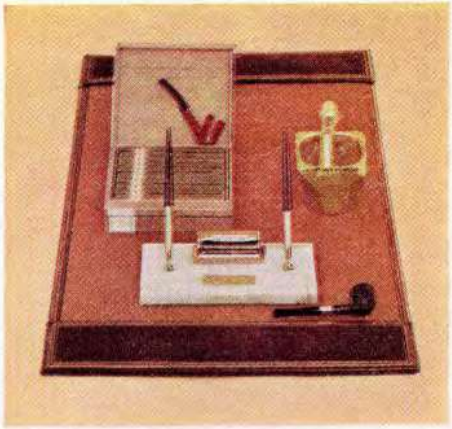
At left, for early morning grooming is Aztec after shave lotion and cologne, set $5. Remington Lektronic II cordless shaver, about $38. Huile de Kananga, bath oil for men, $7.50. Signature De Luxe after shave lotion, cologne, talcum, comes in special gift box, by Max Factor, $5.50. Burma Bey after shave lotion, by Burma Shave, $1. Genuine badger hair shaving brush, $39.50, and shaving mug with antique auto design, $2., both Hoffritz, N. Y.

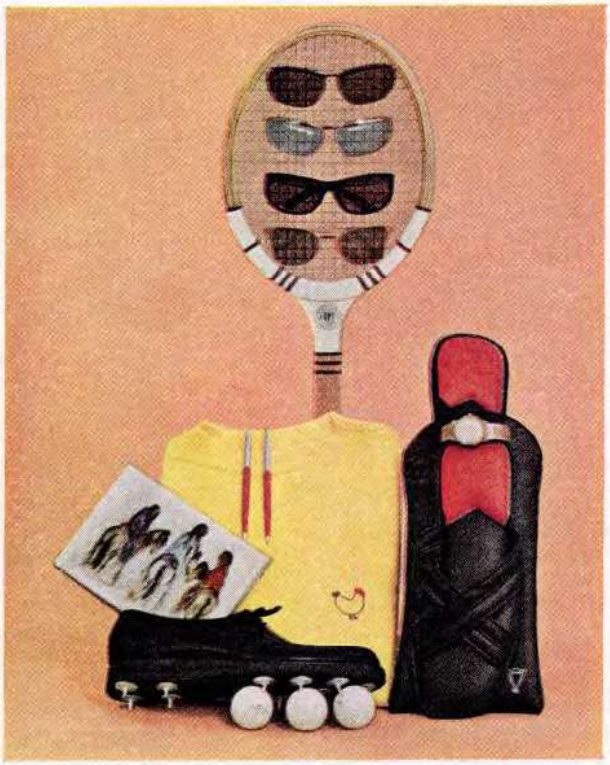
At right, Project G, completely transistorized stereo set, with rotating sound globes for projected sound, by Clairtone Electronics, $1,600. V-M portable stereo phonograph, Commander 380, with transistorized amplifier, by V-M Corp., Benton Harbor, Mich., $175. Mexican mariachi wall ornament, various figures available, Dos Cabezas Shop, Scottsdale, Arizona, $18. Model cannon, can be fired, comes with ramrod, from Abercrombie & Fitch, N. Y., $95.



At left, Kitchen Aid electric coffee mill is by the Hobart Manufacturing Co., Troy, Ohio, $27.95. Power saw, 6½ inches, by Skil Power Tools, about $40. Shoeshine kit with electric buffer, by Schick Electric, about $25. Mechanical potato peeler, imported from Germany, Hoffritz, $11.95. Pop Rive-Tool, for home use, United Shoe Machinery, $5.95.

Further information and product source concerning items on these pages may be obtained by writing: Merchandise Ed., True, 67 W. 44, N. Y. 36, N. Y.





THE FASTEST ONE

[*Continued from page 36*]

disqualified. Clark dropped back waiting for the disqualification for, in any case, he could no longer gain on Jones through all that oil.

Jones was not disqualified, a decision Clark quietly and privately resents, and Clark finished second. He won $56,000, plus the rookie-of-the-year prize, plus the best-foreign-driver prize, plus a year's supply of free meat, plus, plus, plus. More importantly, he proved in his first try at Indianapolis that the standard, front-engined Indy machine was now obsolete.

This year Clark will be back. Once again he'll be driving a Lotus-Ford although the engine has been altered substantially. It will have overhead cam shafts and fuel injection and should be faster in the straights than last year's version. Clark thinks he should have won in 1963 and expects to prove the point on May 30.

Parnelli Jones will also be back but it seems he got the message, as did a good number of regular Indianapolis drivers. Chances are that Jones will be driving a rear-engine car and it now looks like 12 of the 33 starters will be rear-engine models, an increase of 200 percent over the number in last year's lineup. This, in itself, is a notable victory for Clark but not one he is likely to crow about.

If Clark were not such a modest young man, the Indianapolis press agents could have a ball building up this year's race as a grudge contest. But, unfortunately for glib columnists, Clark is a product of British boarding schools where the most important lesson taught is to keep one's feelings under control.

In Europe, Clark is considered the "world's champion" driver and he's been very successful in America, too. But, somehow, he's never permitted himself to become either cocky or surly. Nothing—not money or fame or trophies—seems to affect him greatly.

There are basically two types of racing: American oval track racing; and European racing on public roads and/or streets closed for the day, or on private circuits made to resemble roads or streets. The two types have this in common: if you are good you get very rich; if you are careless you get very dead.

Otherwise the two camps don't understand each other, and never did. Mike Hawthorn, road racing world champion in 1959, called oval track racing "going round in circles, dangerously." The Indy cars have one useful gear, can turn only to the left and are worthless at anything except blasting around and around. In 1921 an Indianapolis driver named Jimmy Murphy came to Europe with a Duesenberg and won the French Grand Prix. No other Indy driver ever won a major road race, although several tried.

The Grand Prix car looks much like the Indy cars, but has five or more gears, fantastically delicate steering and marvelous brakes. It can be raced anywhere. In the old days many Grand Prix drivers went to Indianapolis, and some won there, the last winner being René Thomas with a Delage in 1914.

In the years since Murphy and Thomas, the two types of racing spread farther and farther apart. The Indy drivers raced only in America; the Grand Prix drivers raced all over the world. Since 1950, up to 10 races each year have counted toward the Grand Prix drivers' World Championship. They were always the national grands prix of each country (France, Great Britain, Germany, etc.) and the champions since 1950 have been Juan Manuel Fangio five times, Alberto Ascari and Jack Brabham twice each, Nino Farina, Mike Hawthorn, Phil Hill, Graham Hill and in 1963 Jimmy Clark. To win the world championship does not necessarily make a man the best driver in the world—one of the greatest of all time, Stirling Moss, never won the title at all. But you cannot be a bum and win it either. The world championship now is more meaningful than ever, because it is truly world-wide including the Grands Prix of South Africa, the United States, Mexico and, some years, Argentina.

But it does not include Indianapolis. The Indy men resent this. They resent, too, that Grand Prix drivers are international celebrities who are received by princes, by prime ministers and by many of the best girls all over the world. For years the Indy drivers felt as Jim Bryan did when he told me that the Europeans were "cheese champions" and their cars nothing but "junkboxes." This was in 1958, the year Bryan won at Indianapolis. Bryan did not say "cheese" and he did not say "junk." I remember being shocked at his language, because no Grand Prix driver would have expressed himself so crudely. In any case, we can assume that Clark has forced Bryan to revise his opinion. It is now pretty generally agreed that the young Scot is the world's fastest driver on any kind of course.

Symbol of Service

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In 1963, at the age of 27, in only his third full season, Clark won seven of the 10 races counting for the road racing world championship, an incredible performance and, of course, a record.

The other three races? In the Monaco Grand Prix he had an unassailable lead with four-fifths of the race run, but then his machine broke down. He was second in the Grand Prix of Germany, although he had only seven of eight engine cylinders functioning. In the United States Grand Prix at Watkins Glen, New York, his Lotus wouldn't start. As the other cars roared away, Clark's car was pushed to the pits where his battery was changed. He then entered the race, set a record for fastest lap, and at the end was in third place.

Altogether in 1963, Clark won 19 of 29 road races in Europe, Mexico, the United States and South Africa. He also entered three races on American oval tracks. He was second at Indianapolis. At Milwaukee in the same car, no one sprayed oil, no one got close to Clark, and his victory meant another $12,000 in the Clark bank account. At Trenton, Clark wrecked one car in practice. It slammed into a wall at 100 mph or so. Clark wriggled out of the wreckage, looked at it carefully, and calmly walked away. After clocking the fastest lap in a later practice session, he got off to a good lead in the race, but then broke down.

Overall on the year, Clark won 20 of 32 races and well over $100,000, more than any European driver has ever won in a single season. Counting Clark's endorsements, his salaries from Lotus and Ford, and his personal appearance fees, it is possible that he earned more money in 1963 than any racing driver ever in a single year.

Not only is Clark world champion, he is also the only Grand Prix driver ever to campaign successfully on American oval tracks at the same time. He has known fantastic adulation. When he won the British Grand Prix this year, he and the Lotus were lifted onto a flat-bed truck and paraded past the cheering grandstand. Clark is a Scotsman, and beside the machine stood a bagpiper in a kilt blowing heroic marches in Clark's honor. After winning the Grand Prix of Mexico, a luscious young actress kissed him and gave him still another great silver cup. Perhaps it is normal to feel slightly embarrassed by the piper, by the actress who seemed to put more of herself than necessary into that kiss—public kisses after all are less satisfactory than private ones. But all this adulation and more should, if a man is basically what passes for an ordinary man, change him in some way. Clark is apparently unmoved by adulation. He is not an idiot. He must realize that some of this adulation at least is absolutely genuine. Why has it not affected him in some way?

And what about the money? Clark is going to be a very wealthy young man. Already he has earned enough so that some of the money should show. But none of it shows. He buys little or nothing.

Certainly he does not race for money. "Jimmy is an amateur," says Colin Chapman who designs and builds Lotus cars. Chapman lets the word hang there a moment, lets it sink in. Amateur. "He doesn't race for the money." You could give him no money, or twice as much. He would race just as fast.

Says Chapman: "There is little that money can buy which Jimmy really wants. Of course, he is enough of a pro that if money is involved he will insist on getting his share."

Clark endorses very few products, although as world champion he could earn a small fortune in fees.

"The offers come in," Clark says. "I sift through them, and if it seems a good thing, I will agree to it."

I said: "But you don't go out drumming up business?"

He shook his head firmly. "No."

MERCURY . . . THE CAR THAT MADE THE STATION WAGON BEAUTIFUL

At one time you had to sacrifice beauty to gain the extra room in a wagon. Over the years, Mercury led the way in changing that. The room was kept, in fact increased (now 99.2 cu. ft. — just about the biggest there is). But Mercury knew that with most owners the station wagon is their only car. it has to do triple duty... as a family car, a "dress-up" car, and a cargo carrier. Mercury made it beautiful... luxurious inside. Just how beautiful you can see in the picture above. LINCOLN-MERCURY DIVISION Ford MOTOR COMPANY **MERCURY... The Wagon Specialist**

His office is a single room on the fourth floor of a dingy walk-up at the end of Fleet Street, London. This is not only Clarksport, Ltd., but also a publicity firm. The publicist is Clark's friend; Clark uses whatever office happens to be unoccupied and they share the secretary.

When I visited Clark there he had been in the office two months. He gets his mail there, and presumably the postman knows which floor he is on, but there is no name plate downstairs. His name is not on any of the doors and no one in any of the other offices knew he was even in the building. I wandered up and down the stairs, knocking on one door after another until finally I happened on the right one. This made me 10 minutes late for our first appointment and I was in no mood by then to apologize. Instead, Clark apologized.

"I'm afraid it's not very well signposted downstairs," he said. He led me into an empty office. "I think we'll be better off in here, sir," he said. He is very well bred and polite. I could not think why he called me sir.

There was nothing whatever in this office, or in any of the others I saw there, which was in any way personal to Clark; not a picture, not a cup, not a book, except for a folder marked "requests for photos," which lay on the secretary's desk.

I asked myself: what kind of man can work in an office, receive people in an office, conduct a lucrative business in an office day after day, and yet leave nothing personal, nothing of himself in that office?

No, the adulation Clark has received does not show, and the money he has earned does not show, and his intense pride does not really show either. "He is a fierce competitor," says Graham Hill, who beat Clark out for the world championship in 1962. "But I can't quite put my finger on where or how he is a fierce competitor. He makes brilliant starts, for one thing. And then he is always neat, always tidy in the corners, no matter how fast he is going." Clark won't ever give up when behind, which he rarely is. He is likely to keep increasing the tempo until he loses control, gaining all the time. He discovers what his limit is by losing control, and then he drives at that limit the rest of the way.

In the 1962 German Grand Prix Clark finally did muff a start. It was 45 seconds before he got going, the pack was that much ahead and rain was pouring down. Part of the Neurburgring circuit, which winds 14 miles through the Eifel Mountains was under water, and the drivers did not know which part until they got to it. Each lap was taking over 10 minutes; the rain would start or stop in various sections, the flooded corners would drain or fill up from one lap to the next, and Clark was 45 seconds behind the pack. To hurry under such conditions is probably the most dangerous kind of race driving man can do, but now Clark hurried. By the end of the first lap he had passed 16 cars. By the end of five laps he was fifth, having passed five more.

After eight laps he was fourth, he had the leaders in sight, he kept gaining, and soon he was only 200 yards behind. The drenched thousands watching the race were screaming with excitement. Clark could barely feel the road through his steering wheel, but he kept his foot down. Then suddenly, half through a very fast turn, the car went sideways. Out of the turn it shot, still sideways, Clark only a passenger now. Down the straight it slid sideways a hundred yards or more, then at last stopped. Clark stirred the gear lever, selected first gear, and motored off. When the race ended he was still fourth, but his elapsed time was faster than the winner's.

"I realize the danger is there, of course," Clark says. "When I get away with something like that I say to myself, 'Christ, that's getting a bit close.'" Near misses have no other effect on him. He is not a brooder, either before or after.

Nor can he tell you why or how he drives a car faster than others, nor what exactly his skill is. Stirling Moss says Clark's talent is natural, instinctive; that Clark has really learned very little since he started to race; that he had his great gift for speed from the beginning. It is an interesting theory and it may be the truth. In September 1959, Clark was offered a co-drive in a Jaguar in the Tourist Trophy sports car race. The co-driver was to be the American, Masten Gregory. Gregory by then had been racing steadily in Europe for six seasons. He was considered a very, very fast and experienced driver. "To me, Masten was a god," recalls Clark. "I hardly dared talk to him." Clark at this time had hardly ever been out of Scotland, but half way through the first practice session Clark found that he was lapping much faster than Gregory. "I was absolutely astonished," Clark says.

Moss says that fast driving is balance, the ability to detect minute weight shifts in the car. Moss says Clark has this without even knowing he has it; Moss says that when he tries to discuss this with Clark on a theoretical level Clark doesn't know what he is talking about. But on a practical level, Clark does know. His mechanics say he is aware of minute changes in tire pressure, or in the weight of his fuel, that he always seems to sense how much adhesion he has left. He knows how a car should feel at speed, and he keeps after his mechanics until they have it the way he wants it.

Clark will not talk about danger, about death or about accidents. Many drivers, including Moss, Phil Hill, Dan Gurney, the late Wolfgang von Trips and others speak (or spoke) of death all the time. Clark has never spoken of it at all that I know of, except to me, one day in London. He did not say much. He said that when he scares himself, he knows he is going too fast and he slows down immediately. This is almost the only rule he has about fast driving. If you scare yourself, slow down. He says that a man cannot afford to feel emotion in a race car, because emotion will betray him into doing something foolish or impossible, and then he will have an accident. Fear is an emotion. If you feel fear, slow down. As a matter of principle, he tries never to scare himself. It is unpleasant and cuts down on his speed.

At Indianapolis, pursuing Parnelli Jones, Clark got sideways on Jones's oil. He was scared, and he slowed down. Later he was quoted as having said: "I'd rather be second than dead." He denied to me he had said precisely this.

"I wouldn't have said 'dead,'" he remarked. "What I probably said was: 'I'd rather be second than go into the wall as Sachs did.'"

It seems to me that there are two basic types around car racing, those who are aware of death all the time, who speak of it openly and frequently; and those who never speak of it or presumably think of it either, having formally closed off this

TRUE

"Well, after all it *is* a bird bath."

part of their minds. Clark is of the latter group. He won't even speak the word. "Oh, I wouldn't have said 'dead,' what I probably said was. . . ." Once I asked him did he have what is known in sports as "killer instinct." The word "killer" appalled him, and he translated it to other terms, burning-desire-to-win, or something, before agreeing that, yes, he did have it. In fairness to Clark, the word "killer" has ugly personal connotations. He actually was charged with homicide in Italy, following a crash that killed 16 persons.

On September 10, 1961, during the second lap of the Grand Prix of Italy, on a straight when making perhaps 150 mph, the Ferrari of Count Wolfgang von Trips brushed against the Lotus of Jim Clark. Both cars went out of control. The Ferrari climbed an embankment, brushed a fence restraining part of the crowd, then tumbled, flipping over and over, down into the road again. Trips was dead. So were 15 persons behind the fence. Clark's Lotus lay on the verge, completely demolished but right side up. The films show Clark getting out of it. He stood staring at it, then he started toward the body of Trips, then he stopped, then he started toward the wreckage of the Ferrari. He could not make up his mind which way to go. Men dragged the wreckage off the road, and Clark stood there dazed, watching them.

I had never heard Clark quoted as to what happened, and can only assume that he never spoke a word about this crash. I asked him to tell me about it.

He looked at me steadily, with stubborn silence.

"What do you want to know for?" he said at last.

"Because it's the single most dramatic thing which ever happened to you."

"It's over and done with."

He was staring at me. His fingers were at his lips. He was furiously biting his nails. His voice was agitated.

"Tell me at least which car was in front. Even that point has never been cleared up. Who hit whom?"

When he answered his voice was still agitated. I had never seen him so upset.

"Trips was in front of me, and to my left. As he set himself up for the turn and began to brake, he cut right, over into me. His right rear wheel hit my left front wheel. There was nothing I could do."

Silence.

Then he said: "I have never told anyone what I felt about that crash."

"No one?" I asked.

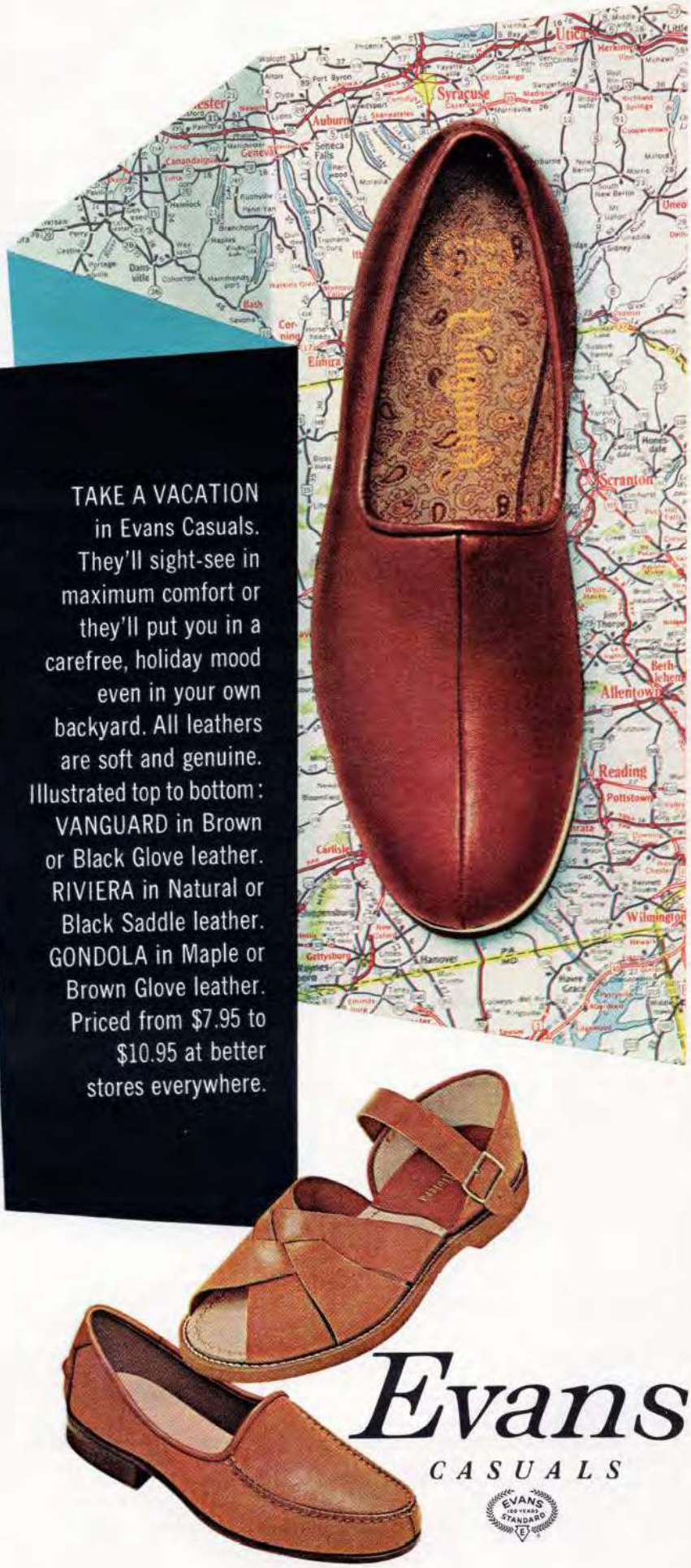
He was nervously biting his nails.

"Not really. No."

A little later I asked what he had felt standing in the road after the crash.

"My first reaction was relief. How did I ever get away with this! Then I thought about getting the wreckage off the road before the other cars came through again."

"I don't think Jimmy does feel anything very much," says Colin Chapman. "I mean deeply. After the Trips crash, I don't think he was upset about the crash, I think he was upset about the implications of it. I mean the stupidity of the Italian police accusing him. He knew



he hadn't done anything wrong. He was not to blame. His conscience was clear."

That night, officials came to Clark's hotel in Monza. The interrogation went on and on. Four months passed. Then a lawyer representing relatives of one of the deceased formally charged Clark before the tribunal at Monza with "homicide by imprudence."

The next year when Clark came back for the Grand Prix, he was hauled away by police in the middle of practice, still wearing grimy coveralls, and dragged into court to be questioned again.

A third time he returned for the Italian Grand Prix. It was September, 1963, two years after the crash, and a uniformed officer had him arrested during practice and dragged off to a small room behind the pits. A document in Italian was pushed in front of his face, and he was ordered to sign it. He refused. The officer then ordered him not to leave Italy.

Clark is a forceful man. He won't be pushed about. Not on the track, not off.

"This is stupid," he told the officer through an interpreter. "I have told all I knew in two interrogations already. I have nothing more to tell. I won't sign any papers in Italian, and furthermore, I am leaving Italy immediately after the race." He nodded to the officer, and walked out.

A few hours later, Clark won the Grand Prix of Italy with ease, thus clinching the 1963 World Championship. The following morning he flew out of Italy in Jack Brabham's private plane.

Clark hopes the matter now is closed. Closed or not, it is clear to me that the crash still haunts him.

James Clark, Jr., was born March 4, 1936, in Kilmany, Scotland, the fifth child and first son of a prosperous landowner. Like most boys of the British upper classes, Clark was sent away to boarding school from the ages of 10 to 16. His school work was mediocre—"the masters were always noting on my records that I could do better if I concentrated"—and he played all the games boys play, particularly rugby. Once he tore ligaments in his leg and was in a cast eight weeks. This is the only injury Clark has ever had in his life; he has crashed some race cars since, but has never been scratched.

To understand the character of Jimmy Clark as he appears today, one must try to understand British boarding schools. From the age of 10 Clark (like all others who attend these schools) was taught always to hide his feelings and, indeed, his entire personality. He was taught to be honest, honorable, and above all modest. In Clark's case the lesson certainly took.

The result is that Clark today seems bland. Moss says of him: "After you say that Jimmy is from a good family, is himself ethical, honest, polite, well-mannered, modest—all those good things—and also a very fast driver, what more can you say about him?"

Of all the characteristics Moss mentioned, modesty seems the most powerful. If you are trying to get Clark to talk about Clark, his modesty is likely to seem overpowering.

"I'm not convinced I am the best driver," Clark says. "I never set out with any ambition to be world champion. I enjoyed racing. I enjoy it still. My goal was to enjoy racing and to win each race if I could. That's all. I never hoped or expected to be world champion."

Clark's modesty seems so deeply ingrained that some people are suspicious of it. "If you ask me," Graham Hill told me once, "the whole thing is an act." But on further reflection, Hill was moved to say: "It may be as Jimmy says that he is puzzled to see he has got this far. He's got a terrific car after all. He may wonder how much of it is due to the car and how much to himself. I think that if I were in his place I'd be a bit puzzled, wondering if what everybody was saying was true."

Moss explains the seemingly excessive modesty by saying: "You must remember that Jimmy is very immature for his age. He is 27 I know, but perhaps I would say that his true age is closer to 21. Jimmy is from the country after all. Every place in Scotland, even the big cities, is the backwoods, but Jimmy is not even from a city. He was brought up on a farm in a tiny village, I believe, and so he is more immature than another person of his age would be. He is not sure of himself yet." And so he is still obeying the precepts of his schoolmasters.

COMING . . .

The strange story of men struggling against nature, human folly and human frailty.

COOPER'S CREEK

by Alan Moorehead

BONUS BOOK CONDENSATION

NEXT MONTH IN TRUE

But if you talk to Clark at length, you begin to be able to peer through the facade of modesty. After remarking that he never set out to be world champion, he reveals more of himself than he realizes when he talks of losing the world championship in 1962 in the final race. Clark had finished only four of eight world championship races. He had only 30 points. Graham Hill had finished seven of eight and had 43 points. Yet by a quirk of the rules, only the best five races were to count. Thus Hill had only 39 usable points. Clark could tie this by winning the final race, and then he would be world champion because he had one more first place. He would have fewer points than Hill, but would beat him by rule.

I asked Clark if he would have felt badly about winning on a technicality.

"Not at all," he replied firmly. "I felt I deserved it. Look back on that entire season, including the non-world championship events. I beat Graham far more often than he beat me. I beat him every time my car worked properly." I waited for Clark to add: I was the faster driver. He did not add this, but clearly he implied it.

Again, discussing 1963, he admitted the Lotus was a splendid car, a superior car, and he wondered how much of his success was due to it, and how much to himself.

Then he said: "The only thing comparable is horse racing. How much is due to the jockey, how much to the horse. I will say this, the same jockeys keep winning every year. Also, if you are a superior jockey, you automatically are given the best horses."

Once more the implication was clear. Clark kept winning. If he was indeed driving a superior car, then with his great skill he had earned this car. Deep down, I was convinced that Clark believed himself the best.

After he finished school at 16, Clark went to work for his father as a farmer. He worked hard, mostly caring for herds of his father's prize sheep, and he loved the beauty and the solitude of the hills and woods of Scotland. He had learned how to back the family car down the driveway when he was only 10; at 17 he got his first car, a Sunbeam Talbot. His father bought a new car and now for the first time the old one was not traded in. It went to Jimmy. He had always liked fast driving, he had a "feel" for it, and he soon entered the Sunbeam Talbot in rallies and events close to home. He was so good that people began lending him faster cars, and he won 45 sports car races in the next few years. On Boxing Day, 1959 (December 26) Clark raced a Lotus Elite at Brands Hatch. It was a short race, and Clark nearly won it, being nipped at the finish by Colin Chapman in an identical car. Chapman is a man of quick impulses and Clark had caught his eye.

"Here I was, supposed to be running a farm, Dad had his own farm to look after, and I was away half the time racing. He used to say to me, 'a fine thing this hobby of yours has developed into. You're spending all your time on it and it's not paying you back a thing.'

"I said, 'Dad, it can pay me a very good living if you'll let it.' "

Clark accepted Chapman's offer to become fourth man on a three car team. However, the third man, Alan Stacey, was soon killed and Clark had a car in nearly every race that year. The next year, 1961, he was second man, the team leader being Innes Ireland. Ireland won a lot of races. He was a fast, experienced man, but at the end of the season Chapman dropped him and installed Clark as No. 1. "Even in 1961 Clark was faster than Ireland," Chapman says. "It may not have shown, because being No. 1, Ireland always had the better car, but I was satisfied that Clark was the faster." Satisfied enough to drop a winning driver for one who was virtually untried. Clark's amazing natural talent was and always has been this obvious. The next year, 1962, Clark won three of the four world championship races his Lotus completed.

Jimmy's farm comprises 1,200 acres (his father's, 25 miles away, is the same size, and with Jimmy gone, his father manages both of them). Jimmy has 14 men working for him. He owns 500 cattle, 2,500 sheep, and there are about 1,200 lambs each year. He also grows grain, turnips and potatoes. Parts of the big

stone house Jimmy lives in are 500 years old.

The farm is near Edington Mains, seven miles from the North Sea and about 50 from Edinburgh. The people who own farms up there are not so much farmers as landed gentry. Still, they are as taciturn as farmers everywhere. They respect a man's privacy and Jimmy Clark is one of them. There is an easy friendliness all around. It may not go very deep, but it is there. These people are Clark's closest friends. He has no close friend (he says) among racing drivers. He loves the farm and the country life, but he loves racing, too. And already he knows that he will never be happy again just farming.

He is small, 5 feet 7 inches tall, the same size as Moss, though for some reason he always appears much taller than this. He hates smoking and smoke filled rooms though he is too well-mannered to complain when others blow smoke in his face. He dislikes drinking, but will sip at a drink in company if this seems necessary. He likes what he calls "light classical" music, although not too much of it. He likes jazz, particularly a musician named Chris Barber ("he plays very cleanly, I think"). He likes photography, water skiing and dancing. He hates girls who wear heavy makeup or dark sunglasses or dye their hair.

Clark feels that four principal elements enter into race driving: concentration, accuracy, resistance to fatigue, and icy nerve. For him, the first is the toughest ("I have to remind myself all the time to concentrate") and the last he would prefer to discount. He does not like all this talk of nerve and death. "Look at me, you can't say I am a man of icy nerve. I am actually a very nervous person. I fidget all the time." This is true, but not the same thing. Icy nerve in a race car is closing off your mind to the possibility of disaster and this Clark obviously has no trouble with.

"Forever? You're kidding!"

Accuracy is easy for Clark whenever he sees its absolute necessity. If you are plowing a field and the first furrow is off, you are in a mess. If you are late for appointments your whole schedule is ruined so Clark is rarely late. Similarly, if you corner inaccurately in a race car you will either have to slow down to correct, or you will go off the road. Either way you lose the race.

Clark also demands accuracy of the things that are written of him. He was quoted before Indianapolis as saying: "We'll blow them (the American cars) off the track." In fact he made no such statement; he was never interviewed at all. He hates inaccuracy in an almost impersonal way. Once an article said that he was so emotionally upset after breaking down that he couldn't talk; tears came to his eyes. "You've been around racing a long time," Clark said to me disgustedly. "When did you ever see me behave that way?" His voice went petulant. "Why can't they get it right?" Once a female reporter rang his doorbell at Edington Mains. "She was a bloody silly lady. She wanted to know about girl friends and all that. She didn't have an appointment, she didn't even ring up first. Later she wrote that I had these long tapering fingers with well manicured nails, that I had the hands not of a racing driver, but of an artist, a painter or pianist. What kind of rubbish is that? Look at my hands. I have short, stubby fingers, and my nails are bitten down to the quick. Bloody silly to write a thing like that."

In the final race of 1962, the Grand Prix of South Africa, Clark could, by winning, win the world championship. He sprinted into the lead at the start, and then extended this lead lap by lap. "The car was perfect," Clark told me. "All the dials were spot on the line."

For 63 of 82 laps Clark increased his lead. The world championship was his. Then a three-cent bolt came loose and the Lotus's engine began to smoke. Clark turned into his pits, got out of the car and watched his mechanics push it away. It was a long time before Graham Hill roared by, now in the lead. He spotted the broken Lotus and waved in salute; Hill was now world champion (he went on to win the race) and Jimmy Clark was an also ran.

Clark turned to Chapman and said: "I never had an easier drive in my life."

Newsreel cameramen closed up on Clark's face. He was staring down, his teeth clamped down over his lower lip, and he looked for a moment to be biting back tears.

I asked him what he had felt at that moment.

"Relief," he said, looking me straight in the eye. "I was simply glad that it was over. You have no idea what the strain of the last few weeks had been, questions and interviews and people coming up to me, badgering me. You have no idea what a relief it was finally to be out in the car in the race where no one could interrupt me. Win or lose, I was glad it was over."

"Relief? That's all you felt?"

"Yes," he said. He meant it.

Graham Hill, who was not there, of course, when Clark came in, but who saw the newsreel, was also of the opinion that Clark had been near tears.

"Put yourself in his place, man. He must have been bitterly disappointed. I know how I would have felt."

When the race ended, Graham Hill was swept onto the presentation stand and Clark was soon brought to join him. Clark by now wore a broad grin. He shook Graham's hand and congratulated him warmly.

Hill, remembering Clark's conduct, is still impressed. "I was feeling slightly guilty," he recalls, "but Jimmy was charming."

Grace under pressure, Clark's trademark. His old schoolmasters would have been proud of him. **—Robert Daley**

HE MAKES MEDICAL QUACKS EAT CROW

[*Continued from page* 49]

a keen detective who reacts to medical mountebanks as J. Edgar Hoover reacts to mass murderers.

In a persistent hunt that spanned three years, he laid Jake Schirmer bare. Searching through dusty old medical-school catalogues, he spotted his target's picture among "graduates" of a Kansas City diploma mill. Schirmer was all medical dignity in the photo, apparently unconcerned that *anyone* could buy a medical certificate for $200 from that treatment trap. Painstakingly, Field traced and questioned dozens of former officials and graduates of the reputable medical colleges Schirmer claimed to have attended; the man had never set foot in any of them. In short, Schirmer was as unpedigreed as a shanty-town dog—and no more qualified to lick the wounds of the ailing.

Arkansas's licensing records made his career even plainer. They revealed that Schirmer twice dismally failed the state medical exam. But later he was granted an Arkansas license on reciprocity from Connecticut. How, Field wondered, had Schirmer ever managed to worm a medical license out of Connecticut? He got his answer when he learned that Schirmer's original license had no more validity than a novelty-store joke. In 1924, several of the Nutmeg State's officials had been exposed for *selling* licenses to diploma-mill graduates. And buried in eight volumes of grand-jury testimony was Schirmer's name—among 175 unqualified "doctors" whose Connecticut licenses were then revoked.

As Field's investigation gained momentum, he tracked down two of Schirmer's former wives, in Florida and Indiana. They said that after the Eastern scandal, Schirmer abandoned doctoring to work as a business agent for a motion-picture projectionists' union. "He didn't give a damn about people," one ex-spouse remarked bitterly. Once he hurled a bomb into an Atlanta theater crowded with 400 women and children. Another time, he secretly kidnaped his own son and kept him hidden from his distraught mother for 16 years without ever hinting that he knew what had become of the boy.

Field switched his inquiry back to Arkansas. In Corning, Schirmer had launched his glyoxylide swindle in the 1940's by opening a 100-bed hospital. His callousness was growing. Smiling his kindly smile and nodding his old gray head, he bilked patient after patient of life savings by charging $400 a week for shots of the distilled water. And like all quacks, he fanned false hope among disease sufferers when he lied blatantly that "stretcher cases who come to me walk out on their own two legs," cured of cancer, TB, polio and multiple sclerosis. Following up "testimonials" for Schirmer, which he unearthed in a pro-Fascist Kansas hate-sheet called *Defender of the Christian Faith,* Field could find no proof that genuine cases of cancer or other incurable diseases had been helped in the least by Schirmer's ministrations. On the contrary, former patients from North Dakota to Maryland who had escaped alive told Field of filthy conditions in the hospital, indifferent "doctors" and nurses, and a rapid worsening of illnesses placed under Schirmer's care.

The only advantage about his clinic was its convenience; there were plenty of "doctors" handy to sign your death certificate.

At last Field took his bulging dossier to Little Rock. He assembled Arkansas's licensing officials in a hotel room and spread his evidence on the floor. When Field had finished his dramatic presentation, Attorney General Tom Gentry was convinced. He appointed a Little Rock lawyer, Eugene Warren, as his special assistant to pursue Schirmer's operation. In the summer of 1954 the quack's license was revoked and his clinic shuttered.

Because of legalities and the necessity for irrefutable evidence, Field's three-year active chase stretched to four—but he had done a thorough job on old Jake Schirmer.

Says Oliver Field: "Of all the ghouls who feed on the bodies of the dying, the cancer quack is the most vicious."

Says Arkansas special prosecutor Eugene Warren: "Without Field's help, we would never have been successful in ridding our state of this man."

Since that baptism of fire, scores of quacks have felt Field's lash. They have ranged from the incredibly vicious to the zany. One cancer "healer" operated on patients with a razor blade and packed their wounds with arsenic. A cab driver, who claimed he could travel in the fourth dimension, peddled little plastic dumbbells crammed with "cosmic energy" which could "cure" anything for $50. A female chiropractor convinced movie stars and college-educated society women that she could diagnose any illness and treat patients 3,000 miles away through a single drop of blood. An ex-fire-worshiper asserted that the only sure cure came from "bathing" in yellow light.

"Unfortunately, for every one we put out of business, hundreds remain," Field says. He estimates that 50,000 outright quacks are operating in the United States today. Thousands more, such as vendors of needless vitamin pills and food supplements, exist on the fringe of lunatic healing. This year, he predicts, the phonies will gyp the public of well over $1 billion and cause untold agony.

It is only because of the efforts of Field and the authorities he works with that these figures aren't far greater. Oliver Field is America's No. 1 quack fighter today, and a great many people who will never hear of him owe their lives to the fact that his war against the charlatans has kept their numbers down.

"Anyone who thinks medical quackery went out with the patent-medicine tent show or that he can't be conned by one of these sharpies is just kidding himself," Field says. "They're among the cleverest criminals in operation. And they're making crime pay and pay and pay."

When I visited his office not long ago,

TRUE

"He isn't here—he's on jury duty!"

Field's desk was piled high with letters from every state. More than 5,000 reach him each year from doctors and laymen alike, writing to report health rackets or to inquire about suspicious gadgets and practitioners. On the day I was there, a New Yorker had sent a sample of red "royal jelly" pills he had purchased at a pharmacy and asked if they could "rejuvenate" him. ("This junk might help queen bees," Field answered, "but not humans.") A man from New Hampshire wondered if a certain "air improver" could cure his asthma. A woman from Montana asked if a naturopath was medically correct in advising her that aluminum cookware was "poisonous." A man from Oklahoma was suspicious of a clinic that offered to test his urine by mail. A doctor from Mississippi sent six vials of a colorless liquid sold as a cancer cure and asked Field to have it analyzed. A woman from Louisiana said her neighbor was touting a secret method of "face peeling" to make old women young, and wondered whether it was safe.

"The word 'secret' is often the tip-off to a quack operation," Field observed, tossing me the last letter. "Quacks always refuse to disclose the formulas behind their medications and machines. Can you imagine the discoverers of insulin or penicillin or any of the real miracle drugs keeping their findings to themselves for their own profit?"

Drawing on AMA researchers, his own sleuthing and his extensive files on past and present health hustlers, Field checks out and replies to each query that reaches him, in addition to launching investigations on his own. He has no police power, however, and he is unable to make arrests or confiscate pseudo health equipment. But he works closely with other agencies, both governmental and private. "In many cases," explains John Guill of the federal Food and Drug Administration's Chicago office, "Ollie turns his findings over to us or to proper state authorities, and we move in and close down the phonies." Other times, Field merely looses a barrage of publicity against his quarry, on the theory that an alert public will boycott medical shysters out of business.

"Ollie has been the principal force in making the country conscious of quackery," Earl Thayer, assistant secretary of the Wisconsin Medical Society, told me. "He has jarred a lot of people—including complacent doctors—into realizing just how much damage even one wrong guy can do."

At 55, Field doesn't look the part of a nemesis of the medical underworld. His graying brown hair, ski-slope nose, easy affability and the old brown sweater to which he remains loyal even in the pompous atmosphere of the posh AMA citadel, make him appear as innocuous as the scoutmaster next door. But the bitter testimonials of medical hoodlums he has vanquished suggest otherwise.

A turncoat Maryland psychiatrist, exposed for his sins by Field, and then found to have been peddling medical licenses to such unqualified customers as a New York auto mechanic, threatened to shoot him when he appeared to testify at the trial. An "intern" at a Chicago

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"I got the raise, dear! But I have to marry the boss's daughter!"

hospital, who Field discovered was helping care for seriously ill patients though he had no medical training, retaliated by circulating post cards over Field's forged signature. The cards announced the organization of a "Chicago Nazi Party" which Field, as "district leader," would coach on "persecution and euthanasia." And a Pennsylvania food nut once lumped him and other AMA officials together as "murderers," because they sought to keep his worthless nostrums for cancer and diabetes from the hands of unsuspecting victims.

Among those crying "persecution" loudest was Ali Yehia Debeh, one of the slickest imposters in Field's files. Field most recently smashed his health racket in 1962, but they first locked horns in 1955 after Debeh stormed into AMA headquarters and angrily demanded to know why he was not listed in medical directories as a physician in Plainview, Arkansas. The reason was simple enough, as a secretary quickly perceived. "Why, that man's no doctor!" she told Field. "He's a conductor on the train I take to work."

In his protest, Debeh had identified himself as a graduate of a St. Louis medical college. He claimed experience as a staff doctor for more than a dozen hospitals and industrial clinics. Through tedious checking, Field established that the medical school was as phony as Debeh himself. It had been closed by the state as a bogus institution a year before his alleged graduation. Furthermore, his supposed former employers had never heard of him.

The FBI had. His record sheet revealed numerous arrests for impersonation. A Missouri farm boy with a lotus eater's imagination and a chameleon's versatility, he had pretended to be everything from a United States Navy lieutenant to an Egyptian prince. During one period when he posed as a doctor in Pittsburgh, he treated members of the famous Mellon family, who never suspected he had absolutely no medical training.

Following the secretary's tip, Field learned Debeh had worked for the North Shore Railroad near Chicago for the last five years, but had left to manufacture meat forks in Milwaukee. A railroad official told Field, however, that Debeh had been seen in a Waukegan, Illinois, beer garden, wearing a doctor's white jacket with a stethoscope dangling from his pocket.

In Milwaukee, Field patiently began checking persons associated with Debeh in the fork factory, and found he had left the business to resume sticking people with bogus medical care. A printer who had handled some of the factory's publicity revealed that Debeh had recently brought in four medical books with covers and frontispieces damaged. Having hit on the world's easiest way of becoming a man of letters, the sometime conductor had ordered the printer to replace the book covers with new bindings—bearing Debeh's name in gold letters as the author.

Field collected the printer's bills as evidence, then contacted sources in Plainview. He learned that Debeh was the town's only "doctor." The books with the phony covers were on his desk to impress his patients, and they were falling for it.

"Strange to believe," says Field, "the mayor and several leading citizens petitioned to have him remain in practice when Arkansas authorities finally closed him down. The fact that he would have been utterly helpless in combating disease didn't faze them."

Debeh's get-rich gimmick was iridology or "iris diagnosis." According to this flimflammery, any "diseased organ pleading for aid" will reflect its agony in the "spots and lines" of the patient's irises. The phony iris diagnosis, incidentally, is not to be confused with legitimate examination of the eye by a qualified physician with special instruments.

"Iridology supposedly was discovered years ago when some Hungarian accidentally broke the leg of his pet owl while staring into the bird's eye," explains Field drily. "When the bone snapped, a spot appeared on one of the owl's irises.

"Frankly, if an iridologist can tell what's wrong with a patient by looking in his eye, he can surely tell how much money is in his pocket by the same process."

Evidently that's just what Debeh was doing when Field nailed him again two years ago. A Chicago housewife phoned Field one morning and said Debeh had diagnosed her ailments as "soft arteries, bad kidneys and inflamed nerves." He fitted her with a pair of goggles wired to battery-operated flashlight bulbs. The twinkling of the bulbs, he promised, would cure her by "breaking down tissue and causing tiny hemorrhages to get rid of stagnant water" in her system.

Field contacted the police. When Debeh returned to the woman's apartment for his $200 down payment, three detectives emerged from their hiding place in the kitchen and slapped the cuffs on him.

"Unfortunately, the housewife's suspicion is a rare reaction," Field claims. "Too often people react to quacks like the residents of Plainview—by flocking to their support. It seems that all a man has to do these days is to say he's a doctor and can cure people of anything."

It matters little how patently ridiculous the quack's scheme is. One man Field is keeping a remote eye on, for example, is William Ferguson, a former Chicago cab driver who reportedly pops up at "health" meetings around the country these days. Field helped send him to prison some time ago for peddling a fraudulent healing device, which Ferguson claimed to have learned about on a "fourth dimensional" flight to Mars.

The AMA investigator first became aware of the gadget when a college professor stomped into his office and threw a small plastic dumbbell on the desk. "I demonstrated this expensive little fake to one of my classes today," the professor said disgustedly. "I gave them the instructions straight-faced, then asked how many would use it in their practice. Half the class held up their hands. Will you tell me how in hell intelligent men training to be doctors can fall for things like this?"

Field unfolded a piece of paper labeled "Instructions." The gadget, he read, was a "Zerret-Applicator." "Grasp

this device with both hands and let the energizing Z-rays from its contents flow through your fingers and traverse your whole body," the instructions advised. "When you are sick, it's because the hydrogen atoms in your body are contracted. These rays will expand all the atoms in your being, and they'll discharge all your negative energy." The Zerret was good for anything from constipation to loss of "youthful function" —provided the buyer took care not to cross his legs while using it.

"I guess Barnum was right," Field said. He took out a pocketknife and sliced open one of the dumbbell balls. It was packed with moldy fluff and about four-fifths filled with a colorless liquid. Later he had the contents of a Zerret chemically analyzed. They proved to be nothing more than ordinary cotton and drinking water. "That this thing could cure anyone of anything is beyond comprehension," he declared.

Equally incredible was the "secret process" by which the interplanetary witch doctor brewed the Zerret's contents. Investigation revealed that Ferguson kept a tub of water on the roof of his home. Periodically he emptied a bag of paraffin balls into the tub and waited patiently while they transmitted "cosmic energy" from the atmosphere to the water. Then he poured this "atomized" liquid into the little dumbbells.

"That made a good show for any patients who might be around," Field says. "But obviously the Zerret was one of the looniest gizmos to come down the pike." Still, more than 1,000 customers fell for it, at $50 a fall.

Countless other questers for health were spared, thanks to Field, the deception that the Zerret could heal. When he reported Ferguson's sorcery to the FDA, federal investigators found the ex-cabbie was shipping the devices throughout Illinois, Wisconsin and South Dakota to victims of multiple sclerosis, spastic colitis, psychoneurosis, compound fractures and other ailments. He eventually went to prison for interstate shipment of a fraudulent medical device.

"A mysterious gadget or machine can be worth more to a quack than the Hope Diamond," Field told me. "The more mysterious the device is, the more fascinated potential patients are. If an auto mechanic claimed he had a magic device that could scan a car, tell what's wrong with it and make repairs by remote control, most intelligent car owners would hunt for the nearest strait jacket. But when some phony doctor tells them he can diagnose and cure all human diseases

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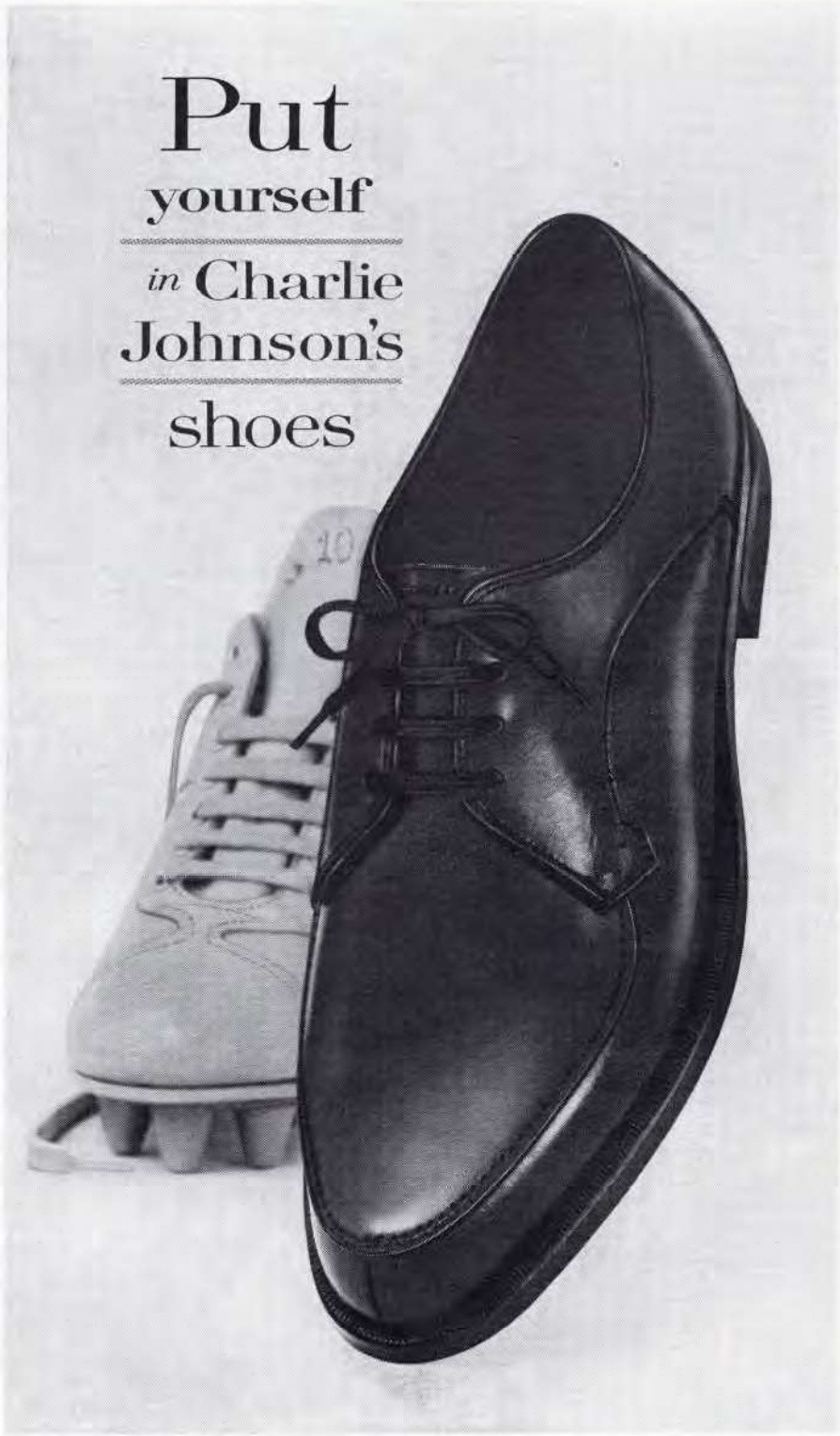

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with a single machine, they believe him.

"And I don't care how smart you are," Field added. "My quacks can take you every time. Sadly enough, their influence is often slow in dying even when they've been shown up as shams."

During the thalidomide scare, for instance, a clever quack that Field helped expose several years ago came to his attention again. He learned that an influential West Coast radio station was being pressured to urge Mrs. Sherri Finkbine of Phoenix, who had innocently taken the foetus-affecting drug, to seek the "Drown treatment" for her unborn child, which she feared would be malformed.

Fortunately the station did not add to Mrs. Finkbine's torment. But if it had, Field would scarcely have been surprised. Persons of power and double-domes by the score have been conned by Ruth Drown, the "blood-spot" healer, and her activities fill several folders in Field's files.

A gaunt Hollywood chiropractor, Ruth Drown conceived her "Drown Radio Instrument" after working on an electrical assembly line. Unquestionably, it turned out to be the most profitable gadget she ever put together. The black box was studded with impressive switches, dials, knobs and one all-important slot. Into this hole Mrs. Drown would slip a blotter stained with a dab of the patient's blood. The machine, drawing on "the current of the patient's own body energy or life force," then could "tune in the vibrations" of diseased organs, make a diagnosis and perfect a cure for any malady —even though the patient was 3,000 miles away!

Once, after an informant tipped him that the lady was in town, Field sent his secretary to attend a health lecture she was giving. During her talk, Mrs. Drown confided that only a forest fire between her and the patient could really interfere with her wizardry. But to be safe, she also cautioned against sitting in the bathtub while letting the water out. "This," she explained earnestly, "takes your energy right down the drain"—and might throw off her voodoo box.

"She had many intelligent supporters who believed this hokum," Field says. "One was a Los Angeles school board official. A Hollywood mother followed her all over the country and once had her 'tune in' on her son when he was hurt in a car crash abroad. The wives of two University of Chicago trustees insisted she was an inventive genius. And most incredible of all, the New York Museum of Science and Industry was duped into awarding her a certificate of merit."

Her quackery was vividly exposed in 1950 when University of Chicago scientists finally agreed to give her a test, under pressure from the trustees' wives. They handed her a pile of bloodstained blotters and asked her to reveal what illnesses her machine detected.

"Even luck deserted her," Field said. One spot, she asserted, indicated blindness in the right eye and cancer of the left breast; the patient actually had TB. Another she declared showed "carcinoma, with the loss of the left testicle"; the blood sample was drawn from a healthy youth. She whirled the dials and began prattling about the uterus of the third patient; the scientists told her as gently as possible that the blood had come from a *man*.

Mrs. Drown, who believed that "one day you can have positive energy and one day negative," was obviously in a negative period. It was not hard for Field, who happily revealed the devastating results to the press, to understand why.

Shortly before the tests, the widower of a cancer victim, who had paid $400 for one of Mrs. Drown's instruments, brought the gadget to Field's office. Field dismantled it in the presence of an electrical engineer. "Its works proved to be nothing more than the simplest electrical circuit, capable of activating the dials much like a battery tester," he recalls. "The 'crucial' blood-smear slot was not even wired into the circuitry. There was no possible way the device could detect 'disease vibrations'—whatever in hell those are. It's the kind of thing a 10-year-old boy would build to fool a 7-year-old boy."

He took the machine to the FDA. Several months after the Chicago tests, Mrs. Drown was convicted of violating federal law by making false claims, and eventually she was prohibited from further interstate sale of her device.

For old time's sake, Field still keeps several models of the machine in his office and has found a practical use for one. It was nothing more than an old-fashioned radio with the speaker removed when he got it, so he rigged up a speaker and is able to get pretty fair reception of local broadcasts.

"There was one way, however, that Ruth Drown differed from many successful quacks," Field told me. "She didn't capitalize on religion. The shrewdest ones develop great respect for Bible-thumping. They know the average American trusts those who have taken up religion, and by associating their health gyps with it, they put themselves in clover.

"But religion or not," he went on, "what keeps many of these quacks from being simply funny is that when people are sick, they'll clutch at anything. And once they're hooked by a quack, they run a double risk. Not only are they wasting valuable time away from a competent doctor, but there's a very good chance that the quack may make their illnesses worse, possibly even kill them."

Field rummaged in his files and handed me a folder marked "Dinshah Ghadiali."

"Here's a fire-worshiper from India who came to Malaga, New Jersey, and invented a fraud called the Spectro-Chrome," he explained. "It's banned from interstate commerce now, but we still run across one now and then. It's just a metal box that throws out colored beams of light. Ghadiali said it could cure any disease by bringing the body's 'color wave potencies into balance.' That doesn't mean a damned thing. But 9,000 people used this gadget at its prime.

"Now here's what I mean by quacks causing irreparable damage."

He flipped to a letter from the son of a Pennsylvania man who had gone to Ghadiali for help. The patient suffered from diabetes and from a gangrenous leg. The son, however, reported that Ghadiali advised the man merely to lie nude under the Spectro-Chrome and "bathe with yellow light." Furthermore, he ordered the patient to abandon his insulin and eat brown sugar and starches. Within a month the patient plunged into a diabetic coma. While Ghadiali urged more and more "yellow light," the man died.

"Ghadiali went to prison after that," Field recalls. "And his gadget has been banned since 1958. I ran into him once on a train out of Philadelphia, and we had quite a talk. He was bitter about the trouble he'd had. But he still lectures on color therapy. Not long ago, he was in Milwaukee, and he still runs a school in

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New Jersey. The laws in many states are so weak he can't be touched."

Skilled as he is now at detecting such phonies, Field's first contact with a quack ("Anyone who falsely pretends to medical ability or who offers a healing device or treatment of no therapeutic value") was as a patient. "When I was a teen-ager, I had a terrible time with hay fever," he remembers. "After trying about everything else, I finally wound up visiting a relative who believed that all disease results from strained or contracted ligaments. She gave me a helluva massage. It didn't help my hay fever any, but it was quite an experience."

His other childhood contacts with health fakery were strictly passive. He occasionally dusted the shelf in his father's hardware store where a previous owner had left cans of a worthless cure-all called Belgum Ointment, "Good for Man or Beast." And fresh in his memory still is the picture of special trains of sightseers coming to his home town of Woodstock, Illinois, to see Eugene V. Debs, who was held in federal custody there—just a few years before the famous socialist died at a quack "clinic" in another Chicago suburb.

It was not until 1943, however, that Field's hand-to-hand contact with the subterranean world of public-health enemies began. He had graduated with a law degree from the University of Notre Dame, had tried and abandoned private law practice in Woodstock, had served as an investigator for the Illinois Insurance Department and the Chicago Motor Club, and finally had moved to Denver with his wife, Margaret, and their four children. There he joined the federal Food and Drug Administration, working first as an inspector and eventually as assistant to the district chief.

"My partner and I saw everything on that job," he said. "We found farmers who poured milk into cans they had just used for hauling kerosene. We found bodies of rats that had floated in creamery vats so long their hair had soaked off. We went into flour storage rooms where moths were so thick we had to bat them away and where we carried cameras to photograph the cockroaches."

He was so sickened by this disregard for the public that he developed a dogged thoroughness in handling offenders. Once he discovered a Texas creamery owner who was churning butter from soured cream liberally speckled with carcasses of dead flies. He kept the creamery under surveillance for three solid days, waiting for the manufacturer to ship his filthy product across state lines and open himself up to federal arrest. Another time, he drafted such a detailed report of shoddy operations by a Denver dairy owner that the man voluntarily closed his plant and built a new one when he learned of Field's evidence.

The AMA's investigation department had already proved effective against quacks when Field was hired to run it in January, 1948. It had been launched in 1906 by Dr. Arthur Cramp, a former Wisconsin schoolteacher who had become a doctor after his only daughter died in the hands of a charlatan. Dr. Cramp organized the department's massive files, helped evaluate questionable drugs and machines, and on the basis of his investigations loosed a constant drumfire of exposure in medical journals and the lay press, calculated to topple the giants of quackery.

Among his targets were Old Doc Brinkley, the famous Kansas sex rejuvenationist, who transplanted goat glands into human males; George Starr White, a diploma-mill doctor who promoted every kind of quack apparatus from a heating pad capable of "curing" malaria to a "prostatic normalizer" which enveloped the pelvic region with fireworks; Doc Estep, who was one of the first to make money from atomic power—except that Doc's source of power was a jug of water "irradiated" with a light bulb.

One of the department's deftest exposes was suffered by Albert Abrams of San Francisco, the grandfather of electronic hoodwinking. Like Mrs. Drown, Abrams featured a machine that diagnosed and "cured" from a drop of blood. The department, through a cooperating physician, sent him a blood sample taken from a patient named Miss Bell. Abrams wired back that the unfortunate patient was suffering from sinus trouble, tooth decay, and two venereal diseases. "Miss Bell" was a rooster.

Such devastations by Cramp, Field and the two intervening directors, Drs. Frank Clancy and Paul Barton, have prompted 43 libel suits against the department and the AMA, to the sum of $26 million. The quack-hunters have lost only one. And in that the damages assessed amounted to one cent.

When he isn't in court or out digging up new dirt on quacks, Field busies himself conducting "an education in the seamy side of medicine." This phase of his job consists of appearing on scores of radio and TV programs and more than 50 times a year before women's clubs, bar associations, county fairs, medical societies—even in monasteries—to demonstrate the weird assortment of quack gadgets he has collected.

Among several he showed recently when I was with him is the Cel-O-Ray. Resembling the headpiece of a do-it-yourself electric chair, this sucker's crown is an aluminum skull cap with a red Christmas tree bulb inside. It allegedly cures baldness—with radiation of "infra-red" rays. For women with broomstick figures, there's the Lady Bountiful, which supposedly bloats breasts to dreamland proportions by the suction force of cold water coursing through two plastic cups. Even more hideous is the I-on-a-co, a human horsecollar consisting of hundreds of strands of copper wire encased in leather. Guaranteed to cure by "magnetizing the iron in your blood," it gave Gaylord Wilshire the money he needed to become a real-estate tycoon and get a Los Angeles boulevard named for him. Or for cancer sufferers, there's the Sonus Film-O-Sonic. This $500 gyp, first exposed after a Connecticut victim wrote Field about it, is an ordinary tape recorder with the speaker removed. It supposedly "disintegrates" malignancies by silently playing a continuous tape of *Smoke Gets in Your Eyes.*

Field hopes his demonstrations generate a healthy skepticism in his listeners. Sometimes circumstances help him. Speaking once at a hotel in Pinehurst, North Carolina, Field made his point with the Depoloray, an "amazing healing miracle" that's nothing more than an auto fog light with a built-in hum. The audience laughed, but doubted any local

TRUE

"You're *some* fisherman! That's not even a mouthful!"

man would dare offer a thing so foolish. On the way out the crowd filed past a popular health institute in the arcade. In its window was a sign proclaiming the proprietor to be a Depoloray user.

Rather than trust the public's judgment in avoiding such humbuggery, Field wants tougher laws. Under existing legislation, it sometimes takes authorities as long as 10 years to put one of these merchants of menace out of business.

In 1961, Field was instrumental in organizing the first National Congress on Quackery to explore the extent of health swindles and the legal loopholes that help foster them. Last October there was a second Congress, in Washington, with some 600 representatives of law enforcement agencies, medical societies and health groups participating. This May in Chicago a group of similar people has met to study ways of coordinating the efforts of both public and private agencies against quackery. Later in the year there will be a meeting in San Francisco for the purpose of preparing a manual on quackery for use in public schools. The ball Field pitched has been caught by a great many people. He hopes that among the early results will be a concerted crackdown on two of today's biggest rackets: diploma mills and phony cancer cures.

Diploma mills may seem less vicious than cancer fakes, but one begets the other. Field has been adamant—and shrewd—in exposing the mills. Often simple publicity puts a mill out of business, but sometimes he has to develop solid evidence. Take, for example, the case of the "healing arts" college in Tama, Iowa, which offered a $37 correspondence course in "naturopathy." At Field's suggestion, a Wisconsin medical-society official enrolled. The course, which claimed to prepare students to treat any illness, consisted of 40 mimeographed sheets, with a maximum of two pages devoted to complex subjects, such as anatomy. Examinations arrived with all the correct answers underlined. Field's decoy consulted qualified physicians to be sure he answered each question *wrong*—and he still graduated "with honors." The last installment was entitled, "How to Practice Without a License."

The decoy's experience was used as ammunition a few years ago to defeat a bill in the Wisconsin legislature, which would have allowed graduates of the college to practice legally in that state.

Field looks forward to more such maneuvers. Soon he hopes to prove that an alleged cancer drug recently publicized in a paperback book is the worthless product of ex-convict promoters . . . that one Iowa college training licensed practitioners uses cats instead of human cadavers in teaching anatomy . . . that a fly-by-night operator in Missouri recently sold a medical diploma to a man in Oregon for $4,000 . . . that a cancer serum he has been investigating for years is nothing more than mineral oil.

Perhaps in the course of one of these inquiries he'll realize a dream he's had for years. "I've never got a fake medical license or a diploma from a quack school with my name on it," he told me sadly. "Before my days are over, I want one for my wall." —**Charles Remsberg**

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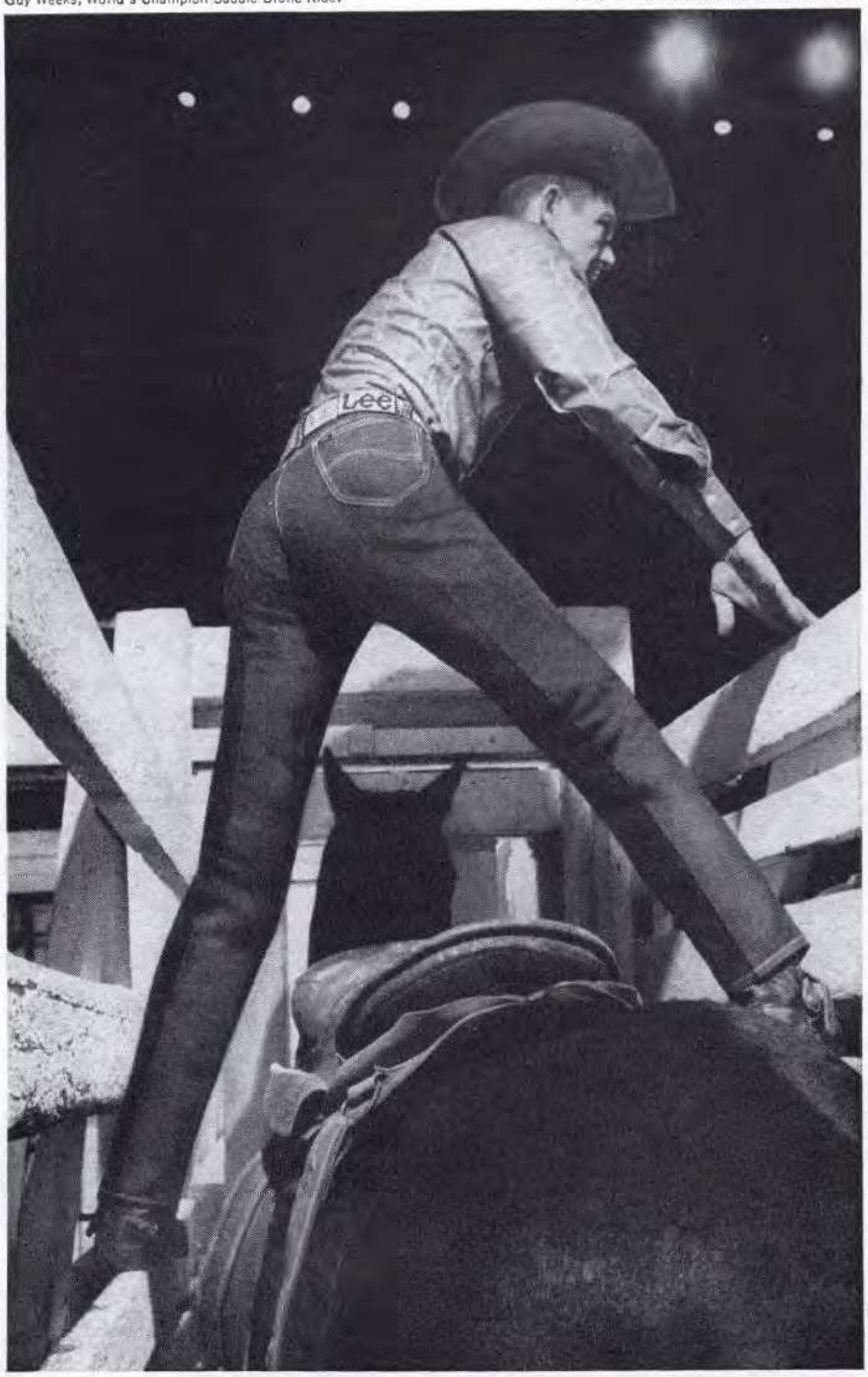

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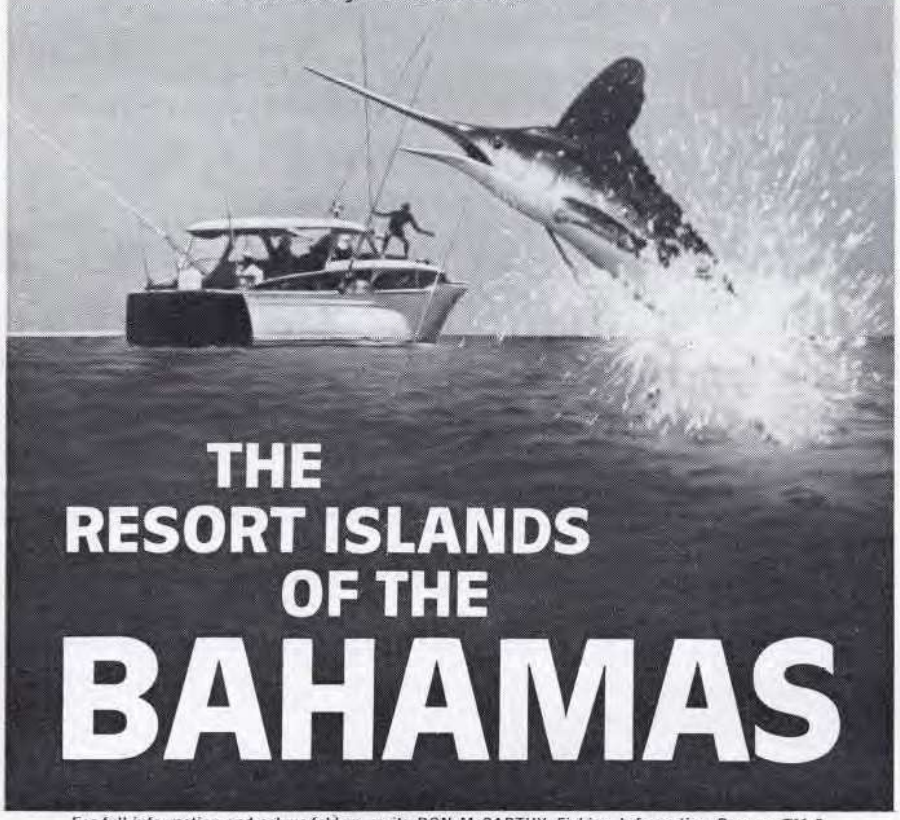

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MAN TO MAN ANSWERS

Everybody's heard of the $24 the white man paid for Manhattan Island. Olaf Swanson, of Minneapolis, asks what the Indians got for the rest of the United States—that is, those parts of it on which they managed to collect.

Well, contrary to popular belief, the Indians were paid something for a big part of their domain. The exact figure is not known, because records were poorly kept, and payment was often made in goods hard to value. However, historians are sure the total runs well over a billion dollars. And that apparently was only a down payment, for today's Indians stand a good chance of collecting heap white man's wampum for a lot of land they allow as how the United States didn't really buy—or picked up by getting the Chief's X on a contract he couldn't read.

In 1946, when Congress established the Indian Claims Commission, the Indians were given a five-year period in which to come forth with any grievances about the avaricious palefaces of yesteryear. With joyous whoops, joined in by a happy horde of lawyers, the Indians filed so many claims that the Commission is still buried under a mountain of them. Many have already paid off handsomely. The Utes, for example, toted home a hefty $31,938,473. (Including $2,800,000 to be divvied with the tribe's Washington lawyers.) To date, $95 million has been paid out in cases settled by the Commission. The total, says Indian Claims Commissioner A. V. Watkins, could run anywhere between, "two and ten billion."

The Indians have even found they have claim to land they never thought they owned. It seems that "Mad Anthony" Wayne didn't realize what he was doing when he worked out, in 1795, a treaty with 12 defeated British-allied tribes who agreed they'd stay in an area north and west of a line running southwest from what is now Cleveland, through Indiana. Counsel for the tribes' descendants hold that this gave the Indians "recognized Indian title" to the lands they promised to stay on. When the Commission agreed, thus setting a precedent which makes proof of ownership much easier, claimants had no trouble digging up a lot more treaties.

One of the heftiest claims was settled in 1963 when California's 30,000 Indians, remnants of the Mission tribes, voted to accept 47 cents an acre for lands seized by the white men back in Gold Rush days. The tab: $29,100,000.

Government lawyers prefer not to think about some of the unsettled cases—like those which aver that the Indians still own the land occupied by Chicago and Indianapolis.

And then there is that little matter of Manhattan. The Scanticook Indians agree that the famed $24 was handed over by the white man, all right. But, they cry, that just leased the island for 99 years. The lease having long since expired, they'd like to have their property back, please.

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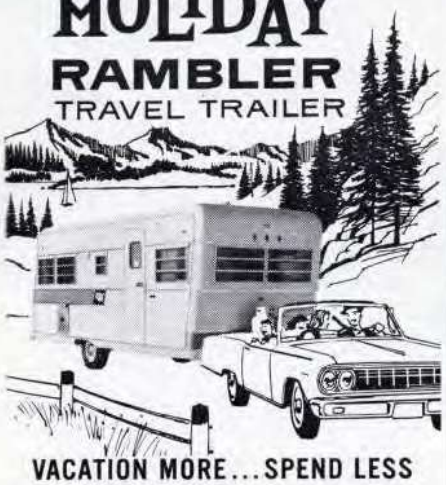

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Q: What is the significance of the mortarboard used during graduation ceremonies? ***Bruce Erickson, Minneapolis, Minn.***

A: The academic cap worn by students upon graduation is said to denote that they have acquired full liberty and are no longer subject to the rod of their superiors. This is in imitation of an ancient Roman custom which was to give one's slave a headcovering in the ceremony of making him free. The term mortarboard itself is connected with *mortier*, the cap worn by the ancient kings of France and which is still officially worn by the chief justice or president of the Court of Justice. The most popular, but less dignified, allusion, of course, is to the small square board on which a bricklayer carries his mortar—frequently balanced on his head.

Q: Why do cats' eyes shine in the dark? ***E. Joseph Anna, Laramie, Wyo.***

A: A cat's retina includes a mirroring surface—or tapetum—that reflects scant rays of light and enables a cat to, so to speak, see in the dark. No eyes in the ordinary sense are able to produce any light. Even a cat's eyes do not shine in a photographer's darkroom.

Q: Is the golden eagle the largest bird of prey in the United States? ***Douglas Becker, Detroit, Mich.***

A: No. Our largest predatory bird is the California condor, a member of the vulture family with a wing spread of about 10 feet. There are only a few dozen California condors known to exist. They eat only dead animals and the growth of cities has eliminated so much wildlife—the bird's natural food—that extinction seems inevitable. The golden eagle is the next largest bird in North America.

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MY TEN YEARS IN RED CHINA

[*Continued from page 22*]

refusing repatriation might be accepted back home?

RUSH: No, I didn't. If I did maybe I would never have made the mistake that I did.

TRUE: Did you think about your parents?

RUSH: I did, yes. But while I was a POW I could write them. I knew if I got to China, I could still write them to tell them why I went there. I didn't plan to stay long.

TRUE: Did you discuss your plans to refuse repatriation with anyone?

RUSH: No, I didn't. I didn't tell anyone in my compound. I did tell Belhomme. He was in another compound but we met one day swimming in the river. But I didn't discuss it with anyone else.

[Rush is referring to Albert C. Belhomme, one of the 21 defectors, who, at this writing, is in Belgium with a Chinese wife and three children. He also left China, but he cannot return to the United States. Born in Belgium, he joined the U.S. Army to expedite American citizenship. By defecting, the door to America has been, for him, locked.—*Ed.*]

Like I said, we didn't talk much about these things to one another. The defectors all came from different compounds. We didn't get together until later. They all had different motivations. I was curious. Some really bought the Red line all the way. With others it was strictly for adventure.

TRUE: Now this is a point that deserves clarification. There were some 8,000 American prisoners of war. 4,600 died in POW camps. That leaves something like 3,400 who came back, who chose repatriation. Apparently this spirit of adventure or curiosity didn't spread very far among the POWs. Only 21 defected.

RUSH: You want a simple answer and I can't give you one. You answered part of it yourself when you said 4,600 died. All those people didn't have to die. We had part of the answer when we talked about the morale, the lousy morale, the every-man-for-himself business. And, incidentally, the term defector was never used in the POW camp. We didn't hear "turncoats" either. Those terms were coined afterward. Okay, you want to pin down the whys of it. I've thought about it a lot. I've had a hell of a long time to think about it. If I have to pin it down, I'd have to say lack of education, lack of education back in the states. That isn't the whole answer. What makes a man tick anyway? But that probably comes closest to it—lack of education, in our homes, in our churches and, more so, in the Army.

Now for God's sakes, don't get me wrong. I'm not blaming any of these for this mistake. This mistake was made all on my own. It was my decision. I was 19 or 20 years old. I'd been a prisoner practically since I got to Korea. With me, it was a matter of being young and rash, of not sitting down and thinking it

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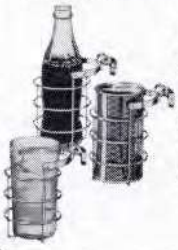

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through. But I made the mistake myself. I made my bed; I should sleep in it.

TRUE: Let's get back to the POW camp. What happened next?

RUSH: Well, the other prisoners were moved out. First the sick and wounded; then the rest in alphabetical order. We stayed, the defectors. We were put in an area guarded by neutral troops, Indian soldiers.

[They were in the custody of the Neutral Nations Repatriation Commission. The Korean truce had provided for a 90-day cooling off period for those prisoners on both sides who had elected non-repatriation. Besides the Americans, there were 325 South Koreans who had refused repatriation—and 23,000 Chinese and North Korean prisoners of United Nations forces who refused to go home. During this 90-day period each side was to have access to the prisoners to attempt to persuade them to come home. At the expiration of the 90-day period, another 30-day grace period was attached, at the end of which time the defectors on each side, theoretically at least, were free to go wherever they chose.—*Ed.*]

Before we went into this neutral camp, there was a press conference—press representatives from our free world and from the communist camp interviewed us. For example, one of them—one of the American correspondents—asked me: "Why are you going to China? Intimidation or anything like that?" Well, I didn't tell them curiosity. I told them I was going to fight for peace. Why did I say something like this? Because we agreed on this line—the defectors. Not all of them said that. The Negroes—we had three Negroes with us—they blamed segregation in the states. But most of us said something like this "fight for peace" thing. After the press conference we went into the camp. There were 24 of us. Twenty-three Americans and one Britisher. Later Dickenson left and Batchelor left. They went back.

[Both Claude Batchelor and Edward S. Dickenson were court-martialed on charges of aiding the enemy after reversing their fields and electing repatriation during the 120-day cooling off period. Batchelor was sentenced to life at hard labor on September 30, 1954, later commuted to 7 years. He was paroled January 28, 1959. Dickenson got 10 years hard labor, later reduced to 5. He was released November 23, 1957. Both forfeited all pay and allowances. Of the 21 men who remained firm in their determination to spurn repatriation, 15 have left China, and none have faced court-martial. All 21 were dishonorably discharged *in absentia* at one minute after midnight, January 23, 1954—the date the 120-day grace period ended. From that moment on, the Army lost jurisdiction over them. And many of them were eligible to collect back pay up until the time of their discharge for time spent in the POW camp. One authority on military law believes that the *in absentia* discharges of the 21 are illegal, and could be set aside merely by applying to the Secretary of the Army. But it isn't likely any of the 15 will seek to have their dishonorable discharges set aside. If they were, they would be back in the Army and subject to possible court-martial.—*Ed.*]

TRUE: You never talked with American authorities during the cooling off period?

RUSH: No. My mind was made up. I was going to China. We heard that Batchelor had been arrested by the Army and got "sent up the river." I don't think any of us thought seriously about leaving the neutral camp after that.

[This may have been the report Rush got secondhand. But the record shows that Batchelor was not court-martialed until August, 1954—months after the defectors had arrived in China.—*Ed.*]

TRUE: What happened at the end of this 120-day period in the neutral camp? That period ended January 23, 1954.

RUSH: We got outfitted in civilian clothes. Then came a trip by truck to the old capital of Korea—Kaesong. We stayed there a month or so. From Kaesong we went to Pyongyang, the capital of North Korea. And then we went by train across the Yalu River into China March 6, 1954. We ended up in Taiyüan. That's about 250 miles southwest of Peking, the capital.

TRUE: What were your first impressions of Red China?

RUSH: Three impressions stand out in my mind. First was the women. Everybody, men and women, all wore the same padded cotton clothing and those big cotton hats. You couldn't tell the men from the women. Another impression was that no one knew who we were. The Chinese didn't tell them about the American defectors. The people probably thought we were Russians. There were a lot of Russians there then. They didn't make a big propaganda thing out of us. We noticed a lot of new buildings going up, a really vast construction effort. We were taken on conducted tours. These were "arranged" we found out later. Like, the Chinese would tell the boss at a factory, "You're going to have 21 Americans visit you today. If they ask any questions, here's what you say. . . ." We stayed there six or eight months.

TRUE: Where did you go from there?

RUSH: To Peking. The pitch was that we were "guests of China. What would we like to do? Work? Go to school?" I picked school. Some wanted to go to work in the factories. Some wanted to go to the countryside. Three went to the farms and they were the first to go home, the first to be disillusioned. The rural areas of China are horrible, decrepit. But we got the impression from their propaganda that farm life was the greatest. It isn't.

TRUE: Who were the first to leave?

RUSH: [Lewis] Griggs, [Otho] Bell, and [William] Cowart. They were all farm boys back in the states. But they left in a hurry.

TRUE: You went to school?

RUSH: Yes. I went to the People's University in Peking. I took a two-year course, mostly in the Chinese language. I was willing to take the course so I could go on and get a college education. I only stayed about a year. I couldn't take it any longer.

TRUE: Why, what was the matter?

RUSH: Politics. Everything was politics—even learning the language. For example, they would give you a communist slogan, like, say, "workers of the world, unite." Then you'd have to translate this into Chinese, write it in Chinese

TRUE

"He's boastful, evasive, and tends to exaggerate—perfect for our Advertising Department."

characters. I didn't go to China for political reasons. I went to see how the people lived.

TRUE: But you went there for the political reason, at least, of finding out how communism worked.

RUSH: Right, but my motivation was curiosity. But at school, everything was politics. We were still getting "Current Affairs" lectures and studying the writings of Marx and Lenin. I was going to class with Chinese, taking this prep course. A lot of Chinese are illiterate. They needed the language course as much as I did. We studied the mandarin dialect, the official dialect of Red China. I slept in the same dormitories with the Chinese. They weren't anywhere near as good as the dormitories they had for the other Europeans, for the students from the satellite countries like Czechoslovakia, Yugoslavia and the rest.

TRUE: You say that you, an American defector, were in a more or less second class status as far as the Chinese were concerned?

RUSH: Oh, yes, definitely. Our rooms were cold. We had to do our homework in bed under blankets. The other Europeans had central heating in their quarters.

TRUE: What did you use for money?

RUSH: While we were at school we got the same allowance the other overseas students got—90 Chinese dollars. That's about $25 American.

TRUE: But all the students—Chinese, American and European—participated in the school routine?

RUSH: Oh yes. For example, every Saturday they had these meetings of all the students in groups. They were for self criticism. Each student was supposed to stand up and confess his failures and criticize the failures he'd noticed that week in other students. Daydreaming in class was something you were supposed to confess at these meetings. I was often criticized for not criticizing others enough and once I was denounced for not attending a student demonstration against an official of the Red regime who had been deposed. I had a date with a nurse in Peking so I went over the wall and didn't attend the demonstration, which had been announced in advance but was supposed to be spontaneous. They told me I had violated the standards of the international students. Then it got worse because they wanted to know the name of the girl I had the date with and I wouldn't tell them.

Every once in a while they would take us, the defectors, on tours. They'd take us to other cities and we would tour factories. It was always the same thing. They'd tell us how the workers were exploited before the communists came to power; how the skilled worker got high wages and the unskilled workers got low wages. Now, they'd tell us, all workers got the same wage, which seemed pretty damn low to me.

TRUE: What happened after you left the People's University in Peking?

RUSH: They found a job for me in a textile mill at Wuhan, in the repair shop. Oh, yes, they also told me that there were lots of women working at the

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MAREMONT

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get his slippers
ask for advice
laugh at his jokes
flatter him
give him a year of True

then ask for the world

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mill. I was still single, you know. That appealed to me.

TRUE: What about the university? Weren't there women there?

RUSH: Yes, but there was very little fraternizing between the sexes. Of course, there were some campus romances. But very little. That was frowned on by the Red regime. The Chinese are different than we are. Someone put it to me this way in China: The Chinese are like a Thermos jug—cold on the outside; hot on the inside. They have dating and courting, of course, but nothing on the scale that we have here in the United States. In China the parks aren't filled up with lovers.

TRUE: Where is Wuhan?

RUSH: About 400 miles west of Shanghai on the Yangtze River. They gave me a train ticket from Peking and told me to report to the Red Cross—the Chinese Red Cross—when I got there. The Red Cross took me to the factory, introduced me around and then they gave me a machine shop test. It involved some blueprint reading. Then it was a matter of putting a No. 16 thread on a round ball of metal. I did it. I guess I made out okay because they made me a third grade worker. The grades ran from one up to eight. As a third grade worker I made about $11 to $12 a month American for a 48-hour week. They gave me work clothes and a two-room apartment at the factory free. Two rooms and a bathroom and kitchen. But it was nothing like we have here in the states.

TRUE: What was your attitude now, your attitude toward China?

RUSH: It's wavering. My wages were low—about average for a factory worker in China. I'm noticing now that living conditions of the worker are not what they're shown to be in the Red propaganda pictorials that I used to get back in Korea. I'm face to face with reality now. I'm seeing the real thing. I'm speaking the language now a little bit and I'm talking to the workers. A single man was doing all right, but a man with a family was really hurting.

TRUE: What would you do with your off time, your spare time?

RUSH: Not a hell of a lot. For 30 or 40 cents American I could get a Western meal and a beer at a White Russian restaurant in Hankow. Sometimes it was cheaper to eat there than to eat Chinese food at the factory mess hall. And then once in awhile I'd go to a movie. But they were always the same thing—"Girl Meets Tractor."

TRUE: "Girl Meets Tractor?"

RUSH: Yes. They go like this: A girl in the country gets tired of country life and goes to the city to find a husband. But in the city she discovers that country life is really best after all, so she goes back, joins a farm commune and starts working like hell to produce food for China and lives happily ever after. They're real short on movies in China. Sometimes the same feature would be playing at two or three theaters in Wuhan—using the same film. After one reel was finished, a guy would rush it to the second theater on a bicycle.

When I first got to Wuhan, I went to dances a lot on Saturday night. Eighty percent of the factory workers were women so there was no shortage of dates. But the public dances were later cut out as a birth control measure. People meet at dances, get married and have babies. China has a hell of a population problem. At the factory every once in awhile, the word would go around that they were putting something in food to limit potency. The legal age for marriage in China is 18 for women and 21 for men, but when I left the press was carrying on a campaign to make it unpopular to marry under 25.

Women are supposed to be equal to men in Red China and they're treated that way. There's no "ladies first" or holding doors open for them. An awful lot of women are studying to be engineers and there already are a lot of women doctors. But the equality thing doesn't always work out. For example, women workers get a smaller ration of food on the theory that they are smaller than men and need less.

TRUE: Did you experience any antagonism toward yourself as an American?

RUSH: Very little, practically none in fact. Most of the antagonism toward foreigners is aimed at the Russians. The regime and the communist press keep attacking the United States and Americans, but as far as I could see it didn't affect the people very much. The press also attacks the Russians. And that has taken hold. Often I'd be mistaken for a Russian on the street and I'd hear people calling me "Russian tiger." This "tiger" business—that's pretty strong language in China. It's a curse word. The Chinese really hate the Russians. Since the agricultural failure in 1958, the regime has blamed everything that has gone wrong on the Russians. Shortages like gasoline, spare parts for machinery, they're all blamed on Moscow.

TRUE: Is there any opposition to Mao Tse-tung among the people?

RUSH: Oh, yes, definitely. It started during the agricultural crisis back in 1958. There is no organized underground that I was aware of. But there were spontaneous riots. One took place in 1958 outside Wuhan. Some students rioted at a high school, students and some of the teachers. Incidentally I didn't read about the riot in the Chinese press; I first heard about it over the Voice of America from Tokyo on my shortwave radio.

TRUE: You had a shortwave radio!

RUSH: Oh, yes. The ordinary Chinese didn't have them. They had to be registered. Let me explain something here. Every street in China has a street committee. Committee members keep tabs on everyone—who lives where and what they do; who's staying overnight at whose place. Their job is to report to the registration bureau. The registration bureau reports to the security forces. Well, I didn't register my radio. When they asked me I told them I was an American citizen and that the registration regulations didn't apply to me. And besides I needed the radio to get news from home.

TRUE: And they accepted that?

RUSH: Yes, they didn't give me any more trouble about the radio. I learned with time that if *you* didn't give an inch, *they* would. If you hem and haw or start backing down, the Chinese would press you harder. But being tough didn't always work. We were limited to a 15-watt bulb in the factory apartments. I got a bigger bulb because I like to read and I was going blind with that weak yellow light. Someone noticed the brighter light coming from the apartment window and turned me in, so it was back to the 15-watt bulb again. One other thing, I had a picture of President Kennedy that I clipped from a Chinese magazine pinned up to the wall of my apartment, but no one ever bothered me about it.

TRUE: As far as you know, there wasn't a hint of an organized underground in opposition to the Red regime?

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RUSH: No, not in Wuhan. But I would have been one of the last ones to hear about any underground. The Chinese didn't know where I stood. They didn't know whether I was working with the Reds, against them or whether I gave a damn one way or the other. So they just didn't tell me anything. In my apartment house, the committee member—the informer—was a woman.

TRUE: No one talked freely around her?

RUSH: Not unless they felt like getting sent to the country for hard labor on a collective farm.

TRUE: What does being sent to the country involve?

RUSH: Okay, let's say someone turns you in as being guilty of a "social disturbance." You never find out who turned you in, but you're hauled up for trial—usually the judge is a woman. If you're found guilty, you get, say, a five-year sentence to the country and hard labor. You go to the country; your family stays behind. But you don't come back after five years. Your sentence is up, but you stay working in the country.

TRUE: Were you ever asked about conditions in the United States by your Chinese co-workers?

RUSH: Yes, but the discussions were always on a simple level. You can't have any true, intimate friendship with anyone in China. You can't blame them. No one knows who's likely to turn him in for something he said that doesn't jibe with the party line. So the discussions were always simple and safe.

For example, I'd tell them that we had more cars in the states than they had bicycles in China. This really impressed them. Or they'd ask me which cigarette is best, the Chinese or American. I'd tell them that their best cigarettes were pretty good, but far too expensive. Their cheap cigarettes were god-awful—when you could get them. Often you couldn't. I smoked everything I could find that looked like tobacco. I even smoked tea leaves in a pipe, but that didn't work.

TRUE: How long did you work at the Wuhan textile mill?

RUSH: From 1955 until I left China last September. Eight years. I moved up to grade six on the salary scale, and then, in 1958, we got a subsidy from the Red Cross. Those were the hard times; that's when they had the big agricultural failure. We—the defectors who were left—demanded more money to live. So we got this subsidy, about $25 American from the Red Cross. My salary was $25 or so. All told, I got about $52 a month.

TRUE: With the average worker's salary being about $12, that was pretty good living.

RUSH: No, it wasn't. We needed the extra money to buy food on the black market. There wasn't any food. Prices shot sky high. Turnips that used to cost 12 cents, cost 35 cents or more. The black market was undercover in the beginning. But eventually people bought and sold right out on the streets.

TRUE: How did you meet your wife?

RUSH: At a dance in Wuhan in 1956. It was at a Cultural Club, an open-air affair. I noticed her and I guessed she noticed me. Anyway I asked her to dance. I spoke in Chinese, of course. She told me that she thought it was very strange for a Russian to know Chinese. I told her I wasn't a Russian, that I was an American. That floored her. She asked me if I was born in China. I told her no, that I'd come there a long time ago. I didn't tell her the whole story right off the bat. Incidentally, later I found out that she'd never heard of the defectors, the American defectors. And she was educated, too. She was a librarian in a junior high school.

TRUE: When did you decide to leave China?

RUSH: Before I met Helen. I told her when we started courting that I was going to leave. She said that was okay with her, she'd leave, too. All she asked me was when. I told her a couple of months. I couldn't leave immediately. For one thing I owed the factory about $100 American. I borrowed it to make a couple of trips to Peking to see some of the other guys [defectors]. I got lonely in Wuhan. I was the only American in a city of nearly 3 million Chinese. I wrote and told my parents I was leaving but I had to pay off this debt. My father—he was living then—said he'd send me the money. But I wrote him not to. It's against the law to send money to Red China.

Anyway, Helen and I got married Christmas day, 1956. It was just a matter of going to what you'd call the city hall, I guess, and getting a marriage license. No ceremony. We did have some trouble. They didn't like the idea of a Chinese marrying an American. If I'd been a Russian, it would have been all right. This was before the Sino-soviet split; before the Russians began pulling their technicians out.

We moved into my apartment at the factory. The next thing I knew, I got a bill for the rent, about $4 American a month. I had been living free. I think it was a repercussion over the marriage. Then we got a hot plate to cook on. And they handed me the electricity bill for a month—$8 American! So we pulled out the hot plate and I made a stove out of mortar and rock—a common Chinese-type stove—and burned coal balls. That's coal dust and mud made into little balls or pellets. The thing damned nearly killed me.

TRUE: Killed you?

RUSH: Yes. I fired it up one day to warm up the apartment. We had no heat whatsoever. Well, it wasn't vented, and when my wife came home she found me passed out. She got the windows open and got me up and moving around. That's not the only time she saved my life, either. I got typhoid fever once.

TRUE: How did she save your life then?

RUSH: Well, that was during the hard times. We were eating oats. Cattle fodder. Real, honest-to-God cattle fodder. Okay, this is 1958. I decided to farm a little patch outside the apartment—a patch about the size of a double bed. I planted cabbage and potatoes. We used human waste for fertilizer. They still use it in China. For a tool I made a hoe out of scrap at the machine shop. The head of

the hoe came off while I was working this patch and hit me in the leg, scratching it. That night I had a fever. I went to the factory doctor, he didn't give a damn. While I'm telling him my symptoms, he's writing out a prescription for aspirin and telling me I have pneumonia. He gave me a slip that entitled me to be off work for three days and sent me home. Well, I got worse. I couldn't eat. I couldn't get off the bed.

During this same time, China's all wrapped up in the Great Leap Forward—you know, the back yard steel furnace thing. Everyone's supposed to be making steel. My wife included. She works days as a librarian in school and in the afternoons and evenings she's out in the schoolyard making steel. She's putting in 12 and 14 hours a day, so during this period she's sleeping at school, because it takes over an hour to commute to our apartment. But she was worried about me. So late one night she started home. That involved a rowboat ride across the Han River and a pedicab trip. [A pedicab, a taxi which is like a tricycle, is the successor in China to the ricksha.] She got home real late and found me in bed, feverish. She decided I had to go to the hospital. But I couldn't stand, much less walk, so she carried me on her back down the stairs and then three blocks to a pedicab. The pedicab driver didn't feel like making the trip. But my wife offered him double his fare and he took us.

TRUE: But this is 1958 or thereabouts. You said you were ready to leave in 1956.

RUSH: Okay. I had to pay off the debt I told you about. My wife had that paid off in no time. She's good at handling money. And, too, we decided to wait for a couple of months after we were married so her friends wouldn't say she just got married because she wanted to go to America. So we started making application for exit permission in the spring of 1957, around April or May.

TRUE: Did you apply to the Red authorities in Peking?

RUSH: No, my first step was to contact the American Consulate in Hong Kong. A Mr. Dunigan wrote back and told me that his hands were tied until the Chinese Reds agreed to let me and my wife go. He said I might have trouble because my wife was Chinese. And I did.

TRUE: Then what?

RUSH: Then I went to the factory authorities. I told them I wanted to take my wife and leave China. That floored them. They had never run into anything like this, so they sent me to the Red Cross. The Red Cross told me I would have to give them a formal written request, giving all details and telling why I wanted to leave China. I did. I wrote it all out. I gave my father's sickness as my reason.

TRUE: What was his illness?

RUSH: Lung trouble—emphysema. He died in December, 1961, before I got back. The Red Cross told me to be patient, that it might take a little time. It did. I didn't hear from them for two months. So I went and asked them about it. All I got were delays. They kept telling me to be patient. Then they came and said I had to be more specific—was my father's illness serious? I said, "Of course, it is." Then they told me to rewrite the application in more detail.

That went on and on. Then my wife became pregnant. Then they said, "Now they're going to be three of you leaving. You'll have to send in a new application." Oh, God. It went on and on. My wife had a miscarriage and that meant a new application. That was in 1958.

Months would go by and we'd hear nothing. Then I'd ask about it and they'd have some other stalling tactic. They're experts at stalling. Then Helen got pregnant again. That meant a new application. That child—a boy—was born in October, 1960, in the factory clinic, right in the middle of a ptomaine poisoning out-

TRUE

"Would you stop referring to our troubles as labor pains!"

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Attention all fishermen! This new 9½ has dead-slow troll without vibration, new tilt-drive mechanism that lets you run over sandbars and shoals, new low-profile for more fishing room astern. Cut your oil bill in half with new 50-1 gas-oil mix. See your dealer. (He's in the Yellow Pages.) There are 13 '64 Johnsons in 9 power classes (90, 75, 60, 40, 28, 18, 9½, 5½ and 3), all with a 2-year warranty.*

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break at the factory. The clinic had no facilities and hardly any staff. I had to help the midwife. We got him to a hospital finally—by pedicab. There was no gasoline for ambulances. But he was too far gone. He was all purple. There was no heat in the clinic. Anyway, the baby died. So, that meant a new application. Finally, our daughter Betty Jean was born on June 30, 1962. I sent my last application in on September 9, 1962. We got out of China a year later.

TRUE: So it took you over six years to get out. During that period, did the communist authorities come and ask you why you wanted to leave?

RUSH: No, not to me. They went to my wife a couple of times and asked her if she knew what she was getting into, where she was going and so forth. She just said, "I have a child and a husband. He's going back to America, so why shouldn't I go with them? I can't split up our family." As for myself, no one seemed surprised that I wanted to leave. In fact it was just the opposite. This wasn't my country. I'm not a communist. I'm not taking part in any of their activities, so what the hell am I doing there? And a lot of them asked me that. "I can't understand you, Scott," they'd say. "You don't like it here. You come from a country with the highest living standard in the world. What are you doing here?" I'd say, "Frankly, I don't know. I made a big mistake coming." Now that was with the ordinary guy. You'd never talk like that to a party member or with anyone who was playing the game.

TRUE: Why did they let you go at all? According to the news service reports, as soon as you got to Hong Kong you said something to the effect that "life is hell in China." The Reds must have known you weren't going to be a favorable witness to their regime.

RUSH: Everyone asks me that, and even while I was in China I never doubted that I would eventually get out. They let 15 of us out. I had most of my trouble getting out because of my wanting to bring my wife with me. After all, I'm an American citizen. I'm in contact with my mother. She's been in contact with authorities here, Congressmen, everyone she could think of. I even wrote the President, President Kennedy. I never got an answer, but they told me at the U.S. Consulate in Hong Kong that they were told of my letter to the President.

But there is one more thing, a very important thing—prestige. China wants prestige badly. They're in this big fight with Russia and all the satellites that have sided with Russia are against China. Now if you see any non-Orientals in China, they're either Albanians or Cubans. That's about all they have left on their side.

TRUE: When did you leave China?

RUSH: Last September 7 we crossed into Hong Kong. We had $300 American we had saved in the seven years we were married. I didn't know what to expect as far as the reception was concerned. We were met at the border by the American Consul, a Mr. Starbird. He was very warm and cordial.

At the consulate the first thing I had to do was clarify my American citizenship. Mr. Starbird asked me if I had ever participated in the armed forces of another country, whether I had voted or taken part in elections of another country and whether I had sworn allegiance to another country. I answered no under oath and that was it. Mr. Starbird congratulated me and my wife and he told me that Betty Jean was automatically an American citizen, too.

TRUE: Did he tell you what your status was with regard to the Army?

RUSH: No. It never came up. I've read in newspapers and magazines that I'm discharged, that I have a dishonorable discharge. But I have never received word of this from the Army.

TRUE: You flew back to the states and to Tucson. Where did you get the money?

RUSH: A charity organization here in the states paid our fare. The organization doesn't want to be identified. That's all I can say, except that the arrangements were made after we got to Hong Kong. When I got to Hong Kong, I didn't know how we were going to get to the states.

TRUE: What about your back pay as a POW, before your dishonorable discharge?

RUSH: I understand I have some coming. I'm writing to the Army about it now. I wrote my father from China back in 1954 or 1955. He had a lawyer check and I made application from China. I understand that a statute of limitations has run out on applications now.

[Navy Captain Walter J. Ellis, acting director of News Services of the Office of the Assistant Secretary of Defense had this to say about Rush's back pay: "I'm advised by the Army that he [Rush] had $4,706.68 accrued pay due him when he refused repatriation. A claim was submitted from Red China in Rush's name in 1955. If and when Rush establishes that the signature is his, the question of back pay may be re-examined." —*Ed.*]

TRUE: What did you think your reception was going to be coming back to the states?

RUSH: My feelings . . . my thinking was sort of mixed. I didn't expect it to be as warm and cordial as it has been. I guess I expected a lot of resentment toward me. I explained the situation to my wife. I told her that we might run into some resentment. But it hasn't turned out that way.

TRUE: You said recently that you did not think you deserved U.S. citizenship.

RUSH: I did say that. And I meant it. I know what I did. I abetted the enemy. I damaged my country. I embarrassed my government. I know these things. I'm not going to whine about it. I'm not going to say I was drugged or hypnotized. I was a sucker. That's the plain and simple truth of it. But I think Americans here are ready to wait and see—see what I do now. I think I'll get a chance. Everybody has been wonderful. No one has been mean or nasty to me or my wife.

TRUE: Knowing what you know now, what would you do if you were back in that jeep on the North Korean road?

RUSH: I *know* what I'd do. No cooperation. When they got me it would be "name, rank and serial number"—that's all. Nothing else. Look. I got into that jeep. I was 18. I was a good soldier. I was 18 and I'd made sergeant after only a year in. And I thought I was a good American. Every kid thinks he's a good American. That's the way I started up the road. Now I know I wasn't a good American; I was an ignorant American. I didn't know what America stood for. I didn't know what free speech meant. And I knew less about communism. If I was back there now, knowing what I know now about communism, well, there'd be no cooperation, and I'd try to keep the other kids straight. I'd try to act like a soldier. I'd never let myself forget for a second that I was an American soldier. ■

TRUE

"I'm a medicine man . . . not a psychiatrist."

THE SACRIFICIAL KILLINGS

[*Continued from page 29*]

reason with fearful, elemental violence.

Cayetano, full of violence and mysticism, brooded over the success of his compadre who parlayed these qualities into a thriving *curandismo* business.

Two years ago Cayetano declared himself a *curandero*. *Campesinos* needing medical treatment, spiritual advice, good luck in love, started to bring Cayetano payment—sometimes money, but more often chickens, corn, livestock. However, Yerbabuena already had a *curandera*. For years the *ejido* had been ministered to by Celine Saldaña, a middle-aged shrew believed by many to be a *bruja*, or witch. When the bombastic Cayetano grabbed nearly two-thirds of her business, Celine snorted. "That phony will come to a bad finish!"

Soon after Cayetano declared himself a *curandero*, he forbade his *campesinos* to walk the 12 miles to the Villagran church. In the future he would guide them in prayer. With this edict Cayetano now had a three-way lock on the *ejido*: farm boss, doctor and priest. Although in primitive societies this complex is common, in which dual leadership, material and spiritual, is vested in the hands of a priesthood, in Mexico the Catholic Church has generally restricted its role to that of intercedent between God and man. And this role it has retained strongly. So the farmers—nominal Catholics—were uneasy when Cayetano built a wattle "temple" and told them this was where they would henceforth do their worshiping. But Cayetano—persuasive, explosive—prevailed. Soon the Yerbabuena sect was meeting three times a week in the 15-foot-square *templo*.

At the prayer meetings, the *campesinos* crowded around a prayer bench cut from a massive tree stump. They sang hymns, shouted and rolled on the ground with the zeal of the more spectacular fundamentalist sects. Cayetano expedited their fervor by serving them a "tea" made from a narcotic herb (*yerbabuena* is a colloquialism for marijuana).

At the end of each service Cayetano "cured" the sick. As his reputation spread, ailing *campesinos* from other *ejidos* began showing up at the Sunday meetings. In at least one case a client came all the way from Ciudad Victoria, 60 miles south.

This man, a literate 40-year-old civil-service worker, had been raised in the comparatively modern culture of a village, yet he retained his beliefs from pre-Hispanic Mexico. After what was to happen had come to pass, he gave this account of his own experience with the Sainted Father of Yerbabuena:

"The doctors told me I had cancer of the stomach, that there was no hope. But I had heard from a cousin in Villagran of this Cayetano Hernandez, so on a Sunday, about the middle of last October, I traveled to Yerbabuena.

"I guess maybe a hundred people were there that day. Some were sick, some wanted to buy good luck, some a remedy to bring back a husband or wife. When I told Cayetano my problem, he made me lie on the ground. He drew a circle around me with a stick and said a prayer while he made passes in the air. He seemed very excited. Finally he said a prayer to an orange. He told me he was going to hit me in the stomach with the orange; if it smashed, it would suck the bad spirits out of me.

"He threw the orange against me so hard it nearly paralyzed me. I tell you, I was gasping for two minutes. But the orange broke. I still have the suit stained with it. Later we all got *muy borracho* on some kind of strange drink. Since that day I have had no trouble with that thing growing in me. Cayetano cured me."

In the spring of last year Cayetano dreamed a vision: he saw his father in the cave sitting on a heap of shining gold and silver. And from that day, Cayetano Hernandez—excitable, colorful, talkative—slipped into a personality change. He brooded about the treasure he had "seen" in the cave.

Since becoming a *curandero*, Cayetano had neglected his job as commissar; the *ejido's* production, meager at best, had dwindled month by month. Now, to the demands of the soil he paid no heed. Weeds grew high in the cornfields; the winds of spring blew sand across the untilled land and around the huts of Yerbabuena. And Cayetano, his mood plunging to silent despair, watched with-

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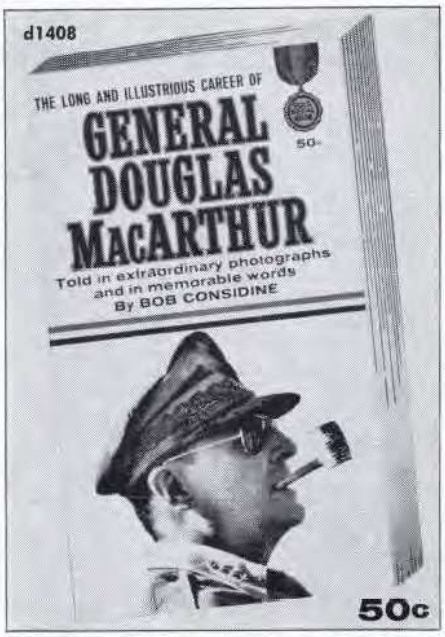

THE UNFORGETTABLE WORD AND PICTURE BIOGRAPHY OF A MAN WHOSE NAME IS ETCHED ON THE CORNERSTONE OF HISTORY

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out interest the crumbling of his *ejido*. The picture in his mind was richer, more glorious: the cave above Yerbabuena and its divine treasure.

On May 15, just 14 days before the onset of tragedy, Cayetano disappeared from Yerbabuena. His wife knew nothing of his whereabouts; he had gone into a silent rage and stalked out of the *ejido*. He was gone three days.

When he returned, wild-eyed and ragged, he was not angry any more.

He was not even Cayetano Hernandez any more.

Immediately he gathered the *campesinos* at the temple, where he gave them the word. "For three days I have been in the cave praying. In the cave, God came to me, God entered my body." His voice rose above their nervous muttering. "From this time I am the living soul of God on Earth, your Sainted Father. You will obey me in everything."

The farmers were shocked and uneasy. But gripped by the crackling sincerity of Cayetano, the *campesinos*, without definite spiritual principles of their own, with no guidance except the provincial hierarchy they had always known, accepted their new "Sainted Father."

His first act was to make his older brother Santos "Demi-God." Then he told his disciples he was transferring the spiritual center from the temple to the feared cave. When they complained, he got very angry, haranguing them bitterly about their lack of faith. That same day, in the cave, he had several men hammer together a crude wooden altar. Over the altar they arranged images of three saints: the Virgin Mary, the Black Saint of Peru, and Saint John of the Lakes.

When they finished, Cayetano made all the men of the *ejido* crowd into the cave. "We are going to pray," he told them, "and then we are going to dig for the treasure that appeared to me in a vision. We will find it."

One of the men, Jesús Guerrero, protested. "Any treasure in this cave belongs to the devil himself. We will never find it."

In his rage Cayetano nearly lost control of himself. He grabbed a machete from Santos and started for Guerrero. "On your knees, *cabrón!*"

Jesús Guerrero went to his knees.

"Now pray! To *me*, your Sainted Father!"

And Jesús Guerrero, a tough little *macho* who had served six years for murder before coming to Yerbabuena, prayed to Cayetano Hernandez. For four hours Cayetano forced Guerrero to stay on his knees in the cave.

And that was probably Cayetano's biggest mistake.

While the men dug for treasure, Cayetano went down to the *ejido* and locked the women and children in a hut. He warned them not to attempt escape under penalty of death.

Five days passed and the men found no treasure. Instead of getting disgruntled, they became more devout to Cayetano, more excited in their quest. Cayetano, however, was fast losing coherence. His increasing demands for prayer took more and more of their time. By Monday, May 26, the treasure hunt had disintegrated to a praying and singing session, with the women and children joining in.

That Monday, Cayetano descended to the *ejido* for an hour. When he returned, he carried a struggling black dog. "Black is the color of evil," he explained, "and the black dog has the soul of a witch. By killing evil we do good. This is how we will find the treasure."

While Santos held the animal in front of the altar, Cayetano clubbed it to death. He slashed open its body with a machete and ripped its heart out.

"Now build me a fire with the leaves and wood of green limbs!" he told his excited followers. "The word of God is that the wicked burn only in the fire of green limbs!"

Excitement flared higher as the 40 *campesinos* crowded around the sputtering fire. The cave filled with the stench of burning flesh. Soon the dog had been consumed. Cayetano, his face dark and terrible, put the men to hunting the treasure again. By now the cave was full of rubble; they had to shovel it out of the way to find new places. But still they dug with the zeal of complete faith.

And when they found nothing, Cayetano's rage mounted toward hysteria.

"Somebody here has no faith! If you believed in my word, we would find the treasure."

He called for more sacrifices. For three days, from Monday through Wednesday, the believers dragged yapping, struggling dogs into the cave. They beat them to death, chopped out their hearts, burned them in green limbs.

On Thursday a 14-year-old boy got up from a prayer and started quietly out of the cave. To Cayetano it looked as if the lad were slipping away.

"You! You of no faith! Come here!" he commanded.

The boy, casting a frightened glance at the Sainted Father, started to run. Santos grabbed him at the mouth of the cave and dragged him before Cayetano.

"This is what poisons our effort!" Cayetano shouted to his *campesinos*. "On your knees, boy, and pray."

And while the youngster knelt in the midst of the angry disciples, crying now, the Sainted Father walked around behind him. He grabbed a shovel from a pile of dirt, and without warning drove the blade against the back of the boy's head. An inch of steel crunched into the hairline; the boy dived forward without a word. Again Cayetano brought the shovel down, this time to cut a brain-deep gash at right angles to the first, so that the two wounds formed a cross.

"Now give me his heart!" he screamed to his stunned followers.

Their silence, their inaction, were only momentary. Cayetano, with murder, had plucked a chord deep in the human psyche. Within seconds the *campesinos*, shouting now, mauled and beat the body of the boy. They chopped open his rib cage and tore its bloody contents onto the dirt floor. Then, in a fire built from green limbs, they cremated the remains.

"*All* the wicked shall burn in such a fire," Cayetano cried.

After that first sacrifice no one doubted

that truly Cayetano was the Living God on Earth. He sent some of the people after more green firewood. Anticipation excited them all.

The big moment came next morning, after a night of singing and praying. Cayetano, his white robe very dirty now, suddenly stopped in the middle of an exhortation, arms still upraised. He pointed at Celine Saldaña, until recently his rival *curandera*.

"Celine—you have no belief in me. Your love is with the priest in Villagran."

"The father is good," she said.

"Then pray to him, witch. See if he can save your life."

The Sainted Father ordered another woman, Florinda Sanchez, to attack Celine. Florinda broke Celine's skull with a fence post. The victim had hardly hit the ground before the others fell upon her, stomping and clubbing. After they crushed her body they dragged it onto the fuming heap with the charred boy and piled on more green limbs.

Without warning, Florinda Sanchez began shrieking. She scrambled out of the mouth of the cave and disappeared. She was never seen again.

Celine's husband watched the killing without protest. Cayetano ordered him to sit by the fire and weep. He did. Then Cayetano brewed a fresh bucket of tea at the edge of the sacrificial fire. In a surprising change of mood he approached Celine's husband.

"Do not grieve too much, friend. I can bring her back to you."

He explained that for him to resurrect Celine would take great faith on the part of everyone. "But if you all believe, really believe, she will return, a holy woman."

Suddenly he jabbed a finger toward Hector Arias, the brother of Arturo.

"You. I now forgive you all your sins. So die."

Cayetano motioned for Santos to club the young farmer. And once again the *campesinos*—drugged, exhausted, excited—bludgeoned one of their own to death. That was when Arturo Arias decided to go to the police. But it would still be an hour before he got the chance, for Cayetano would not let anyone leave the group without permission. Meanwhile, there was more killing to be done.

After Hector's body was burned, Cayetano raised his arms above the smoking remains of Celine and commanded her to live again. But the blackened corpse did not respond. While the *campesinos* crowded around in consternation, Cayetano's rage mounted.

"Someone here does not believe!" he screamed. "If you believed, she would live again!"

By now the cave was so foul with smoke that the cultists were choking and crying. Finally, for the first time in days, Cayetano led them out into the sunlight. But he gave them no rest; his face wild and his mouth frothy, he raved and cursed at them in front of his hut.

Suddenly he grew calm. He had decided who the infidel in their midst was. He commanded an elderly farmer named Juan Balderas to come forward. But this time the pattern was recognized. Balderas began pleading for his life. Then his pretty daughter, Margarita, ran to his side and begged Cayetano not to kill him.

"He believes!" she cried. "I know he believes, Sainted Father!"

"And you, pretty one? Do you believe?"

Margarita had been around men enough to understand the quiet urgency in Cayetano's voice, but she was trying to save her father now. Besides, there were worse things than sacking out with a deity. She nodded.

"Yes. Completely."

But Margarita was to be disappointed. Cayetano called his youngest brother, Isidro, to his side. "Always you talk about yourself with the girls," he said. "Now we are going to see what kind of lover you are."

And while they watched, Isidro demonstrated his manhood on Margarita. In this, Cayetano made his second mistake. While the *campesinos* shouted encouragement to the couple rolling in the dust, Arturo Arias quietly slid down the dry creek behind Cayetano's hut. He followed the arroyo several hundred yards, then got on the road and ran all the way to Villagran.

Friday evening, after the police had confronted the fanatics only to be driven away in disgrace, after the whole story had begun to come out, Rurales Commander Piña organized another attack. With a force of 11 *rurales* and five secret-service agents sent him as reinforcements from Victoria, he camped outside Yerbabuena. At 5 a.m. Piña grouped the men in the creek bottom near the village. The sound of mourning, the sound of death, came as a low wailing from Cayetano's hut beneath the cave. Piña assumed the fanatics had barricaded themselves inside the hut. But he had no idea why they were mourning. Then, as two files of the police jogged toward the darkened hut, the wailing ceased.

"They know we come," Piña said. "I don't like it."

Fifty yards from the hut Piña halted. He called the five secret-service agents to his side. The agents, already unhappy because they had been "volunteered" for the mission, were even more unhappy when they heard the commander.

"You five men go forward and surround the house. Ask them to surrender."

The agents looked at one another. Their chief, Cruz Barrientos, was the one to put the question to Piña. "Where will your *rurales* be, sir?"

Piña had already started back into the brush. He stopped and turned. "Nearby. We will keep you covered, Barrientos."

Long streaks of orange daylight pointed across the sky. Barrientos feared they had moved too slowly; the plan had been to make their play while they still had the advantage of darkness. Now it was the men inside the hut who were invisible; the agents in the brush were the open targets. The chief sent Porky Martinez, a fat jolly youth who had been in the secret service only a few weeks, to the door.

"Outside, you people!" Martinez boomed. "This is the law!"

Deathly silence. The only answer he got was from a rooster somewhere in the *ejido*.

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Chief Barrientos raised his hand to signal Sgt. Lupe Nava, who held the tear-gas gun. Nava fired one round at the slatted sides of the hut. The bomb bounced to the ground but did not explode. He fired two more rounds. Neither exploded.

Barrientos crossed himself. It looked like a bad beginning.

Porky Martinez walked forward to kick the door. Abruptly the silence of the dawn was split by a long, bloodcurdling scream. "Sainted Father, your word has been truth! You said these sons of dogs will burn in green limbs . . . *and they will!*"

The door of the hut exploded open. Before Porky Martinez could raise his carbine, Santos Hernandez and a boy crowded into the doorway shooting.

Martinez spun to the ground with eight slugs in him.

Agent Guillerme Ramirez accidentally discharged his M-1 into the air; it jammed open and would not chamber another round. In the brush near him, Alfonso Lerme got a single shot out of his 7 m.m. Mauser before it, too, jammed. A shouting knot of fanatics began to pour a withering fire from the doorway. Then Chief Barrientos charged out of the brush. He dropped to one knee, raised the M-1, and . . . click! It would not fire.

Unbelieving, he stared at the rifle. "You *chingada!*" he cried. Before he could hurl it at the hut, a bullet to his midsection doubled him over. He squirmed into the brush.

The cultists suddenly realized they were not getting fired at. Two of them scrambled out the door. They caught Sergeant Nava of the useless tear-gas gun and dragged him into the clearing. They shot him five times at close range and slashed his neck with a machete.

The two remaining agents had seen enough. Guillerme Ramirez looked just in time to see Alfonso Lerme tumbling into the arroyo behind the house. Ramirez made a sprint and dived in close behind. The two agents were so spooked they did not realize the significance of the sudden, staccato volley as several rifles and a machine gun opened up. They did not know that Commander Piña and his *rurales* had finally moved against the house.

The commander had found a combination that worked. By hiding his *rurales* in the brush while sending the agents to the house, he caused Cayetano's followers to think their only enemies were the agents. When the fanatics rushed out of the hut, they ran into a hailstorm of *rurales* bullets. It was a good maneuver—although a bit rough on the secret service.

But one thing was puzzling the commander as he watched the now-empty doorway of the hut—where was the Sainted Father all this time?

Suddenly brother Santos dashed out the door with a machete in his hand. He ran toward the dead Porky Martinez, lying in a pool of his own blood. A blast of *rurales* gunfire knocked Santos back against the hut. Again he staggered toward Martinez. A second volley dropped him on the ground beside the dead agent. Even then, hate and violence ran so full in Santos he was able to raise his machete and chop it into Porky's fat neck.

A second cultist burst out the door—15-year-old Sebastian Guerrero. The boy raced with a shotgun toward Martinez. Slugs made plopping noises where they hit his body, but he was able to crush Porky's skull with the butt of the shotgun before he fell dead across Santos.

And with that there was no one to shoot at. The fanatics were dead, wounded, or gone. But Cayetano had still not showed himself.

Porky Martinez, Santos Hernandez, and Sebastian Guerrero made a pile of death in front of the hut. Sergeant Nava was dying in the brush. The bones of Celine, Hector, and the boy lay cold in the ashes in the cave. Eighteen *rurales* and *campesinos* nursed bullet and machete wounds.

And then Commander Piña, tabulating the score, found the biggest prize of the day: in Cayetano's hut, flat on his back on a table, the Sainted Father lay in a swarm of flies. He had been dead nearly 20 hours.

That explained the wailing and crying he had heard when creeping through Yerbabuena. That was why the *campesinos* had been so aroused, so fierce.

But Piña was incredulous. The commander knew his men had fired not a single shot into the hut yesterday. Overwhelmed by the first savage volley from it, the lawmen had been too busy collecting their wounded to make a showing.

As a matter of fact the forces of the law did not kill Cayetano. A closer investigation showed that the Sainted Father had been shot in the back of the head with a .22 rifle. The mystery was explained several days later when the police caught Jesús Guerrero hiding in a nearby *ejido*. Guerrero, forced by Cayetano to kneel for four hours, had taken advantage of the first gunfight to execute Cayetano.

Thus ended the life of Cayetano Hernandez, "Living Spirit of God, Sainted Father of Men." He walked the Earth 12 days and was murdered by a disciple.

A victim of poverty, ignorance, superstition, Cayetano fought against these things; in his fight he released violence and horror beyond his imagination.

The *campesinos* who were rounded up were taken to Ciudad Victoria for interrogation; released, they refused to return to Yerbabuena. In land-poor Mexico, where the waiting list of applicants for *ejido* plots is over half a million, the Yerbabuenans have forfeited their titles. Their homes, their livestock, everything they own is in the shadow of El Pilón—but they will not go back, not even to get their meager belongings.

"A bad spirit, an evil power exists in the cave," a mother of five explained. "I knew Cayetano most of his life. He was not bad. We never had trouble before he went to the cave. It was not Cayetano but another, something that got into Cayetano. Yerbabuena is an evil place now."

An old man who had lived 40 of his 66 years in Yerbabuena stated it more graphically: "The thing that ate the soul of Cayetano already hungers for another."

—Wally George

CHAMPAGNE

[*Continued from page* 33]

champagne once or twice a year, on New Year's or at a wedding—only a special occasion, you might say."

Not that the boys didn't lay on the champagne during "special occasions" in the gay 90's. In February, 1899, for instance, Daniel Guggenheim, a big copper baron and a loyal Democrat, threw a shindig for 40 leading politicians and industrialists in the Waldorf-Astoria. It was in celebration of the 1898 local election which the Democratic party had swept. The affair cost Mr. Guggenheim $10,000. The dinner included blue-point oysters, green-turtle soup, broiled lobster, columbine of chicken, roast mountain sheep (with purée of chestnut), diamondback terrapin and duck. The guests drank almost 100 bottles of Mumm's Extra Dry 1893 and Moët & Chandon Brut 1884. (The 1884 was "the famous and incomparable vintage," according to Frank Crowninshield, a *bon vivant* of that time and later editor of *Vanity Fair*.) Guggenheim's guests sat eating and drinking for six hours.

Gentlemen, there were giants in those days!

Champagne as the drink of drinks on great social and political occasions goes back in this country to George Washington. It was all French champagne then, and it is French champagne I am writing about now. George liked beautiful women, good horses, hunting and gambling, and drinking madeira, cognac and champagne. These facts about the father of our country are usually concealed by public-school teachers. In 1790, Senator Johnson of South Carolina described a dinner given by Washington: "I have just left the President's, where I had the pleasure of dining with almost every member of the Senate. We had some excellent champagne. . . . "

President Kennedy followed this ancient and honorable tradition. He often served Dom Pérignon, a specially selected vintage champagne bottled by Moët & Chandon. Kennedy's favorite fiction hero, intelligence agent James Bond, is crazy about champagne. Bond generally likes to drink champagne with girls he is seducing. In the book, *Casino Royale*, Bond takes a voluptuous creature named Vesper Lynd dining in a Riviera hotel. He suggests they have champagne with the dinner. He says it's a cheerful sort of drink and she agrees. He orders a Taittinger 1945. But the *sommelier* politely suggests that instead Bond try the Taittinger Brut Blanc de Blancs 1943 "as it is without equal." Bond explains to his companion that this "is not a well-known brand, but it is probably the finest champagne in the world." Later, after Bond has clipped a secret Communist agent for 40 million francs at baccarat, he takes Vesper for a breakfast of scrambled eggs, and they have several bottles of Veuve Clicquot. Incidentally, why Bond switches from Taittinger Brut Blanc de Blancs 1943 to Veuve Clicquot *after* winning all this money is one of those inconsistencies that make the Ian Fleming novels such amusing reading. You see, Taittinger Blanc de Blancs costs about twice as much as Veuve Clicquot non-vintage. . . .

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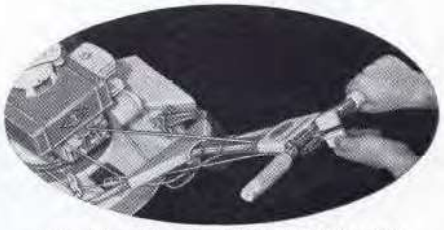

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Of course, any well-heeled rake has always known that champagne makes girls more willing. Between 1890 and 1914, the great era of champagne swilling in the United States, when we consumed annually about 6 million bottles of the imported bubbly, the average capitalist on the make for the better class of dame usually took her to supper at Rector's, Shanley's, Delmonico's or Sherry's and plied her with caviar, lobster Newburg and champagne. That was the era of the great champagne battles between Mumm's and Moët's for number one supremacy in the enormous American market. The American agents of these firms —Moët's George Kessler and Mumm's Mannie Chappelle—were celebrated in all the high-class joints from coast to coast for their lavish champagne parties and their free-handedness in sending over complimentary bottles of champagne to celebrities. According to Cleveland Amory, historian of American aristocracy, Moët's even paid Harry Lehr, a famous playboy and social leader of the period, $6,000 a year just to order Moët's Imperial Brut whenever he dined or supped in a public place. It was customary for the two champagne giants to take *full-page* advertisements in the New York newspapers whenever one of them outscored the other in sales or in being chosen for some important social event.

Though big spenders and great lovers of today, like Frank Sinatra, have now expanded their drinking habits to include whisky, they still lay on the champagne, especially when they are on the prowl. Sinatra, Porfirio Rubirosa and Richard Burton are all partial to champagne. Burton and Liz Taylor were lapping up the Dom Pérignon by the magnum in Rome during the start of their affair. Nevertheless, there has been a big change in the American taste for champagne. Though the population has more than doubled since 1900, we are drinking only half as much imported champagne as we drank in that era of high living.

Nobody knows why. In 1963, American sports drank 2,802,330 bottles of French champagne, and the leading brands were Mumm's, Piper Heidsieck, Moët & Chandon, Bollinger, Charles Heidsieck, Veuve Clicquot, Heidsieck Dry Monopole, Mercier, Taittinger and Pol Roger. Of course, that is more than in 1961, when consumption was 100,000 bottles less. It may be that two world wars, the lamentable 13-year period of Prohibition, and 10 years of the depression broke the continuity of knowledge and taste and habit required for the appreciation of champagne. It may be that a certain self-consciousness rich people have nowadays inhibits their spending money in a conspicuous manner. It may be that the fast pace and tension of modern living make the distilled spirits more necessary, so that everywhere, even in Europe, the average drinker is downing more whisky, gin and vodka than he did a few decades ago. There has also been, along with a wider economic prosperity in every class of society, a lowering of standards, or perhaps simply an ignorance of the better things in life. You can't develop the educated palate for champagne, the discriminating judgment, in a few weeks or even a few months. It takes years to become a champagne connoisseur.

Possibly many Americans, even those who order it in clubs, don't really know champagne or appreciate it. So says Sherman Billingsley, owner of the Stork Club. I did my most extensive champagne drinking between 1936 and 1940 when I was a young reporter covering the Broadway beat. The Stork was one of my regular ports of call because so many theatrical celebrities hung out there. Like my favorite druggist, Billingsley believed champagne was good for the health and the soul. It was his friendly custom to send over a free bottle of champagne during the course of an evening, and I was able to slake my thirst, during interviews, with draughts of Mumm's, Lanson, Pommery or Veuve Clicquot Yellow Label.

Today, Billingsley reports with sadness, there are fewer and fewer champagne sports and hardly anybody seems to know or care about the champagne he's drinking. The Stork still carries 28 different imported champagnes on the wine list, all of them vintage, and six available in magnums at $35 each. Sherman told me he's almost stopped sending over complimentary bottles of champagne because hard drinkers don't want it. One night he sent complimentary champagne six times to six different tables and each time the recipient politely refused the champagne. The seventh time, his headwaiter came over and said, "Boss, I'm afraid we just booked a loser—they took it!"

Considering that we're living in an "affluent society," Billingsley can't figure out what's going on among the leisure classes: "There's plenty of money around. It's not people being short of money. It's that very few champagne drinkers are champagne tasters. Prohibition was better for champagne than times are now. It was the safest thing to drink. I don't remember seeing one bottle of fake champagne during Prohibition. I had to have Scotch, bourbon and rye analyzed before I'd buy a case or two from a bootlegger who was running it in to Long Island. But never no worries about champagne. In those days 50 percent of the business was in champagne. There were spenders then, what they used to call butter-and-egg men. It was nothing for a party of four to wind up with a check of $300 for dinner and champagne. Once, some playboy name of Fred Perry took over the club for one solid week for a champagne party. He was going to Europe was the reason. It went on all week. We didn't close. Nothing but champagne was served —and I mean the real French stuff, smuggled in. This was around '26, '27. His bill came to $20,000 for champagne, and he tipped the headwaiter, Victor, $10,000. Now that's what I call living it up."

Are you among those who have plenty of money and want to be what the sociologists would call an "upward mobile" drinker? Do you want to "trade up" to champagne? It's not cheap. Let's face that at the beginning. Champagne is made by such a complicated and expensive process that even a bottle of good American champagne costs $5. Drop for drop it's the plush potable.

When should you drink champagne? Any time and every time. It is the only alcohol that is equally companionable in afternoon, evening, and morning. While I would not want to disparage the Bloody Mary, the Prairie Oyster, Alka-

Seltzer and massive injections of Vitamin B-1 as excellent hangover remedies, nothing is so all-around salubrious as a pint of cool champagne taken immediately upon arising the morning after a night of festivity. Champagne refreshes the mouth, calms the agitated stomach, stills the pounding in the head, and gives you an appetite. You should at once proceed to a hearty breakfast—with another pint of champagne.

Speaking of that dawning meal, champagne is great for an early morning "hunt breakfast"—that is, a big meal eaten quite early before going out to play 18 holes of golf (or, in Virginia, after playing with 18 hounds and a fox while hanging onto a jumping horse).

A curious aspect of champagne is that it seems to be more conducive to lively conversation than any other potable. I don't know why this is so. Is it the tiny bubbles of carbonic acid? Is it something about the cultivation of the grapes, the quick pressing, the fermenting of the juice, the long aging? Champagne is fermented twice, you see. Once, like all other wines, after the grapes are pressed, then a second time right in the bottle. One of the many mysteries about champagne is why, twice a year, in early spring and at autumn harvest, there is a stirring in every champagne bottle in the world, as if the champagne remembers its origin in the chalky soil of northeastern France and yearns to return home.

Maybe because champagne never dies it has this exhilarating effect on conversation. It makes anybody talk—and talk good. I found this out the first time when I was interviewing John Wayne. He is as strong and silent and tough in private as he is on the screen. Getting him to say something was like pulling impacted wisdom teeth. After several frustrating "talks" we had lunch at the Patio Terrace of the Beverly Hills Hotel, where I was staying. Wayne said he was about to go on the wagon to get in condition for a new picture and I'd have to drink by myself. I said I didn't want to do that. He said well, then, he'd have to drink something to be sociable and what did I think of champagne? We had mushroom soup and cracked crab and a bottle of the vintage. Suddenly Wayne began talking a mile a minute, spouting opinions on every subject—politics, women, marriage, directors he'd worked with, experiences he'd had on location. After lunch we drove over to his home in the San Fernando Valley. He prowled in the icebox to see if there was any beer and he found champagne instead.

"Hell," he said, twisting the cork out, "you can't have too much of a good time."

I spied some Guinness stout on a cupboard shelf. "You ever drink Black Velvet?" I asked.

"What's that?"

I mixed equal parts of champagne and stout in two tall glasses, first pouring the cold champagne and then the stout, at room temperature, as it should be. Black Velvet is a real crazy drink—but a splendid thirst quencher. Later Wayne broiled steaks, and we went back to drinking champagne straight the rest of the evening and turning ourselves on with stor-

Could Gordon's possibly be older than the **London Bobby?**

Surprisingly enough, yes. It was in 1829 that Sir Robert Peel reorganized the London Metropolitan Police, who promptly became known as "Peelers" or "Bobbies". But this was sixty years *after* Alexander Gordon had introduced his remarkable gin to London and given it *his* name. Happily, the Gordon's you drink today is based on that original 1769 formula. That explains its unique dryness and delicate flavour. Explains, too, why Gordon's is the biggest selling gin in England, America, the world.

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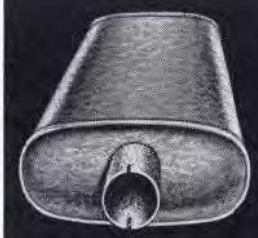

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ies we thought were very funny. The next thing I remember was awakening slowly and feeling no pain, and looking out of my window I thought I was in Hawaii or Tahiti. There was a mass of exotic tropical shrubbery growing around my windows. I was floating in a haze of champagne in a Polynesian paradise. Eventually I got out of bed and found I was in a Los Angeles hotel.

I have told you about Black Velvet. The French 75 is another uplifting champagne cocktail. This is really brandy and soda, except you use champagne instead of soda. It is marvelous for having the top of your head blown off. The so-called "champagne cocktail" I regard as a total loss—a lump of sugar doused with bitters and drowned in champagne. It's strictly a drink for stupid women. As an apéritif it's a waste because champagne straight is the ideal apéritif. A good thing about champagne is that you can drink it with almost any food—flesh, fish, fowl, and good red herring.

Recently, while in France on a champagne-drinking spree, I was talking to Count Guy de Polignac, president of Pommery's, and he was saying how champagne went with everything.

"Isn't there even one thing champagne doesn't go with?" I asked, being difficult.

"Everything. It goes with everything I tell you."

"Oh, come now," I pressed, "there must be something it doesn't go with."

Seeing he had his back to the wall, Polignac confessed, "It does not go with salad." He sighed and looked carefully around to make sure nobody was going to report his next sentence to President de Gaulle and get him in trouble. "To speak the truth, champagne is no good with asparagus. But is this so serious? One eats quickly the asparagus, and then one can quickly return to the champagne, *n'est-ce-pas?*"

Should you select vintage or non-vintage champagne? The difference can range between $3 and $8 a bottle. The last great vintage, according to champagne experts, was 1955, a magnificent year. Another good vintage year was 1953, but its champagne is not so well-rounded as the '55. Since 1920 the greatest vintages have been the 1928 and the 1934, which are both extremely scarce and extremely expensive. The 1943, 1947, 1949 and 1952 were also vintages. Vintage champagnes are aged three to six years, so there won't be a full crop of the 1958 vintage on the market until 1965.

In England, where champagne drinking is taken as seriously as cricket, there have been long articles, filled with emotion, for and against the 1959 vintage. There have also been polemics against *blanc de blancs* champagne, which means a champagne coming only from the Chardonnay (or white) grape. Traditionally champagne is a blending of Chardonnay and black Pinot grapes, though the black Pinot is not black but midnight blue and the under-skin is red and the juice is squeezed out so rapidly and gently during the September pressing that it is not colored red or black or blue.

Largest of all champagne houses is Moët & Chandon. Founded in 1743, it is the second oldest champagne house, the oldest being Ruinart Père & Fils, founded in 1729. The labyrinthine cellars of Moët extend for 15 miles under the streets of Epernay. Like all champagne cellars, they are burrowed in chalk, for the underlying ground here is chalk, solid chalk, hard damp chalk. The hills and the mountains and the base under all the houses is chalk. The cellars keep a constant temperature of about 55°F. summer and winter, and the champagne ages slowly without being subject to temperature variations. There are 24 million bottles lying on their sides in the Moët cellars, as well as thousands of casks of reserve wine for strengthening or augmenting the champagne during the years when the harvest is *déséquilibre*, unbalanced, or is not enough to fill the demands of the firm's 6 million-bottle-a-year market. Some of the reserves go back to the 1890's.

When Nikita Khrushchev toured France in 1962, he was the guest of Comte Robert de Vogüé, head of Moët & Chandon. De Vogüé took him on a tour of the vineyards and the cellars, and afterward he opened a bottle of 1893 champagne. "I selected the 1893 vintage," De Vogüé told me, his eyes twinkling, "because this was the year in which Khrushchev's parents conceived him. It seemed fitting. He liked our Moët & Chandon Imperial Brut. He had several glasses of it and smacked his lips, and then he told me, 'We Russians have paid you French a great compliment, for we name our best Crimean wine champagne, after your champagne.' I told him that such compliments we could please be spared, for it makes our industry unhappy to have other sparkling wines named champagne, and that we would be happy to open up an exporting business with him and send him genuine French champagne in exchange for better caviar. Well, he thought I was making a joke. You know Moët now ships to 110 countries."

Champagne used to come in several types: *brut*, minutely sweetened for fermentation, and then, with increasing quantities of liquid sugar added, as extra dry, *sec*, *demi sec*, and *doux*. For all practical purposes, you will probably see only the *brut* and the extra dry on your vintner's shelves, since they are what Americans prefer, and even the extra dry (which has only 1.5 percent sugar added) is too sweet for me. To my taste *brut*, the whole *brut*, and nothing but the *brut* is the best in champagne.

On my last trip to Paris, I rented a car and took a drive to the champagne country. It is only a three-hour run through beautiful rolling land. I sampled dozens of champagnes and ate wonderful food and was given some of the most gracious hospitality a man can receive. The famous champagne houses filled me with champagne and took me on fascinating tours through the wine cellars, which meant a lot of walking—miles and miles of it (only a couple of *caves* have small railroads running through their cellars to transport champagne and lazy tourists). In Reims the cellars of Pommery and Taittinger lie deep in caverns made by the Romans when they were excavating blocks of hard chalk for the roads they built throughout northern France.

I was shown how champagne goes

TRUE

"It seems a shame to waste this stuff on the laity."

through its first fermentation in the cask and how it is bottled and how, for several years, the bottles are laid neck downward in specially made slots and turned regularly by gentlemen named *remueurs*. A *remueur* can handle 30,000 bottles a day, giving each a rapid quarter turn and going on to the next. I saw literally millions of bottles lying on their sides in long galleries, and frequently broken bottles, because the secret of champagne is in the second fermentation, which takes place in the bottle, when the pressure builds up to 110 pounds per square inch. That is four times as much pressure as the air in your tires, but champagne is much better for the stomach. After years of aging and turning, the champagne is taken over by the *dégorgeurs*, who flip out each cork with a knife and smell the cork and the sediment clinging to it (courtesy of the *remueurs*) and the wine, and if everything is right the bottle is refilled with a small quantity of reserve champagne to make up for the loss from *dégorgement* and is freshly corked and wired and given fancy foil and a label.

It's estimated that over 200 persons have to touch every bottle of champagne at some stage of the process. Since the price of raw grapes—this is before they are even pressed—is about $1 for every bottle, you can see why good champagne is not for everybody. It takes a lot of effort to create those bubbles—they should be very small and very delicate—and to keep the bubbles alive once they are created. The bubbles are pretty and seductive, but they are only side benefits because the carbonic acid gas that makes them is needed to bring out the unusual flavors and aromas of the wines that go into champagne.

In his *The Neutral Spirit: A Portrait of Alcohol*, Berton Roueché gives a practical description of the role of carbonic gas in champagne; he states that it quickens the "absorption rate" of alcohol by the body because "carbon dioxide, which forms the effervescent essence of all animated beverages, sweeps imperiously through the stomach, and alcohol caught up in its rush is flung directly into the small intestine. It is this vivacious element that gives champagne and sparkling burgundy the headiness that distinguishes them from sedentary wines."

Mumm's Cordon Rouge is the number one imported champagne in the U.S. market. Mumm's rivals in the Marne claim that's because the American champagne sport is afraid of mispronouncing the names of other champagnes and feels safe when he says "Mumm's" to a headwaiter. When I asked M. G. Snozzi, head of Mumm's, about this nasty rumor, he said, "Americans are liking Mumm's because it is the best balanced of champagnes. We think of our champagne as like an orchestra. The violins are the *blancs* for lightness, for finesse, for bouquet, and the wines of the valley, the black ones, they are like the *batterie*, how you say, the drums. And the wines of the mountains around Reims, they are the body, the earth, they give like a brass section. And within each part of the orchestra we have younger musicians playing with experienced older ones, like the veterans of the 1955 vintage, and this instrumentation is determined by myself, and our *chef de cave*, and Pierre Maquin, our commercial director, who is himself a serious *amateur* of music. Do you realize that in some years our blending may have as many as 40 different wines from 40 different places in our district?"

It is not necessary to buy a champagne bucket to cool champagne. I've found that letting it lie on its side on the lowest shelf of the refrigerator for two hours makes it quite cool. Champagne should never be served ice cold. Don't be nervous about opening it. You hold the bottle firmly in the left hand, and if you gently turn it counter-clockwise while firmly turning the cork clockwise, the cork will slip out easily. Some say to wrap a towel around the neck while opening, because sometimes a bottle explodes and the towel keeps the broken glass from flying. I've never used a towel and I've never had a bottle explode. Champagne explodes only when the bottle is ice cold and your hands are hot.

How about special champagne glasses? A waste of money. I don't like the broad ones because the bubbles get dissipated too fast. Champagne experts recommend the tall, narrow, graceful flute glass. I use a six-ounce claret glass and fill it halfway with champagne. The same glass serves for all wines, still and sparkling, white and red.

Champagne as we know it today is the product of one man's imagination and one country's taste. The man: Pierre Pérignon. The country: England.

Pérignon—after whom the champagne brand Dom Pérignon is named—was born in 1638 and became a Benedictine monk

His longest day

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"You misunderstood me, dear . . . I said if it *rained* we'd get married."

in 1656. He had, as they say in the champagne country, a good nose for wine, and he became the cellar-master of the Benedictine abbey at Hautvillers, which is not far from Ay. Hautvillers is a small and peaceful place on a hill, overlooking the gentle slopes of Ay, and you can see the Marne River flowing lazily below. In the distance are the neatly arranged vineyards of Ay and the red-roofed farmhouses, and you can even make out the beige-colored buildings of Epernay. The grounds where champagne was first invented are now owned by Moët & Chandon. Jean Moët purchased them from the government in 1794 when the monastic and conventual orders were abolished during the French Revolution.

Today the old monastery is inhabited by a contemplative order of Franciscan sisters. The church still stands and is used as a house of worship, and the father of champagne is buried before the altar. The stone above him reads: "Here lies the body of Dom Pierre Pérignon, who was the cellarer of this monastery for 43 years. He showed a great love for poor people, and he died in 1715 in the 77th year of his age."

Working at his job in the monastery, Pérignon observed that in certain years the still wines of the district underwent a secondary fermentation, and that this improved the flavor of the wine. Although all wine fermentation up to that time had been done in casks, Pérignon couldn't see any reason for not continuing it in bottles. After figuring out that principle, and the allied idea of tight corks and wires to hold them on, it probably didn't take him many explosions to decide he also needed thick bottles to contain the pressure built up from the gases of fermentation. Once such technical details were out of the way, he started thinking again of flavor and developed the idea of the *cuvée,* the blend, as the basis of his sparkling wine. This wonderful wine of the old province of Champagne quickly became the favorite drink of royalty. It was the leading beverage at Versailles for the courts of Louis XIV, Louis XV and Louis XVI. Napoleon was a champagne drinker.

Until about 1860, champagne was a sweet and heavy drink, sometimes highly fortified, so that it contained as much as 25 percent alcohol (50° proof). It was a wine drunk with dessert. But the English wanted a drier champagne. They determinedly set about changing its basic flavor, though the champagne houses at first thought them—as the French put it delicately—*fou.* According to André Simon, it was a buyer for Burne, Turner & Co., an English importer, who tasted a Perrier Jouët 1864 in the *cuvée,* before sweetening, and liked its astringent freshness. He asked the company to ship him several cases without sweetening, but it took some arguing before he talked M. Charles Perrier into taking a chance. Other houses, like that of Louis Roederer, flatly refused to ship "unliqueured" champagne to England. But gradually, British importers convinced the stubborn French that Englishmen wanted to drink champagne *brut* or *natur.*

The famous *veuve* Pommery, the widow who ran the house of Pommery & Greno, was probably the first to realize that a new trend was being born, and she began making a special "extra dry" for the English market. Soon Clicquot, Mumm's, Moët, Bollinger, Ayala and Heidsieck were shipping *brut* champagne to England, and then to the United States. In *My Life and Loves,* that autobiography of sin, sex and champagne, Frank Harris reported how he and other gay blades of London during the 1880's and 1890's would drink several bottles of champagne with dinner. He remarked that there could be no doubt that it was the English who also taught the French to prefer one vintage to another. Until the 1870's there were no vintage years on champagne bottles. The English made world famous the Veuve Clicquot 1874 and the Perrier Jouët 1875. The French continued to drink *sec* and *demi-sec* champagne until 1946, but now they also prefer champagne *brut.* Even today, several dry champagnes are still labeled "English Market," "English Dry," "English Cuvée."

Why American rich men, the sports and big spenders, don't drink as much champagne as they should, naturally bothers the champagne industry. Everywhere I went, during my expedition to the Marne, I was bombarded with questions about our abstemious rich and blasted with criticisms of the degenerate American palate. After a week of this I began to get defensive. When I was visiting with Bernard de Nonancourt, head of Laurent-Perrier, and he asked me the same "why," I shot back, "Tell me—why don't the French drink more bourbon? Our Kentucky bourbon, distilled from a sour mash of fine American corn and limestone water and aged in oak barrels for many years, is surely one of the noblest products of the art of distillation. Yet when I go to a French bar, nobody is drinking bourbon. Cognac, yes. Pernod, yes. Scotch, yes. Bourbon, no."

"It is true," he agreed. "That Scotch whisky, he is getting very popular among the young men in France. I think it is from seeing the English movies, yes?"

"Well," I pointed out, "they see American movies, too. Now you tell me why young people in France don't appreciate bourbon and drink it regularly."

"One minute," he said, smiling, "and I respond your question." He dashed out of his office and returned soon with a familiar-looking bottle, glasses, water, and a bucket of ice cubes. "You know this whisky—it is a famous bourbon, yes?"

"Sure," I said, glancing at the label.

"You would like a *coup* of this?"

Having been in France for three weeks, I was dying for a touch of bourbon—straight. He had his on the rocks.

"Now I will tell you the story," he said. "I am making the agreement with the *distillateur* of this bourbon in your country. I am going to sell in France his wonderful whisky and he will sell in your country the Laurent-Perrier."

"I can't think of anything," I pontificated, "that would do more to promote peace and understanding between nations than something like this. Here's to peace."

"Here's to bourbon," M. de Nonancourt said, sipping his bourbon-on-the-rocks.

"Here's to champagne," I said, sipping my bourbon straight.—**Maurice Zolotow**

FISHING'S NEW MOTHER LODE

[*Continued from page* 58]

became the full legal property of us all—our largest and newest National Seashore Area, simply another name for a specialized kind of National Park.

Padre Island, named for Padre Nicolas Balli, a Spanish priest who obtained sovereign rights to it about 1800, is the longest island off our coasts. It is true wilderness. Traditionally, mankind thinks of wilderness as forest, jungle, mountains. This one is drastically different. It is sand—sky—water—almost eerily endless. The only vestiges of habitation it has ever known were the crude camps of naked savages long ago, the cannibalistic Karankawan Indians found there in the early 1500s by the first Spanish fleets to probe the western Gulf.

It is astonishing that only within the past 20-odd years has Padre even been *accessible* except by boat. Now at the north end, opposite the booming city of Corpus Christi, a causeway spans Laguna Madre to reach it, and 117 island miles south another reaches across from Port Isabel near the Mexican border.

At the northern tip, putting a period to the surfaced road from the causeway, is Nueces County Park with its Bob Hall fishing pier jutting into the surf. At the south end, a surfaced road has pushed a meager five miles up the island. Here are two county parks of a few acres and several motels—the beginnings of development. The roughly 110 miles in between has no sign of habitation. Of this, the central, most remote 81-mile stretch comprises the new National Seashore, with the remainder of the island left on either end for eventual private development.

During the seven years I've lived in Texas, I've made numerous fishing trips to Padre. That run with Hennessey was one of the best. We found, the first morning of our stay, a small tidal pool back off the beach. We broke out our seine, caught four-inch mullet trapped there by high tide. Plumping these into a minnow bucket, we went to the surf and started fishing before ever thinking about breakfast.

Dave heaved his first mullet far out where big waves rolled. Something took it immediately, probably a huge jack crevalle, and just went away. He turned wild-eyed.

"I can't hold the damn thing!" he blurted. Line was going. He was in hip deep, then waist deep. Here he had to make a stand. "Something's gotta give," he yelled, and it did. Hook and leader were ripped off.

That was only an incident among incessant thrills. We whipped down an even dozen reds that morning, fish running eight to 12 pounds. It was a wonderful feeling. And the chance of another angler being within many miles of us was almost nil.

Next dawn I dug into surfside sand and came up with some small crustaceans just right for pompano bait. We were pretty sure, this being early summer, that many should be in the surf. I said, "Let's try spin tackle, light stuff. If we get any they will really raise hob."

We rigged and fished close in. Pompano often feed with their undercut mouths grubbing along barely off the beach. There was a flash of platinum as my rod arced over. Then Hennessey had one. Our fish crossed and we raced to duck under each other's lines and stay unsnarled. Pompano are blazingly fast. We got those two onto the beach, and back we went. We caught six in 30 minutes. Off the Florida bridges where I used to fish them that would have taken weeks.

On this same trip we had brought along iced-down bags of peeled bull-shrimp tails, bait for fishing on the flats. We walked one morning across a swatch of fairly high dunes to reach the bay, Laguna Madre. Here for endless miles water ranging in depth from six inches to three feet stretched away. Swirls of feeding fish were everywhere that day, arising from small pale-colored shell pockets scattered in the dark meadows of aquatic grasses. We waded in.

Hennessey had on Polaroids. He said, "I can see a good one lying in the first pocket. Cast past and bring the bait across."

When the shrimp tail came skittering along there was a massive roil and I was fast. It was a speckled weakfish—locally, sea trout—that looked like a five-pounder. We caught reds, trout, sheepshead and golden croakers until the shrimp bags were empty. We were dizzy from sun on far-stretching water, exhausted from trailing stringers so loaded we couldn't possibly lug 'em back.

"If you'll stay and fillet fish," Dave said, "I'll leg it back across the dunes and bring a couple of buckets."

Presently he was back, grinding blown sand between his teeth. He had the buckets and some more plastic bags. We literally filled them with fillets—I'll bet we'd had 60 or 70 pounds *each* of whole fish on our stringers.

You cannot visit this vast barrier beach and think only of fish, however. It is a place like none other, utterly empty and lonely, and at once in its unique way teeming and charged with exhilaration. A welter of varied sea birds is always evident, from turnstones and willets along the beaches to the hordes of brown-and-white pelicans whose large nesting colonies swarm the South Bird Island refuge, in Laguna Madre Bay toward the north end of Padre. There are ghost crabs and small rodents, seldom seen but leaving telltale inscriptions over the low dunes. Rabbits and raccoons have found their way here. Surprisingly, there is a rather large coyote population. A few deer and javelina are occasionally reported. Waterfowl by thousands trade along bayside marshes.

There are no trees. In many places there is no vegetation whatever, but among the dunes and especially on the bay side of the island there are tough grasses, beach primrose and morning glory, sea oats, partridge peas and other typical sand-dune plants capable of colonizing such bleak, stripped-down environments. Since early settlement days in

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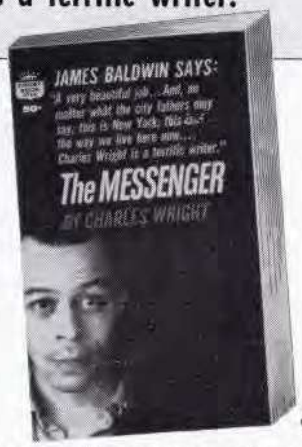

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The extraordinary story of a young Negro caught up in New York's subterranean world of junkies, prostitutes and perverts.

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Texas, Padre has been used to some extent for grazing cattle and sheep. But it's a sparse living they scrounge, and not much of the total area is suitable.

Few spots on earth are so perfectly formed topographically for good fishing. At its widest, northern end, Padre is two miles across. It varies down to only several hundred yards. The bay separating it from the mainland—Laguna Madre—is never more than 10 miles wide. Most of the way less than half that. Much of the bay is shell and mud flats and marine-grass flats, with maximum depth (except for the ship channel of the Intracoastal Waterway) about six feet. This vast protected area thus forms spawning grounds and ultrarich forage-growing "gardens" for a veritable blizzard of fishes.

Yet the bay area is only a part of the picture. Because of the way barrier beaches are formed, and because Padre is a classic example of such an offshore barrier bar, the Gulf side of the island draws the bounty of the Gulf like a long magnet. Over the centuries, sand and shells have been pushed in uniformly by wave action all along this portion of the Gulf. Thus offshore the bottom slants gently and with astonishing uniformity. For the length of the island the 10-fathom (60-foot) line ranges from six to eight miles offshore, and the two-fathom (12-foot) line precisely parallels the beach at about three-tenths of a mile. These offshore shallows teem with mollusks, forage fishes and other food for game fish which dine on this abundance.

Padre is one of the world's finest beaches. Unquestionably, when the Park Service has developed it with a road, campgrounds and other basic facilities, it will become a mecca for vacationers from every compass point. However, if you want to avail yourself of this fishing and camping bonanza while it's still in its near-virgin state, the time is *now*.

Three years ago in September, Murry and Winston Burnham and I got a raw taste of it in an interesting way. We went by skiff from Port Mansfield across to camp and fish on Padre. Here indeed is an interesting sector. Some few years ago fisheries biologists became disturbed over spawning conditions in Laguna Madre. From time to time violent storms had sliced passes across the island, but other storms filled these passes. The long narrow bay waters, little stirred by tides, with heavy evaporation and almost no exchange of water from the open Gulf, had become so saline that it was feared fish and forage such as shrimp could not successfully spawn in them. The grand plan was to slice a cut or canal across Padre in order to let the tides roll in.

This prodigious project was finally completed, directly across from the tiny bayside village of Port Mansfield. It was here, on the bank of this two-mile-long land cut, that we made our camp. We were watching tide time, for on an incoming tide fishing is invariably stupendous.

Murry said, "I'll get the lights and the motor set up while you fellows fix something to eat."

While Winston and I rustled grub, Murry set the stage for a night's fishing of a most unusual kind. On a long, heavy stake with a board nailed like a cross near its top, he fixed a pair of sealed-beam headlamps. On a short plank he set up an electric generator from a car, and also a one-lunger gasoline engine. For a test we started the engine. It in turn ran the generator, which ran the lights. These, as dusk drew down, we'd train upon the water in a broad circle.

All was ready.

Presently we had eaten on the open sand and had blown up mattresses so we could catch a wink if we chose. Now the tide came. Hardly noticed at first, soon it was charging through the cut like a boiling river 15 to 20 feet deep . . . a dangerous river—one had to be careful not to fall in or cave the sand away and slide. We started motor and lights. In a few minutes the exciting roll and slurp of fish schools out under the lights was chopping the water to a froth.

"Let's get into them!" I yelled.

Instantly Murry and Winston baited with live shrimp brought over from the mainland. I used a metal spoon. The lights attracted shrimp schools riding through on the tidal river, held them like moths to a flame. The shrimp in turn stopped huge schools of sea trout and other fish passing through. On the first cast all three of us were hooked up to trout. On the next cast the same happened. Six or eight fish later, we lost contact with our school.

"There'll be another along in a minute," Winston said confidently.

At that instant I hit a big jack. I hoped he'd cut me off for I couldn't hold him. Then he and my spoon were gone. Frantically I raced to get another lure.

Now the Burnhams were both hooting that they were hung fast. Trout again. There was tumultuous splashing. I don't know what time it was when we quit. Maybe 2 a.m. But at last we staggered exhausted back and flopped for brief respite on the mattresses in the moonlight.

The Port Mansfield land cut is, of course, end of the line for any pioneering four-wheel-drive traffic from either direction. It is some 75 miles below the north end of the island, about 35 from Port Isabel. It has been a troublesome project, its mouth filling despite various measures employed. But now it has been successfully revamped, newly dredged and repaired. It is about 200 feet wide, with jetties at the mouth some 600 feet apart. The north one thrusts into the Gulf 1,000 feet, the south one, which catches the real battering storms, juts 2,500 feet out through the surf.

Unquestionably Port Mansfield has a rosy future. It is the only Padre approach apart from the island ends. It has grown swiftly as a fishing resort, has public boat ramps, places to stay. The rebuilt cut is now large enough to accept small freighters and oil tankers, and of course easily lets sport-fishing craft run from Gulf to bay and vice versa. It gives charter craft ready access to blue water and offshore reefs that are loaded with fish.

Currently most such boats operate into blue or deep water from two points. Port Aransas, 18 miles north of Mustang Island by surfaced road, and Port Isabel, at Padre's far south end. Other boats are available at Corpus Christi, but must

make a longer run to get to the open Gulf. To most U.S. fishermen (even some Texans), the lower Texas Gulf-coast fishing is an unknown, especially the offshore angling. Its possibilities are still not fully explored. Some interesting aspects have turned up within the past few seasons.

Bob McCarty, who has a sporting-goods store in Port Aransas, told me recently, "When I first came here catches of sailfish were just about unheard of. Nobody knew they were here. Year before last there were 445 brought in by boats operating out of Port Aransas."

Sails in large numbers are caught now each season off Padre by boats out of Port Isabel, too. About 40 miles offshore one skipper told me he has also located a hangout for some of the biggest barracuda he has ever seen. A few white marlin are taken, a few blue ones. Red-snapper boats take visitors offshore to catch tons of this delicious deep-water species. Dolphin are delightfully abundant. Schools of bonita are everywhere in spring and summer months, out in the "big blue." Cobia, commonly called "ling" here, are abundant.

Tarpon fishing from the piers is big stuff. A new pier and possibly two are now under way for the south end of Padre Island.

Spanish mackerel and king mackerel, or kingfish, probably account for the greatest flurry of activity each spring and summer. They migrate up from the southern Gulf, reaching south Padre as early as April, easing on up the coast as the weeks drift into May. Millions of each species appear annually. They stay around all summer, feeding offshore, and sometimes near shore, too. Party boats go wild with this fishing, and several hundred thousand of both species are brought in.

There are many more species of deep-water fish off Padre's thin barrier: tough spadefish near offshore oil-well platforms that weigh as much as six and eight pounds, giant jewfish, varied jacks, blue runners in hordes.

It is, however, the inshore varieties, those of the surf and the Laguna Madre that are for everybody—fish that can be caught standing flat-footed on the beach, or while wading the endless flats of the bay, or from a skiff over hundreds of square miles of shallow bays and inlets. Sand trout—one of the weakfishes—whiting, snappers, grunts, gafftop catfish are all present in overwhelming abundance. Skipjacks, more properly ladyfish (not worth eating but great fun to catch because they're high jumpers supreme) roam in huge schools all over the bays. Sheepsheads, among the best fighters salt water produces, swarm through Laguna Madre. Find an oil-well rig here and you are in business with them for certain. Golden croakers bite so furiously and in such numbers at times that it is nothing to load up a hundred or so pounds of them without a pause. Padre even has flounders.

Methods, tackle and bait for all varieties of fishing are of course the same here as in any area of southern salt water. But for those used to ready availability of bait and other equipment, be forewarned that this is still a frontier. There are only the supply points of Port Aransas, Corpus Christi and its causeway-bordering stands, Port Mansfield, and Port Isabel—that is all. Nor can one expect to drive a passenger car over much of Padre at this time. Occasionally the beach at surfline is solid enough. You can make a few miles at low tide. But it can be tricky. A high tide can trap you and your car. Even the four-wheelers carry planks and sundry equipment to get them unstuck—nobody comes along, remember, to help, once you are a few miles from north or south entry points.

Nor is camping quite like camping elsewhere. We've tried tents. You can get one up, but those needing stakes are difficult to keep up because of the breeze. The only suitable tent for Padre is an outside-frame job requiring no stakes. Even then, leave duffel *inside*. Otherwise it's gone with the wind. During mild and warm weather, it's as well to forget a tent and simply drop a mattress onto the sand. Of course, all equipment should be well protected from blowing sand. It seldom ceases entirely. It's not amiss to know, too, that a few rattlesnakes live among the dunes. And, some form of shade is an absolute must. We've even crawled under the vehicle to spend the middle of the day.

Just how long it will be before the Park Service gets development under way is uncertain at this time. Original plans called for an unobtrusive road behind the dunes part way down from the north, and part way up from the south. There is strong sentiment for keeping the center area roadless and entirely primitive. Aside from camp sites for tents, trailers and various camp rigs, little else is planned, except several small-boat docks on the Laguna Madre side. It is hoped that all commercial establishments—overnight accommodations, restaurants, etc.—will be held back outside the limits of the park.

This minimum of development seems like a laudable plan. It will give the public easy access, use of the wonderful beaches, but will keep from cluttering the place. The sound of the lonely surf, the sight of this longest island's empty sand stretching away without a mark of humanity upon it, the feel of a big fish bending your rod in this primitive place—these things were fortunately secured for today and tomorrow by the acquisition of Padre as a National Seashore Area. For there is nothing quite like this anywhere else along our entire coastline.

—Byron W. Dalrymple

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MIDDLEMAN GOAD

[*Continued from page 39*]

Gayer before it even got into type. Another column was due, and his mind had traveled on to that. His first indication that he had touched off an eruption came when he reported in at the paper the following day. On his desk he found the wire copy of a UPI feature story built around his Quimmley column.

"I thought it was pretty good," the city editor told him, "so I put it out on the UPI night line."

From that point on, things happened quickly. Within a few hours both NBC and CBS-TV called from New York and asked him to appear. The interviews were filmed at his cubbyhole office at the college, with several hundred students gawking outside at the proceedings. At home, his bewildered wife was flooded with about an equal proportion of threatening phone calls ("Your husband there yet, lady? Maybe he won't be coming home from the cell meeting tonight") and offers for speeches and radio and television appearances.

The following day the letters began to come—first a trickle, then an avalanche. They came to the paper, to the college, and sometimes just to Garden Grove.

A look at these letters is revealing. Gayer apparently had tapped an exposed nerve in American society. Some of the letters were hilarious, some earnest, some pitiful in their gratitude for the opportunity given the writers to ally themselves with a philosophy in which they could believe. But generally the letters showed that beyond all the noisy bombast of the extremist groups lies a hell of a lot of Americans with a sense of humor.

One Californian wrote: "I'm so afraid that every group of three or more citizens is destined for somebody's list of subversive activities (and sanity bids fair to be such an activity) that I wouldn't lend my voice to so much as a Community Sing. I wouldn't contribute to a milk fund. I can proudly testify that I have never eaten and am not now eating a Girl Scout cookie. But hooray for you."

From Amarillo, Texas: "For the sake of Sanity and Freedom in this Welch-minded community, please send me information about the Webster Quimmley Society. Hurry! The Birchers may take over any minute."

From New Jersey: "In case there is no escape clause for getting out fast when they go investigating our membership records, please be advised that the name below is an alias. Yours for Freedom. I'm afraid it's too late to try for Sanity."

From Chicago: "I am foreign born and live here as the result of my contact with Hitler's Fascism. I am not sorry. I love it here and wish I had come here 30 years ago. I am disturbed, however, at recent signs that deviations from the 'accepted'—a traditional mark of democracy—are not very welcome. Therefore you can understand that I felt drawn toward people who will verbally fight for the traditional 'right to disagree.'"

From Los Angeles: "I belong to the Conservative Christian Anarchists, Bonfire Boys of the World, Defenders of the Moon and the Red Mountain Rat Pack (non-Communist). Because I have found that book burning is nearsighted work, picketing leads to flat feet, mob demonstrations tend to be short on both reasons and reasoning, I would like to join something less physically active. I promise to support the WQS with snide remarks, muffled laughter and maybe a raised voice in emergencies."

From Jupiter, Florida: "I think Quimmleyism is foolish. But Communism is absurd and Birchism is ridiculous—so there's only one choice. I hope to be the first member from outer space."

And from Detroit: "It's warming to know there is a society for us wishy-washy rationalists who have stayed home from the lynching bee."

Regardless of the jocularity, most of the letters contained a dollar for a WQS membership kit. And Gayer suddenly found himself in the position of putting up. It was far too late by this time to shut up.

The Gayers had just added a new room to their house. Wanda Gayer was looking for furnishings for it. What she got instead was a plywood table set on sawhorses, on which the WQS mail could be handled. Each time Gayer appeared

TRUE

on television or radio, a new cascade of mail poured in. In San Francisco, on an hour-long television interview, Gayer impulsively launched the WQS essay contest. Robert Welch had just announced the John Birch Society contest in which cash prizes totaling $2,500 were being offered for the best essays on the subject: "Why Chief Justice Warren Should Be Impeached."

"We've got a contest, too," Gayer told the TV interviewer. "Our subject is: 'Why America Needs Robert Welch—Back in the Candy Business.'" Then he added modestly, "Our prizes will be only $5, $3, and $1. We don't have as much money as the John Birch Society." (He received 10 entries, most of them serious, and the prizes were solemnly awarded.)

When California's irreverent attorney general, Stanley Mosk, made his famous crack about Birch members being mainly wealthy businessmen, retired officers and little old ladies in tennis shoes, Gayer sent Mosk an honorary membership. He also offered the services of the Quimmley Society to match up the avalanche of tennis shoes being mailed to Mosk. Then he wired both Dwight Eisenhower and Earl Warren that the Webster Quimmley Society considered them neither Communists nor Communist dupes.

"We have read scurrilous remarks originating with the founder of another society," Gayer told Eisenhower, "and we wish to set the record straight. If you see your brother Milton, tell him we do not think he is a Communist, either."

This sort of gigging always brought a thunderous response—from friend and enemy alike. For a time it was difficult to tell which group was causing the most problems for the Gayer family. Within a few weeks of the appearance of the first article on Webster Quimmley, Gayer received more than 3,000 letters, mostly containing money and a request for membership. Acknowledging them meant creating badges, designing and printing membership cards and getting the kit out to the applicants; it also meant answering individually a large percentage of the letters.

Somehow, Gayer managed to do it all and still keep his column going and teach his classes. His wife, Wanda, carried the major physical burden, assisted by several dozen volunteers. Some of Gayer's students helped out by manufacturing badges in their spare time.

The two Gayer boys—both victims of cystic fibrosis—had to fend increasingly for themselves as their mother tried to dig her way from beneath the landslide of WQS demands. The Gayers had no money to hire outside help, and the badge materials and printing alone cost more than the dollar Gayer had so casually tossed off as his membership fee. Gayer was rushing from newspaper to school to speaking engagements, then home to work on WQS correspondence. It was a hectic but stimulating period—until the reaction set in.

The cranks began to use the phone, and they became increasingly nasty. "They especially delighted in calling when Dix was out of town," Wanda told me. "Sometimes the ringing would go on all night long—until I took the phone off the hook. They said terrible things about Dix. I didn't mind it so much for myself, but when the boys answered the phone, these creatures would tell them that their father was a Communist. Sometimes all I could hear was deep breathing."

Obviously, Gayer had found the Achilles' heel of the people referred to by Sen. Thomas Kuchel as "fright peddlers."

Gayer's paper became inundated with letters accusing the columnist of everything from high treason to sodomy. The publisher actually printed several until Gayer tried to track down the more extreme writers. He discovered that many of the signatures were either fictitious or forgeries.

"This was one of their favorite gambits," he pointed out to me. "Signing real names pulled out of a telephone book. Several times they worked it the other way—wrote insulting letters to well-known people and signed my name. They're a real cute bunch."

Things got so far out of hand at one stage that Gayer threatened to sue his

own newspaper for printing a particularly libelous letter. The management published a retraction, then began insisting on valid letter signatures, thus stopping the wilder statements about Gayer.

Not all of his problems were solved this easily. A good many local citizens—including several fellow reporters—turned against him.

"This was at the very beginning of the Christian Anti-Communist Crusades in Orange County—and a lot of right-wing activist groups were committing all sorts of injustice in the name of anti-communism," he recalls. "Many earnest people in this area felt the Birchers were a desirable force and resented my ridicule of them."

Complaints from this group were generally of a "how-could-you-do-this-to-us" nature. Typical was a Los Angeles businessman who wrote Gayer: "You are doing your country a great disservice. What the United States needs right now is a serious mood and a feeling of danger about the Communist menace. People who feel they can stand midway between the Birch Society and the Communist party are, in my opinion, much too far to the left. The stakes are high. It is no laughing matter."

"None of these people saw anything funny about Webster Quimmley," says Gayer, "but the Birchers used every device they could dream up to hit back at me. Some of them were fairly imaginative."

The best example was a ploy called the "Secret Six." It started when a private investigator named N. Earl Freeman, who worked for a legitimate Orange County firm, was hired to do an "objective" study of the John Birch Society. His detailed report asserted the society to be a steely-eyed, thoughtful, articulate, activist group of patriotic Americans going single-mindedly about their business of saving the country. In the process of turning up this information, Freeman also "discovered" the existence of a conspiracy in Orange County to discredit the Birchers, masterminded by a committee of subversives identified only as the "Secret Six."

A public meeting was held at the Disneyland Hotel to present this report. A number of newspapermen attended, including Dixon Gayer. Among other things, they were curious to know who paid for the study.

At a news conference following the meeting, a young industrial executive named Ramon V. Long was produced as the angel of the investigation. Mr. Long, however, was vague on the details of the report and how it all came about. He declined to identify the Secret Six, but the names had leaked out to the audience before the meeting. One of the names was Dixon Gayer. The affair became a fiasco when Freeman's employer showed up, told the press he had fired Freeman, and said the investigation was a hoax.

With this controversy swirling about him, Gayer's speaking engagements led to some wonderful contradictions. Frequently he was asked to talk by program chairmen or civic club secretaries who

The breath-taking beauty of Linda Veras, appearing on our February 1964 giant center-fold, aroused such cheers that she breaks precedent by appearing again in the star spot of the June issue, in a new photospread. She heads a star-studded lineup including the celebrated Herbert Gold, one of America's outstanding writers, with a memorable story of a girl who commandeers a cruise ship by her allure—and also by her promiscuity. James Jones, the hard-punching author, pulls no punches in an interview taped in Paris. No magazine ever touched on more college topics—Cavalier's party for college editors at The Village Gate and a many-featured breakout on sex, politics, and the new sounds of folk & jazz by a passel of professional undergraduate authors. The issue is a must for every campus, just as every future issue will be, with Cavalier already acclaimed as the favorite magazine of the college man.

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were delighted by his Webster Quimmley story—only to find that their members were something less than enchanted.

On the morning of one scheduled speech before a nearby Chamber of Commerce, Gayer received a telegram canceling it. The next day an embarrassed note from the chamber secretary offered a pallid excuse. Later that day, Gayer had a phone call from a member of the organization. "Want to know why they called off your talk?" he asked Gayer. "They held an emergency board meeting when they heard you were coming. And the guys who run this town said that a middle-of-the-roader is of no use to himself or to society and they didn't want any such man talking to them."

Gayer accepted the reason as of broader significance than the single cancellation. "This is one of the real oddities of the whole Quimmley business," he observes. "It's forced the Birchers to come out four-square against middle-of-the-roaders, which is a rather tenuous position to be in."

Gayer made more than 180 talks last year. He always starts by explaining his own political position, then asks if there are any Communists or John Birchers in the audience. This query is greeted by thundering silence. He then asks Webster Quimmley members to raise their hands, and there is usually an enthusiastic response. His point made, he proceeds to the talk, which is pure satire.

"It's fascinating," he told me, "to watch an audience during a talk like this. Political conservatives generally don't think it is funny. Most members of service clubs don't do much laughing, either. It's rather disquieting to see one member of your audience rolling with laughter while the two men on either side of him are looking at you stony-faced. But that's the way it is almost everywhere I go. I remember one club where there was so much tension building that the place erupted into a dozen small groups arguing with one another as soon as I stopped speaking."

About a year ago, several men who identified themselves as members of the Birch Society told Gayer they were going to monitor all speeches he made in the Long Beach area.

"I always know when they're on hand," says Gayer, "by looking at the bumper stickers on the cars parked outside the meeting. When I see 'No Aid for Tito' or 'Get US out of the UN' or 'Don't Worry—They're Still 90 Miles Away,' then I know the boys are there."

At a closed meeting at a Jewish community center recently, the Birch brigade showed up and demanded entrance. Officials refused and told Gayer to start his talk. Gayer said he had no objection to the Birchers and suggested they be admitted. Inside the hall they snickered, shuffled their feet, talked to one another and were otherwise distracting and rude. After the meeting they got belligerent and tried to draw Gayer into argument.

At a recent meeting of the Democratic Club in Long Beach, 20 Democrats and 40 Birchers showed up. When the Birchers again went into their act, Gayer's patience gave out. Pointing his finger at one of the offenders, he snapped, "I'm giving the speech. If you want to talk, you'll have to do it from up here—when I'm through. And I'm not going to be through for quite awhile. Now shut up or get out."

Oddly enough, they departed. After the meeting, one of the Birchers—a Los Angeles city policeman—told Gayer outside, "I'll give you credit. What you said tonight was honest." The cop then told Gayer that he spends seven nights a week on John Birch activities.

Gayer's radio and television appearances also inevitably cause a great deal of commotion. After he appeared with Paul Coates on a highly rated Los Angeles television interview show, the station received 15 telegrams demanding that Coates be taken off the air for "giving time to this Commie." The station was disturbed, but Coates noted an odd coincidence: all of the wires were addressed to KTTV-TV—which isn't the correct identification of the station. Coates' staff checked out the signatures, and found all were phony.

Gayer is in demand as a sort of middleman on television panel shows, to bridge the political gap between representatives of the right and the left. On one such show, the John Birch representative became so confused with the questioning that Gayer had to cite chapter and verse of the Birch Society Blue Book to him. Later, asked if the JBS accepted Negro members, the Birch representative didn't know and turned to Gayer for an answer.

Gayer has become father-confessor to a great many bewildered people whose motives are being questioned by the right-wingers. Typical was a school librarian who called him for counsel.

One of the rightist groups had sponsored an essay contest on its own brand of Americanism, and the winning student was privileged to contribute several books in his name to the school library. The books turned out to contain some of the more extreme right-wing opinions. Asked to review the books, the librarian said what she thought of them, and in the ensuing altercation quit her job. She told Gayer she was fed up with parents coming in to make lists of library books they considered subversive —and then assuming she, too, was subversive because she had not thrown out the offending material.

"People like this librarian," says Gayer sadly, "are lost souls. Although they are in the overwhelming majority, they feel completely alone. I think that's why so many people have responded so enthusiastically to Webster Quimmley."

As a minor-league celebrity graduating to wider fame, Gayer has received the happy attention of several Hollywood luminaries, and his Webster Quimmley movement has been described as "refreshing" by New Jersey's Senator Case, a Republican. Webster Quimmley even got into the White House about a year ago. A Palm Springs high-school senior named Phil Harnage was selected to represent a group of 40 young men awarded excursions to Washington by the Science Talent Institute. As he talked

with President Kennedy, Phil impulsively pulled the Webster Quimmley badge off his jacket and held it out. "I got to thinking," said Phil later, "how well the Quimmley mottoes of 'Patriotism without Panic' and 'Sanity and Freedom' applied to the President—so I gave him my badge."

Membership applications for the society have never stopped rolling in from every state in the Union and a half dozen foreign countries. They now total over 5,000. The greatest number of applications comes from the most active centers of right-wing activity. The hot.est spots (in addition to Orange County) are San Francisco, Seattle, Dallas, south Florida, Arizona, New Jersey, and Glenview, Illinois.

Renewals are coming in, too, and Gayer looks at them a little hopelessly. He has been urged, in hundreds of letters, to take the society business seriously and to organize it along the lines of some of the other activist groups. He has resisted all such suggestions. In his column he has stated flatly that the WQS would offer "no program, periodicals, meetings, organization, inside information, or any of the other activities associated with existing societies." Yet the applications and the renewals continue to pour in.

A young salesman in a southern California town gave a reason: "This type of organization is what this country needs in massive doses. There is nothing more sterile than the brand of anti-communism we keep hearing about. Webster Quimmley might be the perfect antidote. By being a member of the WQS, I can call myself a 'pro-sane American.'"

The adventures of Dixon Gayer seem to indicate that the inability of the extremist groups, both right and left, to laugh at themselves is their most vulnerable point of attack. Gayer, tongue firmly in cheek, is apt to make a statement like this: "We plan to have front organizations, but we're going to announce our fronts. We think it is more sporting that way. One of our fronts will be against socialization of the post office on the grounds that it would give us all a feeling of accomplishment to deliver our own mail." The extremists see nothing funny about such absurdity.

Gayer can't stop himself from scattering about one such aphorism after another—and every time he gets off a quip, he rounds up new converts. Yet, despite the momentum the Society has picked up, Gayer himself has run into more difficulties than the slings and arrows of the outraged right. Last fall, Wanda Gayer decided that a cause was just dandy but a house was a home, and one fine day when her husband returned from his classes, she handed him the Webster Quimmley membership lists, correspondence and printed matter, all neatly packed.

"I've had it," she said. "I'm reclaiming my living room."

With no other space available in the house, Gayer had to move the material to his cluttered college office. He no longer had a desk at the Garden Grove *News*. Last summer, about two months after a new publisher was brought in, his column was dropped—although it was the best-read feature in the paper and he was by far the best-known member of the staff. Gayer was told that there was a need to economize. No other Orange County paper would touch the column, but he finally made connections with a much smaller newspaper in Oceanside—and another county—and began writing again.

One lonely local editor said sadly when Gayer left the *News*, "There goes the last voice of liberalism in Orange County." Gayer would dispute this assessment. He doesn't look on himself as a liberal—although he admits this is a relative term and by Orange County standards he would probably qualify.

Reflectively sucking on his pipe, he explains what he is and why, fundamentally, he has taken his stand: "I've never considered myself to be anything but a moderate. I've never joined anything that was even remotely suspect—I suppose because I'm a bit of a coward. I'm certainly not a radical by any definition I've ever heard, but when these nuts started calling me a Communist, I got sore. I decided to show them up for what they are. After that first column, I just couldn't resist talking about the Webster Quimmley philosophy. Many of the people who wrote me felt they had finally found someone who would say what they had been thinking for a long time. I was then in the strange position of boosting an organization I didn't care to boost for a point of view I considered important. I don't know where it will end, but if it has demonstrated that the best way to deal with extremists is to turn on them the sense of humor that has always been such a magnificent American asset, then it's all been worth while."

A fellow newspaperman who has watched Gayer's adventures this past year told me: "The local Democrats all love him because of what he writes, the Republicans because of his sense of humor, and the Birchers because it gives them someone to hate."

It hasn't been an easy or a pleasant year for the Gayer family. They've been badgered and threatened. They've had to dip into family funds to fulfill their Webster Quimmley commitments. Dixon lost a job that contributed heavily to supporting his family and paying the large medical bills for his two boys. But throughout these trials, Gayer has managed to retain the well-honed weapon on which the Birchers have been impaled as effectively as the Communists: his sense of humor.

—Joseph N. Bell

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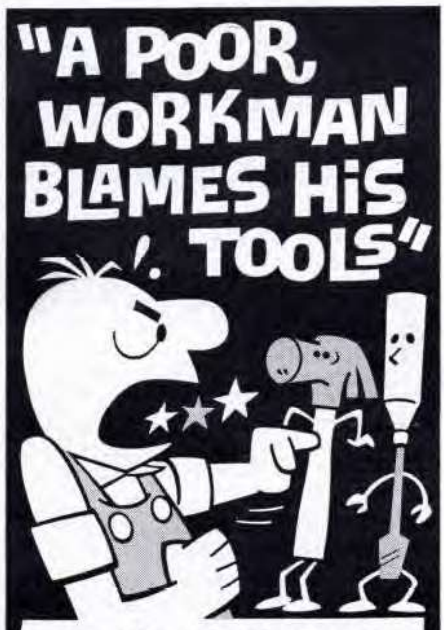

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BAREHANDED BULLFIGHTER

[*Continued from page* 46]

a grown man, Pickett was five feet, nine inches tall, weighed 165 pounds, had the skinny legs of a vaquero and the broad shoulders and heavy arms of a wrestler. When he grinned, which was often, he showed a mouthful of big white teeth.

Pickett was just another cowhand on the 101 Ranch until Colonel Zack decided to emulate the success of Buffalo Bill Cody and start his own wild-west show. Miller, a loud-voiced bantam with a big red mustache, was on the lookout for acts when he first saw Pickett "bulldog" a steer for the entertainment of some dudes at a barbecue.

With his horse at a dead run, Pickett leaped from the saddle onto the fleeing steer's head, grasping a horn in each hand. His smoking boot heels plowed twin furrows in the dirt as he braked the lunging animal to a halt. With a powerful jerk he twisted the steer's head around until its nose pointed upward. Then, while everyone stared goggle-eyed, Pickett suddenly fastened his teeth in the steer's upper lip. As the animal froze into immobility in the clutch of the powerful teeth, Pickett let go of the horns and reared over backward. Slowly and ponderously the stricken longhorn rolled over with him and flopped on the ground, helpless in the iron-jawed bite.

No one had to tell Zack Miller that this was an unusual act. He immediately signed up Pickett for the show, and thus acquired a star performer.

During his long career, Bill Pickett bulldogged steers of all sizes and once even wrestled and threw a bull elk. But the most god-awful contest he ever had came in Mexico City in 1908, when Colonel Miller matched him to fight a brave bull with his bare hands.

By then, the 101 Ranch Wild West Show was three years old. In addition to Pickett's bulldogging, the show presented bronco riding, trick roping, wild-cow milking and such spectacles as mock Indian raids and stagecoach holdups. Despite the success of these acts it seemed that everything the 101 did was overshadowed by the doings of the legendary showman, Buffalo Bill Cody, and his troupe.

In the late fall of 1908, learning that Buffalo Bill had never dared take a show south of the border to Mexico, Colonel Zack immediately resolved to do that very deed himself, and he quickly arranged for a 16-day booking in Mexico City.

The 101 Show made its first parade on the broad Paseo de la Reforma on December 12, 1908, in the carnival atmosphere of a holiday crowd. Everything went fine until a mob of tequila-swilling peons got a look at the show Indians decked out in war paint. To the peons, all painted Indians were the hated Apaches, their sworn enemies. Screaming wildly, the peons attacked with clubs and rocks. It took an entire troop of Mexican cavalry to rescue the show.

But after that opening, things looked up. The show's first arena performance was largely a success. Most of the crowd cheered and applauded Bill Pickett's bulldogging act, although in one box a group of hard-faced men with black, flat-crowned hats pulled low over their eyes watched in impassive silence. Miller noticed them.

"Those are *matadors de toros,*" his interpreter whispered excitedly. "As you say—bullfighters."

"Why don't they clap for Pickett?"

The interpreter gave an expressive Latin shrug. "Perhaps they do not think Pickett is so great."

Miller snorted.

That night, with the scornful attitude of the bullfighters galling him like a fresh rope burn, Colonel Miller told Louis F. Correra, editor of the Mexican *Herald,* the leading English-language newspaper in Mexico City, "I'll bet 5,000 pesos plus a day's gate receipts that Bill Pickett can throw two steers faster than any two of your fancy bullfighters can throw one."

The *Herald* bannered the challenge in headlines next day, and all the Mexico City newspapers repeated it.

The proud toreros, not deigning to come to grips with animals by hand, at first ignored the invitation. But public interest was fanned to a high pitch, and the 101 Show began playing to a full house every day.

Infuriated by this reflection on their honor as well as by the gringo insult, the Mexico City bullfighters' association came up with a counter-challenge. The association offered to cover Colonel Miller's bet if Bill Pickett would wrestle a Mexican fighting bull and *just hold onto the horns for five minutes.*

Zack Miller burst into the office of the editor of the *Herald* with his reply: "Tell those sissified bullstickers we'll take that bet!"

The editor looked at the showman gravely. "Fighting bulls are not steers, *amigo.* They are bred for great strength and fierceness. If your black torero cannot hold the bull, he will surely be gored to death."

In due course a bull was picked, a particularly fierce one called Chiquito Frijole—Little Bean—that had fought so bravely in the Plaza de Toros the week before that the crowd had demanded its life be spared.

On the afternoon of the contest the Plaza de Toros was so jammed with aficionados an hour before starting time that crowds had to be turned away. The gate receipts netted 22,000 pesos after the ring rent was paid, making the total amount of the bet 27,000 pesos.

As the show was about to begin, Bill Pickett rode into the arena on his little cowhorse. Compared to a gaudily clad matador, Pickett made an unimpressive appearance. He wore the Stetson hat and the faded blue-denim jacket and pants of the working cowboy. As he took off his hat and bowed politely to the crowd, the sudden crowing of a rooster, a sound of derision in Mexico, came from the bullfighters' box. The whole audience burst into crowing and clucking like a gigantic barnyard.

At the end of the arena a red gate flew open with a crash. Chiquito Frijole burst into the ring, snorting and tossing its horns. Sighting the man on the horse, the

bull lowered its head and charged, straight and true as a locomotive.

Angry bulls were no strangers to the cowhorse. Waiting until the bull was almost on him, the pony leaped aside just in time to escape the thrusting horns. As the bull flashed past, the horse whirled in pursuit. But before it could pull alongside for Pickett to leap onto the horns, the bull wheeled and charged directly back. The horse dodged again, and again whirled to pursue the bull.

After three such tries, Pickett was still not able to work his mount in so he could launch himself at the horns. The bull's erratic dodging, ducking course frustrated both horse and rider. After Pickett missed the fourth time, jeers began sounding loudly from the spectators.

In desperation, the bulldogger decided he would have to sacrifice his pet horse to get at the bull. The thought broke his heart, but the crowd was getting mean—it wanted somebody's blood.

The next time Chiquito Frijole charged, Pickett pulled back on the reins and stopped the cowhorse squarely in the bull's path. The bull smashed into the horse, burying its horns in the animal's rump. The horse screamed and squatted under the terrible goring. As the bull drew back for another lunge, Pickett slid off the horse's rear end onto the blood-smeared horns.

The position Pickett assumed on the bull was not meant for a fancy job of bulldogging. Pickett's chest covered the animal's eyes, his arms draped over the horns, his hands clamped underneath on the throat and his bent knees squeezed the bull's nostrils.

First Chiquito Frijole ran about throwing its head up and down, waving the bulldogger's rear end at the stands like a crazy washerwoman flapping a wet dishrag. When that failed, the bull backed off and charged into the wall of the arena, banging Pickett's butt against the timbers with tremendous thumping grunts. Unable to break loose that way, Chiquito Frijole returned to the center of the ring and tried to paw the man loose with its forefeet. Then, in desperation, the bull dropped to its knees and began laboriously to try and impale its tormentor against the ground.

Certain that the bull was getting ready to bring the duel to a gory climax, the crowd began shouting, *"Viva el toro! Viva el toro!"*

But Bill Pickett, with his arms wrapped around the bull's neck, had a different opinion. He could tell from the wheezing breath that the bull was beginning to tire. Planting both feet firmly on the ground, he started twisting the bull's head, rocking from side to side with a rhythmic motion that jerked the animal's opposite forefoot off the ground after each swing.

Slowly it dawned on the crowd that the black gringo was about to throw their brave bull to the ground right there in the middle of the arena.

"Death to the gringo!" came a shout from high in the stands and a beer bottle whizzed downward. In an instant the air was full of flying bottles, seat cushions, boards, fruit, bricks and rocks.

A bottle crashed into Pickett's side, breaking a rib. As pain shot through him, his grip loosened for a second and the bull lunged up again, smashing him against the wall, its frenzy revitalized.

Colonel Miller looked at his watch. "Just one more minute, Bill!" he bellowed. "Hang on one minute more!"

Pickett, muscles bulging under his shirt and sweat popping out, was trying to do just that. Gone now was the opportunity to throw the animal. The pain from his broken rib was too sharp. It was a matter of hanging on. As the spectators kept screaming and chunking everything they could lay hands on, the time stretched on and on. Finally, by Colonel Miller's watch, the time ran out.

Anxiously, Miller looked up at the box where the judges sat by the big bell they were supposed to ring at the end of five minutes. The judges sat there immobile, looking on. Five and a half minutes passed. Then six. The sickening realization came to Zack Miller that the judges were *never* going to ring the bell. They would wait until the bull shook Pickett loose and gored him to death if it took the rest of the week.

When seven minutes ran out, Zack Miller snapped his watch case shut and turned to Vester Pegg, a trick roper mounted beside him. "Come on!" he yelled. "The sonsofbitches won't ever ring that bell! They aim to let the bull kill Bill!"

Kicking open the gate, Miller and Pegg galloped through, shaking out lariat loops. As the crowd howled displeasure, they caught the bull's back legs with their loops and dragged the animal backward, allowing Pickett to fall away from the horns.

"Kill the gringos!" came the cry from the enraged spectators, and knives and machetes flashed in the stands.

But the Mexican authorities, forewarned by the earlier attack on the parade, had kept a troop of cavalry handy. The cavalrymen galloped out into the ring and formed a protective cordon around the show people.

Next day, pale with anger, but judiciously silent, Colonel Miller collected his 27,000-peso bet from the stakeholders. The Mexican timekeepers were insistent in expressing regret that something must have gone wrong with all their watches.

One day in March, 1932, when he was about 71 years old, Bill eased into a corral on the 101 Ranch carrying a lariat with which to cut out a big 4-year-old sorrel. As the loop tightened around its neck, the sorrel fell back, rearing and kicking. Pickett went up the rope hand-over-hand and got in a little too close. A flying hoof grazed his head, knocking him to the ground. The big sorrel, neighing and squealing, was on him in a flash, and stomped him into the corral dust.

In 1936 the Cherokee Strip Cowboys Association erected a stone marker over his grave. Later, Bill Pickett was inducted into the Rodeo Hall of Fame as "The Dusky Demon," the first and last man ever to grip a steer with his teeth the way a bulldog does it, and the only cowboy in history to take on a Mexican fighting bull with his bare hands and live to tell about it.

—Joseph Schott

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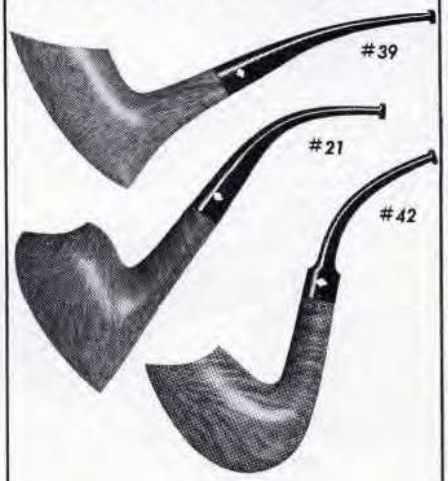

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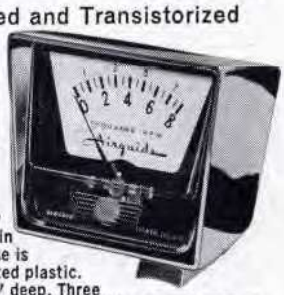

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HEADBOARD FOR THE HEADMAN

[*Continued from page* 55]

You'll note that plans include a foam-rubber bed. You can, of course, use any conventional box spring and mattress that isn't too high—but if the spring is on casters, you'll have to provide a couple of hooks to hold it tight to the front of the center cabinet, or you'll coast off into the night when you try to use the back rest.

It's a good idea to make full-scale patterns of the pieces—at least of the shaped pieces. Lay out the piece sizes on the sheets of plywood. Actually, you'll find lumbercore easier to work with than plywood, although it costs more. I used walnut lumbercore—walnut is a real man's wood. In cutting the tops and sides, trim them 1/32" less than the figures in the plans for each edge that shows. These shy dimensions will be made up by the wood trim applied to the exposed edges.

One thing I discovered after I had built the cabinet—and had drawn the plans. Because of the heft of the unit, and possible unevenness in your floor, it's best to run, as an added support, the 3" high bottom back brace not only across the center cabinet, but through the cabinet sides and out to the end cabinet sides. The center cabinet sides, therefore, must be notched to accommodate the brace.

Use white glue on all joints, and screws or nails as indicated.

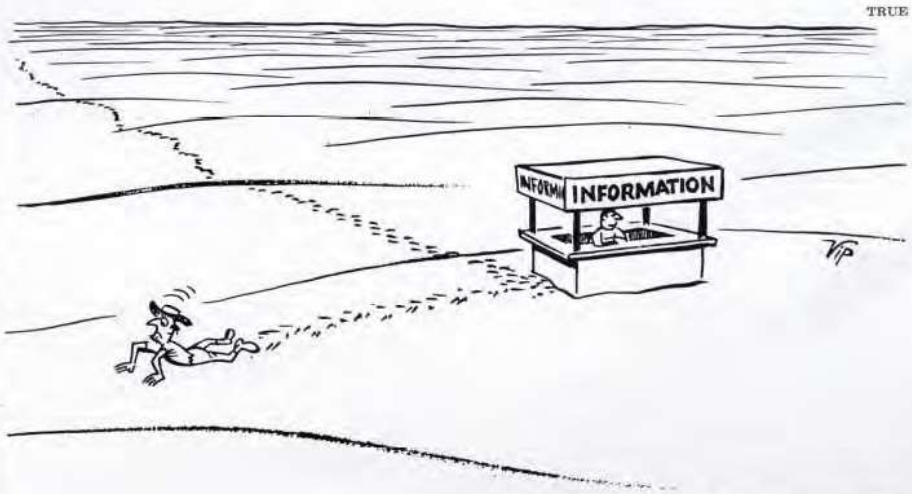
On a large level area, assemble first the center cabinet, with back edges flush. Use 1¼" No. 8 flathead wood screws except along the line of the top back brace, to which the top is attached with sixpenny nails. Remember that 1/32" allowance for wood trim at the ends. For the screws, here and wherever exposed, bore ½" holes ⅜" deep, then rebore through with a 3/16" bit. Use four screws across each cabinet end. Later you'll fill the holes with long-grain plugs cut from matching hardwood with a half-inch plug cutter. When the glue is dry, plane the front edges even, if necessary. At all times make sure the cabinet is square.

Cover the front edges with wood trim. Screw inside each end a 2"x2"x10¼" solid wood piece butting on the cabinet bottom and set in ¾" from the front edge of the end. To these braces and to the bottom fasten with 1¼" No. 8 screws the long front panel, which also serves as the front base (there is no back base). Note the 3"-wide bumper strip attached to the inside upper edge of the front panel; it acts as a stop for the back rest. Fit in the interior shelf on end cleats, with support through its length by nailing the top back brace to it.

Since the end cabinets have only one side and no back, they are best assembled by attaching to the center cabinet. First fasten the 6"-high back base piece and the 3"-high front piece to each bottom panel, the front base being set in 3". Then fasten the bottoms to the ends of the center cabinet. For attaching both end bottoms and end tops to the center, run a pair of 1¼" No. 10 flathead screws —four No. 10 screws to a joint—through from the inside of the center cabinet ends near both front and back edges. Put in a couple of No. 8 screws along the center. Then fasten the end sides to the bottoms, after tacking a temporary brace across the back. Set on the end tops and, allowing for wood trim, attach to end sides and, as above, to the center cabinet ends. Fit in the back mounting strips, 3"x32¼", and secure with six-penny nails.

Make the back rest next. It must be 20" wide, but its length depends on the width of your bed. Allow ⅛" clearance all around, with allowance for the upholstery material. Mount it in place before upholstering, to be sure the brackets are functioning properly. If your bed is wide enough to require a split back rest, install a ¾"x3" center division, running inside from bottom to top, and notched for the cabinet front panel so that the division edge comes flush with the front. Fasten the top end to a cleat inside the cabinet top, and the notched area to another 2"x2"x10¼" solid wood piece.

It is advisable now to mount the headboard unit permanently in place in the bedroom. Because the clearance of the swivel doors is critical, any give to the unit because of uneven floors would throw them out. Set the unit in place, level it with shims where necessary (making sure the back rest works), and secure it to the studs with 2½" or 3" No. 12 flathead screws. Put one or more screws



through the top mounting strip of each end cabinet; for a long unit add a couple of screws through the back of the center cabinet.

Check the door openings for squareness. Then cut the basic door panels to fit, with 1/8" clearance all around. Rout grooves in the three shelves of the music door for the uprights. Although the record-storage partitions are hardboard, those boxing in the amplifier and the player unit should be of 3/4" plywood. You must, of course, have the sizes of amplifier and player to be sure they'll fit. And remember that the player does not slide in; it is hinged, so that it flips up for storage, out for use. It is better to rout out 1/8" deep grooves for the shelves in the back of the door, but 3" metal angles will do. Or use both methods.

The two lower shelves in the liquor door are the same size and mounted the same way as those opposite. Make the cutouts for the liquor bottles before trying to mount the shelves. I haven't indicated the opening size because your taste may run to square liquor. Similarly, the cutouts in the 10"-radius glass shelf must be made to fit your glasses. Use tapered glasses, and make the holes big enough to hold them at about a quarter their height. Nail the drawer guides to the lower of the glass shelves before assembly. Bend quarter inch plywood around the outside of the shelves except for the drawer opening. Make the drawer front of a thick block of wood, or two pieces glued together, to conform to the curve of the plywood. The rest of the drawer is of simple construction, with low sides. Use it for corkscrews and bottle-openers. The top shelf of the liquor door is simply a bar shelf. Mount the doors in place with the pivots specified. If there isn't sufficient clearance for the inner edges of the doors, plane them down slightly on a slant from the front. If the unit is level, the doors won't swing of themselves. But to keep them steady in use, mount a small stop block 3/4" in from the front edge of one of the sides. Or install a ball button catch in the top edge of each door.

To make the bed, put together a base of 10"-wide plywood pieces, recessed 8" on the sides from the full width of the mattress. Nail to this one or more plywood pieces the size of the mattress. If the plywood has to be pieced for a large bed, put a 2"-wide reinforcing batten under the seam. Run 3"-wide good plywood or lumbercore around the outside of the bed bottom. Since this bed has no casters, it won't move much, but some creeping is always possible. To eliminate this, run a few screws through the outside rail at the head into the center cabinet front panel. With a 6"-thick foam-rubber mattress, the bed is complete.

Remove the back rest and upholster it with 3" foam rubber covered with upholstery material drawn snug and tacked at the back. Don't replace the back rest until the cabinet surface is finished.

Fill all exposed screw holes with plugs, and level the plugs with chisel and sandpaper. Cover all exposed edges with wood trim. Sand the cabinet as required with 2/0 and 4/0 paper. Hardwood plywood is presanded on the good surface. Apply an appropriate stain to the cabinet and putty to match, then two coats of Satinlac, with a light buff of fine steel wool between, and a rubbing down afterward with paste wax. The insides of the swivel doors can also be stained and lacquered if you've used wood that's good on both sides. I finished mine, however, in cream color.

Mount a four- or five-inch speaker in the corner of the music door, and cover the corner with speaker cloth. If the record-player deck comes without a box, make one to fit. Then attach the continuous hinge to the lower inside edge, and to the lower shelf, with room for the player to rest on its side when not in use. Although the simplest way to plug in the player is with a handy extension cord, an outlet box can be fitted into the front panel of the center cabinet, under the bed overhang. I used a more gimcrack method. Because there's a wall box directly behind my music door, I plugged the player permanently into it, then kept the wire out of the way when the door closed by taping its middle to a long light spring suspended from the cabinet top back.

I didn't use 1/4" plywood backing for the cabinets, because they're rigid from the wall anchoring. If you want the backing, however, simply rabbet all contact back edges 3/8"x1/4", and use 3/4" wide-head nails.

Put the back rest in its brackets, liquor in the cabinet, a record in the player, and bedding on the bed. Anyone for the happy road to dreamland?

—Bill Baker

MATERIALS LIST

- 2 sheets 3/4"x4'x8' Weldwood hardwood lumbercore or plywood
- 1 sheet 3/4"x4'x8' fir plywood for concealed parts
- 1 piece 3/16"x3'x3' Dekalux or hardboard, for record partitions and drawer bottom
- 80' 1" matching Weldwood wood trim
- 14 3"x3" metal angles, with 3/4" screws
- 4 top and bottom pivots, Stanley No. 2987-12 and 2987-13
- 1 (or 2) sets headboard recliner brackets. (If brackets are to be made, get 2 iron angles 1/8"x1" and 4 pieces of iron strip 1/8"x1"x5" for each set of brackets, with 1/2 dozen 1" No. 12 roundhead wood screws
- 1 1/2 dozen 1 1/4" No. 10 flathead wood screws
- 1/2 dozen 2 1/2" or 3" No. 12 flathead wood screws
- 6 dozen 1 1/4" No. 8 flathead wood screws
- 1 pound 6-penny finishing nails
- 1 quart Weldwood contact cement
- 1 quart Presto-set white glue
- 1 quart Satinlac
- Matching stain, matching putty, matching wax putty sticks
- Paste wax
- No. 1/2, 2/0, and 4/0 sandpaper and garnet paper, fine steel wool
- Speaker cloth
- 3" Latex foam rubber to fit backrest, and upholstery material
- 6" foam-rubber mattress (if bed is built)
- 4" or 5" speaker, and small record player deck

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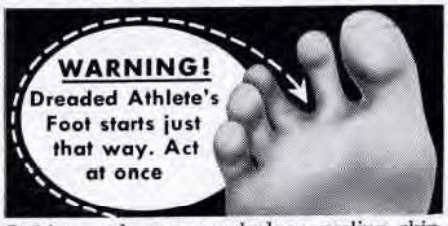

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SECRET RIFLE

[*Continued from page* 53]

officer with some experience in the explosives business and a few men to make up equipment models in Daisy's research department. A security system was installed around the new propellant. Since they haven't figured out a trade name for the stuff yet they call the gun and its secret ammunition "Project VL." The initials are those of the inventor. Hough is happy to give visitors to the Daisy plant in Rogers, Arkansas, (about 100 miles due east of Tulsa) a demonstration similar to the one that Van Langenhoven gave him in Paris. He will let you look at the propellant, but even though it looks like cotton you can't tell what it's really made of. And Hough emphasizes that VL is really not cotton soaked with a chemical but "a cottonlike solid-state propellant."

Though his own research staff seemed to be making progress, Hough says it was very difficult to work with the inventor 3,500 miles away. Van Langenhoven, as part of the deal with Daisy, worked in a laboratory in Paris and tried to keep in touch by letter, cable and telephone. This is difficult enough in any sort of business relationship. In pushing Project VL to completion it could have been fatal.

A partial solution to this problem was a contract Hough signed with Illinois Institute of Technology in Chicago. IIT had previously done some work for the Army on combustible cartridge cases for artillery shells (another example of everything going out the barrel) so IIT seemed well qualified to advise Daisy. "IIT would follow us step by step to make sure we didn't make any mistakes," Hough told me. IIT set up a duplicate of Daisy's laboratory in one of their Chicago buildings and performed parallel experiments and development tests. Last winter, as Daisy was about to break ground for a chemical plant, the Illinois Tech group was building a small pilot plant to duplicate it in miniature.

The notion of having an engineering school staff looking over your shoulder helped push Project VL forward, but it didn't do anything much for another big problem: relations with Daisy's partners in France. Hough says it was a tough job trying to satisfy the inventor and his promoter friend that Daisy was really making progress. Things would be all right for a while and then Van Langenhoven or, more often, the Spaniard, would write a letter implying that the company was stupidly (or worse) dragging its feet on the project. The knowledge that every inventor feels he's getting a raw deal didn't make Cass Hough's life any easier. He was kept running back and forth from Rogers, Arkansas, to Paris trying to keep things patched up.

Obviously, the next step was to bring Van Langenhoven over to Arkansas on a permanent basis. This was done early last year, and it's worked out very well. The inventor brought his wife along and now works regularly in the Daisy chemical lab. He's a long-time gun bug—the propellant invention was made on his own time—and can quote from memory velocities, energies and performance curves for almost any small-arms cartridge.

The remainder of Hough's personnel relations problem was solved recently when Van Langenhoven's Spanish friend got strapped for money. Daisy bought out his interest in Project VL and now owns 75 percent of the deal. In recounting all of this Cass Hough bears no grudges; it was just one of the many things along the way that had to be dealt with.

On the technical front there were remarkably few really tough hurdles to surmount in refining VL into a commercial propellant. The basic fact is that the stuff worked. The sweat and tears came in testing it for safety and stability and in making sure it was uniformly reproducible. Homer Circle, a Daisy vice-president who gets involved with the company's school-training programs on gun handling, points out that safety tests on VL have been going on for more than two years. They've frozen the stuff in winter and baked it in the sun. They've heated up a rifle barrel and put a round in the chamber to see whether it would "cook off" by itself. It won't. They've even eaten some to see if it was poisonous—and it's not. As Circle puts it: "On every kind of a test we've given, it has come through completely stable and nontoxic."

Actually, the crucial part of it all is yet to come. Can VL be manufactured uniformly in large quantities? Hough says Daisy is satisfied with its experimental production and so is IIT. Apparently all that remains is to scale the pilot plant up to a full-size one and start it going. As this article is written Cass Hough has just about reached that stage.

While Hough and the other people at Daisy are willing to discuss Project VL in general terms they shy away from describing how the propellant is made or what kind of a firing mechanism shoots it. Hough says, somewhat mysteriously, that the rifle contains a valve which fires the chemical propellant by compressing air and raising the temperature. The reaction of many people in the arms industry is that this "explanation" is a red herring or so much bull. Others, however, recall that a so-called "Diesel effect" has often been produced in air rifles.

When a Daisy-type BB gun is fired a powerful spring compresses air in a small cylinder which, of course, heats up very rapidly. Occasionally, when the piston is oily, the heat will be enough to create a small-scale explosion similar to that in a Diesel engine. The result will be a BB propelled at almost .22 caliber speed. Some foreign air-gun makers have tried to take advantage of this phenomenon by deliberately building systems that furnish gas to be ignited by the heat of compression. One German air rifle—which uses an ether booster—can just about double its normal velocity to the 700-plus foot-seconds muzzle-velocity range.

Though Cass Hough refuses to comment further on his secret system it would not be strange if Daisy was using this type of ignition for its new propellant. What lends even more credence to

[*Continued on page* 120]

TRUE goes shopping

This department is not composed of paid advertising. Some of the products and services are new, some old, but all, we think, are interesting. Order what you want. Refunds are guaranteed (except on personalized items). Prices include postage unless otherwise specified.

SMALL-CRAFT BOAT WHISTLE. Just pipe this boat whistle and 3 melodious tuned notes will be heard for hundreds of yards over water. Warn off other boats in fog. Summon help. Sounds like big ship steam whistle. 3 brass pipes, 6" long, heavily chrome triple plated. Safety chain lanyard with hook-button attachment. $2.95. Greenland Studios, Dept. T-6, Miami 47, Fla.

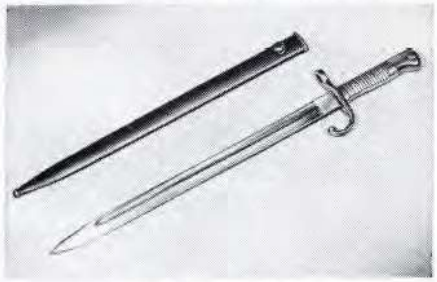
OLD-TIME PORCELAIN CUFFLINKS are marvelous replicas of 17th century cards. They are hand-painted in 5 colors and glazed in Vienna, Austria, where the making of superb china is a centuries-old art. Real beauties. Nice for Father's Day. Set of Aces, Kings, Queens or Jacks in gift pouch, $5; 2 sets, $9. Park Galleries, Dept. TR-6, 103 Park Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

FIKANY SHOES are designed for those who are always on their feet. Featured is a movable, built-in adjustable arch which you set yourself. Relieves backache that starts from foot discomfort. Sizes 7-12, A to E, sport-type (illus.) or straight-tip, black or brown. $31.95. Free catalog available. Douglin Designs, P. O. Box 246, East Rockaway, N. Y.

WIRELESS INTERCOM is surprisingly effective. No batteries, wires or tubes, the units operate off any 2 electrical outlets on the same power line. Use it between rooms, houses, offices, etc. Transistorized units, each have 2 channels, so you can speak to more than one location. Each unit is $19.95 plus $1 hdlg. King, 51 W. 35th St., New York 1, N.Y.

GURKHA BATTLE HAT is worn by the tough, wiry Nepal soldiers who have served for pay in the Indian army for 100 years. Battle green cloth hats are beautifully stitched, have high peak for coolness, upturned side "rifle" brim, Gurkha insignia. Made in India. Specify size. Price is $6.95. Order from Robert Gerard, Dept. TR-6, 333 East 50th St., New York 22, N. Y.

FISHFINDER SCOPE is said to permit you to see underwater up to 30 feet in depth, depending on the clearness of the water. Shows the best spot to drop your line. Can even use it to find lost articles. Scope is 6 x 24" and completely waterproof. An interesting item which might help you land a big one. $6.95. Niresk, Dept. P-SG-5, 589 East Illinois Ave., Chicago, Ill.



1891 ARGENTINE SWORD-BAYONET, a full 21", was made in Solingen, Germany, in 1891. Real workmanship; a fine steel edge; chrome (or brass) dress-finish spiral handle, etc. Clear a camp site, bush out a trail, ect. with one (or hang it in den). In original metal sheath. Chrome handled, $3.95; brass handled, $4.95. Davis Co., Dept. TR-6, 887-2nd Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

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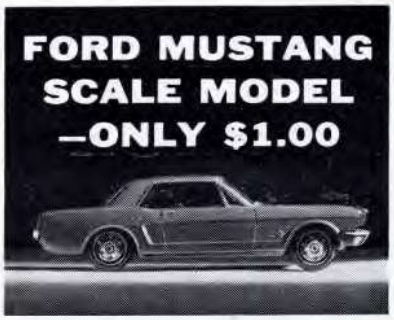

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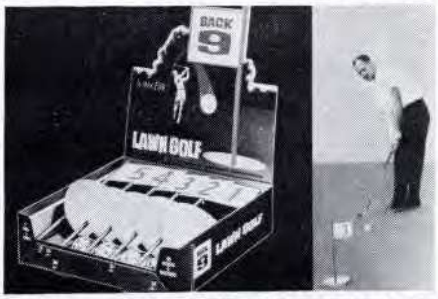

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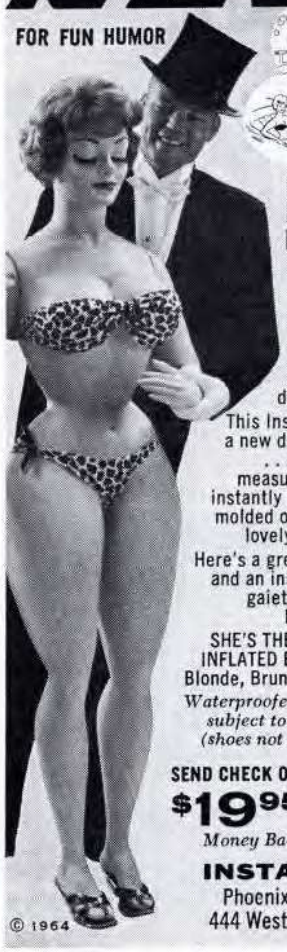

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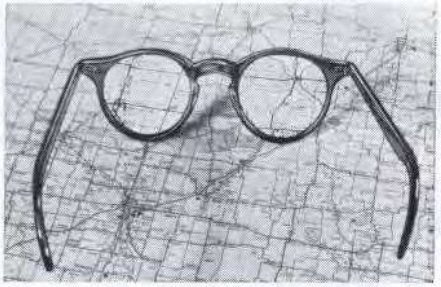

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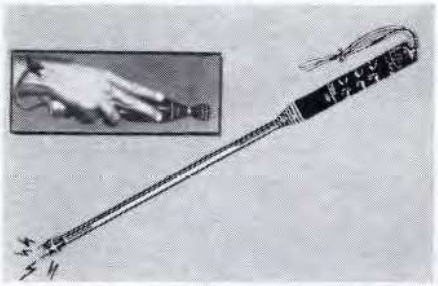

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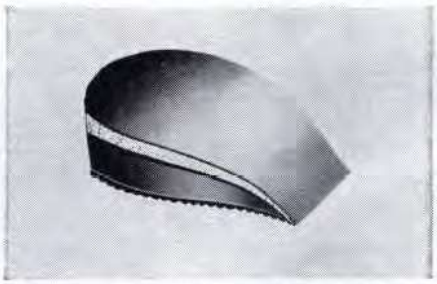

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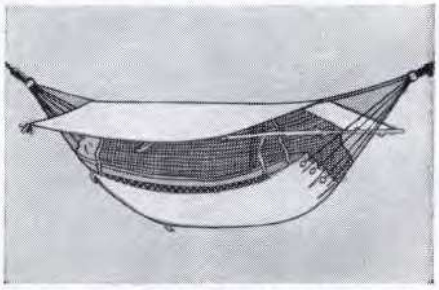

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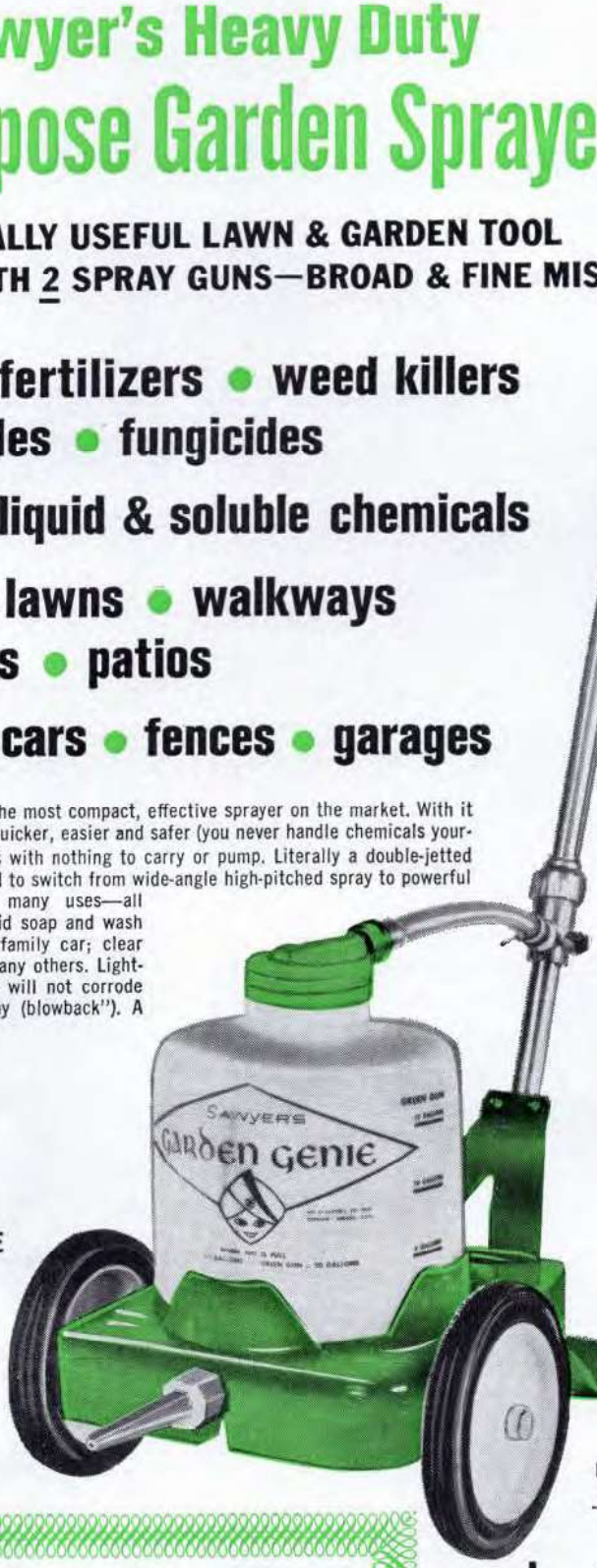

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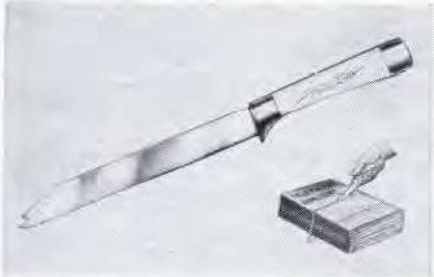

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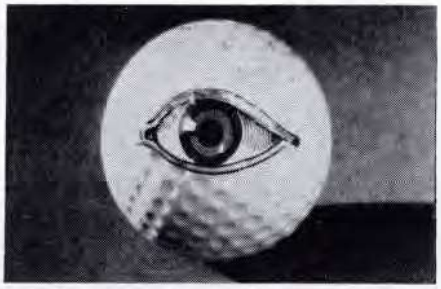

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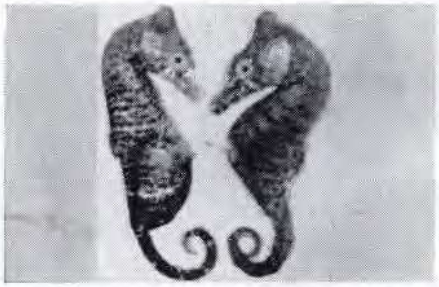

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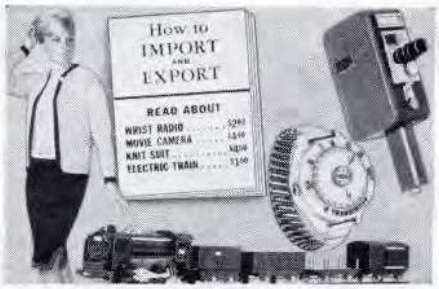

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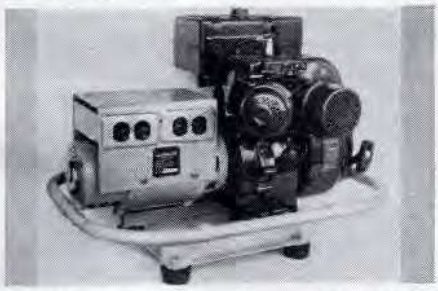

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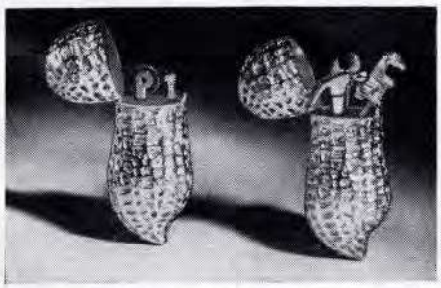

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[*Continued from page* 114]
the possibility is the fact that the inventor, Van Langenhoven, sought out Daisy *because* it was an air-rifle company. And if Hough had not bought the deal Mr. VL had several other appointments already set up with other air-gun makers.

The attitude of established arms companies toward Daisy's development is somewhat cynical—in public at least. They mostly refuse to comment officially. Many arms experts say they have never heard of the thing and others profess to know nothing more than what's been rumored in the trade for the past year. Often they confuse the caseless round with a combustible cartridge case. Off the record, however, the majors are very much aware of Daisy and its caseless cartridge. They point out that it's a throwback to the days before the cartridge case was invented—and they have to be shown that it works as Daisy says it does.

At that point they become interested. And if the Daisy system catches on with the public you can bet that the big firearms and ammunition companies will be in there with new propellants of their own. They also point to a drop in the weight of ammunition that has to be carried, and an easy choice of velocities. But, as one arms technician snorted: "we've tried every propellant you can think of—even gasoline. And we haven't yet turned up anything that beats present-day ammunition on all counts."

What he means of course is that ammo must not only be reliable in firing, but stable in storage, safe to handle, easy to make and as cheap as possible. Armchair critics of Daisy concede that a caseless round would be cheaper and lighter but wonder if it will be stable and safe. To all this carping Cass Hough impatiently answers with an unequivocal "yes."

The gun company people who sneer at Daisy's VL as a throwback to the precartridge days are referring of course to the famous Volcanic—the grandaddy of all caseless cartridges. This particular invention dates back to about five years before the Civil War when two mechanics named Smith and Wesson, whose names later became famous, developed a repeating pistol with a tubular magazine below the barrel that fired bullets with the propellant inside. The trouble was that black powder was such a low-powered propellant that even when most of the bullet was hollowed out it could not hold enough to give the pistol a respectable velocity. The primer was fulminate of mercury and glass which was very corrosive in the barrels of the Volcanic guns. So the company failed and it was taken over and turned in new directions by a New Haven, Connecticut, textile manufacturer named Oliver F. Winchester.

Cass Hough somewhat resents the Volcanic comparison, pointing out that Daisy is the first company to make the caseless cartridge work—no matter how old the idea is. He says that Jules Van Langenhoven had been intrigued with the caseless round for years and became thoroughly familiar with everything that inventors had done since the Volcanic. The Belgian systematically laid out the objections to and difficulties with caseless ammo and worked them out one by one, according to Hough.

Interestingly enough, the U.S. Army started working on the problem at about the same time as Van Langenhoven. The Army especially wanted such ammunition for tanks where gunners not only find themselves hip deep in expended cartridge cases but have trouble breathing when the fumes begin to rise from the hot brass. So the Army decided to hire a research team at a civilian college to help its own ammunition scientists work on the problem. Whom did they hire? Why Illinois Institute of Technology—the same school Cass Hough hired a decade later for the very same reason.

What the Army came up with first was the so-called combustible cartridge case for artillery ammunition. Such cases are now available in limited quantities for 105, 120 and 152-mm. cannons. Looking like a light-colored plastic version of a normally shaped case, they burn completely when the gun is fired and everything goes out the barrel. But these solve only half the problem: they don't save much weight or any space before they're used, though they are cheaper and easier to make than brass cases. In a way, the combustible case is half the distance to a caseless round. The other half is still being worked on—and Daisy could have the answer.

Hough says he has told the Army about Daisy's development progress in general but he has not revealed his trade secrets. And when you talk to the scientists at the Army Munitions Command headquarters in Picatinny Arsenal, Dover, New Jersey, you find that while they're interested in what Daisy may have come up with they've done some interesting work themselves. The approach has not been as radical as Daisy's but the Army has to work with the weapons it has on hand and the project is not on a crash basis.

What the munitions researchers have done is to take conventional powder granules and bond them into a solid with combustible resins. They insert a nonmetallic primer in the base and fasten the slug of propellant to the base of an ordinary rifle bullet. Such ammunition has been tested successfully in the standard 7.62mm. NATO (.308 caliber) M14 service rifle on both full and semiautomatic fire. The biggest problem with caseless rounds is sealing the powder gas into the chamber as the conventional cartridge case does. But a caseless round has no way of keeping the gas in so the gun has to be altered. In the first M14 experiments the Army technicians fastened a metal cup to the bolt face to act like the base of a cartridge case but this didn't work too well and better ways have been figured out.

The Army's caseless ammo is still being worked on and improved. Right now it's about half as heavy as standard metallic cartridges and easier to manufacture. The complete round is 3/10 of an inch shorter than the normal NATO cartridge and could be shorter still. What this means, of course, is that a GI can carry much more ammunition with him and rifles of the future can have shorter actions and be lighter in weight.

In addition, such weapons may be a lot simpler because a caseless round dispenses with the extraction cycle in an automatic weapon. The Army is understood to be working on some rifle and machine-gun designs that will take advantage of this.

This approach is not the same as Daisy's because the Army is using *conventional* powder propellants in caseless form. They could put the stuff inside a hollow bullet or at its base, but like the Volcanic they couldn't cram enough inside to duplicate standard .30 caliber ballistics. During World War II the Germans experimented with a hollow, caseless round. It was a 9mm. self-contained bullet made of steel. But the Germans may have run into the same problem as the Army working with normal rifle powders, for they conducted some postwar work in Spain and wound up with a caseless round much like the one our Army is working with—a block of solidified powder glued to the base of an ordinary rifle bullet.

Besides the obvious military uses, there are numerous civilian applications for Daisy's new propellant. As Hough explains it: "Any place they now use a conventional cartridge of any kind our propellant works—and works better." Such uses range from the gunlike tools used to set bolts into concrete to explosive rivets and aircraft ejection seats. Realistically, Hough feels that Daisy is too small to exploit all the possibilities inherent in its system without outside help. It may decide to license the tool applications and has already talked with some tool companies about this. But Hough is determined to keep at least the .22 caliber rifle a Daisy product.

Although Daisy researchers haven't got around to it yet, there seems to be no technical reason why Daisy couldn't sell bullets and VL propellant to handloaders. If Hough's demonstration is valid, the Daisy propellant could take the presses and tools out of handloading and reduce it to the simplicity of rolling spitballs.

The odd part of the whole story is that the inventor of the Daisy air rifle—Clarence J. Hamilton—left the company a decade after his invention to set up another shop making .22 rifles. If he was alive today he'd no doubt approve of the new direction his company is taking.

—**John S. Tompkins**

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NEXT MONTH IN TRUE

THE AMERICAN CONQUEST OF EVEREST

[*Continued from page* 42]

Society in a variety of capacities, and myself as scribe historian. With Dyhrenfurth—in his non-climbing life a film producer and cameraman—this added up to 19 team members. And as the 20th there was our one non-American member: Lt. Col. James O. M. Roberts, late of the British Army, currently resident in Nepal, whose long Himalayan experience and knowledge of the Nepalese language were to make him indispensable as transport officer and general Sherpa-relations man.

The organizational phases of the expedition consumed some two and a half years. In September, 1962, the team assembled for the first time in a week's dry run workout on the State of Washington's Mount Rainier. Almost immediately thereafter it looked as if all might go down the drain when Communist China launched its invasion of northern India; for Nepal lies in a geopolitical vise between these two larger nations, and Everest is bisected by the Chinese-Nepalese border. But the world—and our venture—held together at the seams. Our political permission from Nepal was not rescinded. On February 3, the main body of the expedition flew off from San Francisco across the Pacific; on the 13th it arrived in Nepal's capital city of Katmandu; and on the 20th came at last the day of true beginnings.

From the tall temples of Katmandu painted Eyes of God looked down on us as we departed. "Who are you?" they asked. "Where do you come from? Where are you going?"

To the last question we had a prayerful answer. To the top of the world—we hoped.

Headquarters in Katmandu had been the compound of the Hotel Royal, where we had spent a week sorting through our mountain ranges of prepacked food, clothing and equipment. And here, too, we had been joined by 32 of our Sherpas, those now almost legendary mountain dwellers of northeastern Nepal —slight of build, broad of smile, incredibly tough in limb and lung—who have become as essential a part of Himalayan mountaineering as the outlanders who hire them. Escorted by Col. Jimmy Roberts, they, plus our gear, had gone off on February 19 by truck to the village of Banepa, which marks the end of car-navigable road beyond the eastern end of the valley of Katmandu.

Now, suddenly, the cast of characters multiplied itself by some 20 times. There were ourselves. There were our high-climbing Sherpas. There was a great crowd of seer-offers, many of them from the American community in Nepal, all of them armed with cameras and good wishes. And, most essentially, there was our army of low-level porters—Sherpas and valley Nepalese; men, women and children—who would ferry our gear in to the base of Everest, and who, through the whole of the morning, filed past in unbroken procession, while their loads and identification tags were assigned to them.

The final figure was 909 porter-loads. Each load weighed 65 pounds-plus, for a total of more than 29 tons. And now at last, slowly but surely, all those tons began to move. In single file, bent under their loads and head straps, our weaponless army moved out of the field at Banepa onto the trail beyond, in a procession so long that it took hours to pass a given point. Among the porters, spaced at wide intervals, were the members of the expedition: turning, waving, taking a last long look at the 20th century; then facing to the east and trudging on. The adventure on which we had come was no longer dream but fact.

But my own physical participation in the expedition ended a day out of Banepa. During the preceding year I had begun to suffer from faulty blood circulation in the right leg, and for me, Katmandu was the virtual end of the trail. There was—as even I had to admit—no way, physical or rational, for me to get in even to the foot of Everest, and I was destined to perform my functions as expedition scribe from a strictly rear-echelon base.

The next phase of the expedition might be called *"Onward, Upward—and Downward."* Katmandu is at an elevation of 4,423 feet. Base camp, at the foot of Everest, was to be at almost 18,000. But the intervening 180-odd miles are by no means straight uphill. For the better part of a month progress was up and down, down and up, from valley to ridge, from ridge to valley, through the saw-edged world of the Himalayan foothills. The baggage train was a five-mile-long millepede. Or a roller-coaster in slow motion.

The daily distance covered ranged from six to 12 miles. Each day the start was made soon after daybreak; toward mid-morning there was a pause for rest and lunch; and during the afternoon the train straggled into the next night's campsite.

In the land of the Sherpas

In outline, one day was identical to the next. In detail, there were constant differences—and incidents. On the 10th day out a group of porters was crossing a mountain torrent on one of Nepal's innumerable—and ineffable—chain bridges, when one of the chain-links broke, plunging several of them either into the river or onto its bordering rocks; but luckily there were no serious injuries. Then, a bit later, came an encounter with a terribly burned woman who was carried into camp for examination by our doctors. The doctors agreed she had no chance of survival without hospitalization; a message was sent by expedition radio asking that a helicopter be sent out from Katmandu; and the woman was flown back to a hospital and eventual recovery. But that was only part of the story. The second part was that our radio could not reach Katmandu direct; its contact was with a ham operator in Australia, thousands of miles away, who relayed the message back to its proper goal. . . . A small world, perhaps—but with long lines of communication.

Still later came an even more sinister encounter: with smallpox. And again the expedition doctors went into action, doing what they could on the spot and sending back to Katmandu

for supplies of vaccine. Though these arrived in due course, it was not before the disease had spread to epidemic proportions. But by this time the expedition itself had climbed beyond the realm of infection into the sterile snows.

Before the snows, however, there were other changes. Gradually, as the long march continued, the Hindu world of the valleys sank away behind, and in its place appeared the Buddhist world of the highlands. By the end of the second week the expedition had reached Solo Khumbu, the homeland of the Sherpas. Throughout the trek, from the high places on the trail, the Great Himalaya had been visible—a gleaming white wave on the northern horizon. But now they were no longer ahead: they were *over*head; above the stone villages and steep yak pastures; close, looming, enormous.

Approached from the south, Everest itself remains shy—all but its very tip obscured by the great rampart of its neighboring peaks, Lhotse and Nuptse. But on these, too, eyes and thoughts were focussed; for though both, like Everest, had been previously climbed, no one had yet bagged the whole regal trio in the span of one expedition, and it was our hope that if all went well on Everest we might achieve this first and notable "grand slam." Also in the climbers' minds—though still invisible—was the huge and steep West Ridge of Everest, on which no man had yet set foot. The first route to be attempted would be the traditional one taken by the Swiss, British and Indians. But if the virginal West Ridge could also be won, it would be a mountaineering prize to be cherished.

It was not all up-and-at-it, to be sure, for no man can move up toward the Roof of the World without paying a price. Deputy Leader Will Siri wrote in his diary, "The vast array of joint disorders, gastro-intestinal disturbances and respiratory infections the team collectively has sponsored are unknown to medical science, and hence untreatable. The wheezing, coughing, blowing, sniffling and squatting are astonishing and chronic." Then, as a more cheerful addendum: "Despite the runny noses, sore throats and aching bowels, everyone is in the best of spirits. . . ." (It has been noted elsewhere that mountaineers are a peculiar and special breed.)

On March 15, the long millepede was crawling upward, leaving behind the inhabited world. For a few days it passed through summer yak pastures, dotted with occasional stone huts; but now all was still snow-covered and void of life. Then it came to the true mountain world, the snout of the Khumbu Glacier, and for more days wound its way through hummocked ice and the vast tumbled boulders of moraines. This was the inner heartland of the peaks, the frozen artery draining their snow-life to the distant lowlands. On all sides were mountains shouldering one another, breaking free, soaring skyward, their summits the highest on earth, had there not been still higher ones hidden behind them.

Came a turn in the glacier and ahead was the white wall of the Lho La, an almost 20,000-foot saddle to the west of Everest, marking the frontier between Nepal and Tibet—alias Communist China. Then another turn and the glacier leapt upward. This was the Khumbu Icefall, the doorway to Everest, and at its base, at a height of 17,800 feet, the expedition paused and made its Base Camp.

What had been an emptiness of rock and ice became a caravan-serai of tents and high-piled gear and moving, eating, sleeping, working men; and through it flowed the hum of an electrical generator; and above it rose the antenna of Al Auten's radio apparatus, through which contact would be maintained with the world below.

Then—eyes up. The high far goal was hidden behind intervening ridges and sub-summits; but there, only a few steps away, was the gate to the upper mountain—the vast tumbled labyrinth of the Icefall plunging almost half a vertical mile through a narrow gap between Everest and Nuptse. It had been climbed before, by each of the previous expeditions that had approached Everest from the south. But there was no established route through it; for in such steep ice, under colossal pressures, there is constant change from year to year, even month to month and day to day, as towers topple, crevasses open, and the whole mass groans and shifts and trembles in its billion-tonned innards. We latest comers would have to find our own way up this first stage of the ascent.

Man proposes. . . .

On March 22, with high hearts and a full head of steam, an advance guard of three climbers and three Sherpas entered the Icefall and in a tough but rewarding day's work forced a passage some two-thirds of the way to the top before returning to Base for the night. They hacked steps, affixed ropes, marked the route with willow wands. But much "manicuring" still needed to be done before heavily laden men could go up safely, and the next day, March 23, a second advance team went up to do the job. This consisted of climbers Jake Breitenbach, Dick Pownall and Dr. Gil Roberts, and the Sherpas Ang Pema and Ila Tsering; and working as they went, they followed the steep trail upward through the jungle of towers and chasms.

At about 2 p.m. they found themselves at a steep wall of ice, some 30 feet high, to which the first party had attached a rope. And they, too, as they moved were roped together, with Pownall, Ang Pema and Breitenbach on one line and Roberts and Ila Tsering on another. Following the fixed rope, Pownall began the ascent, with Ang Pema following, and Breitenbach, the third man in their team of three, waiting his turn in a narrow gully beneath the wall. Roberts and Ila Tsering were off to the side, some 40 feet away. Then—

"I climbed an ice rib," Dick Pownall reported, "which parallels the ice cliff and is separated from it by some eight feet. I called down to Jake to ask Gil—who was in a better position to see—if there was a way around this spot; it looked spooky. There was no other way, so we proceeded, and I asked Jake to untie the end of the fixed line so I could use some slack and ice-screws to secure it better to the cliff. Just then there was a noise, and everything under, around and above started moving. Since we had been climbing over similar terrain all day without the slightest movement, my first impression was shocked disbelief. My next was movement and the thought 'so this is death.' "

And it was death—though not for Dick Pownall.

Off to the side, Gil Roberts, too, heard the "noise": first a deep, ominous rumbling; then a shattering roar, as a section of the ice wall "about the size of two railroad cars one on top of the other" came tumbling down. In the next instant he was caught by the impact and flipped over backward, sliding some 30 or 40 feet. But he was not hurt, nor was his ropemate Ila Tsering, and after a loud shout for help in the direction of base camp they pushed up toward where the other three had vanished in the toppled chaos of ice.

The first they found was Pownall, all but buried under the debris. Luckily his head had not been hit; but his chest was pinned by an ice block that at Roberts' estimate weighed almost half a ton, and it took 10 minutes of hacking with ice axes to free him. Thus far there was no sign of Jake Breitenbach or Ang Pema. But now Roberts heard a low moaning from beneath the ice, and digging in the nearby rubble, he and Ila Tsering presently found the missing Sherpa. He was buried deeper than Pownall, legs up, head downward, with his rucksack jammed against the back of his neck; but after another 15 minutes of chopping he, too, was freed.

Death of a mountaineer

That, however, was the end of the rescuing. For from Ang Pema the rope led straight down into what had once been the narrow gully beneath the ice cliff and was now the very base of the huge mass of toppled ice. There was no answer to calls, no movement when the rope was pulled. Nor could any have been expected. Jake Breitenbach was some 20 to 30 feet down under tons of white rubble, and the one consolation to the others—if consolation it can be called—was the obvious fact that death for him had been instantaneous.

With two injured and all stunned by the calamity, the four survivors moved slowly down the Icefall. Meanwhile a large party at Base Camp, having heard Roberts' shouts, had started up; presently the two groups met; and from the meeting point some went down, helping Pownall and Ang Pema, while others went on to the scene of the accident. They could do no more, however, than those who had been there when it happened. Jake Breitenbach was gone and lost in the white wilder-

ness, and it would have taken a bulldozer to uncover his grave.

During the next two days there was no movement of men in the Khumbu Icefall. With its challengers barely at its doorstep, the mountain had struck—a life was gone—and at its foot, in the glacier Base Camp, the expedition lay inert, deep in shock, struggling to find its own way back to life and purpose. Dick Pownall and Ang Pema, though badly bruised, were, it developed, not seriously hurt. Far worse was Pownall's depression as over and over he asked himself, inevitably, unanswerably, "Why was it Jake, not I?" Slowly, however, he got hold of himself. The team got hold of itself. "Jake was a rare one," Willi Unsoeld wrote to his wife.

"Lute Jerstad and I cried like babies . . . because we loved him . . . but as deaths go, this was a clean-cut kindly one." And Barry Corbet, who of all the team had been closest to Breitenbach, wrote: ". . . The one thing that remained to determine whether I ever climbed again was my ability to push a route over Jake's body on into the Icefall."

Launching the first assault

Even before Jake's death Norman Dyhrenfurth had been determined not to establish a camp in the treacherous Icefall, and now he was more so than ever. But as the ascent was resumed it was found that heavily laden men could not always make it from base to top of Icefall in one day, and a so-called dump was therefore established about half way up, at which loads were deposited and small parties occasionally spent a night. This, however, was not until after an advance party had surmounted the whole of the Icefall and the chain of communications was being forged behind them.

The breakthrough was accomplished on March 27 by a four-man team consisting of Willi Unsoeld, Jim Whittaker, Lute Jerstad and the Sherpa Nawang Gombu—the latter a nephew of Tenzing Norgay, of earlier Everest fame, and, like his illustrious uncle, a strong and dedicated climber. The crux of the venture came at the very end, just before the Icefall levels off into an upper glacier. Here the climbers found themselves confronted by a vertical cliff of ice about 70 feet tall, or more than twice the height of the wall that had toppled a few days earlier. But there was no way around it, and they tackled it head on, hacking and clawing a way up with ax and crampon (i.e., steel boot-spikes), protecting themselves with rope affixed to screws that they twisted deep into the ice.

The procedure took three hours, with Jim leading for the first hour, Willi for the next two—a tremendous performance at more than 20,000 feet, without oxygen. But at last they were up and over. They were out of the Icefall. Ahead lay the next stage in the long Everest journey: the upper section of the Khumbu Glacier, known as the Western Cwm.

Cwm is a Welsh word (pronounced like the Latin *cum*) meaning a high enclosed mountain valley, and it was given to this feature of Everest by the British. The Swiss had a better name for it—the Valley of Silence; for here was a high, still, hermetic world, sealed off by the walls of Everest, Lhotse and Nuptse; and the occasional roaring of wind or plunging avalanche left, when it had passed, only a deeper and more total stillness.

Compared to the Icefall, the Cwm is not steep. But it is long, it is seamed with wide and sometimes hidden crevasses, and the zigzag progress up its snow and ice was a slow deadly slog. Camp I was established near its lower end at a height of 20,000 feet, and Camp II, also known as Advance Base, halfway along the Cwm at some 21,350—higher by 1,000 feet than the highest peak in North America.

By the first week in April, Advance Base was a going concern —a mess tent, a cook tent, a sprawl of sleeping tents, with tons of impedimenta piled everywhere around and between them. And again eyes looked upward. By now the expedition's battle plan had undergone some changes, with attempts on Lhotse and Nuptse deferred to an indefinite future in favor of a two-pronged assault on Everest itself. One of these would be by the known route: up to the top of the Cwm, across the North Face of Lhotse, to the South Col (*col* is another Welsh word meaning a pass or the low point of a ridge), a 26,200-foot saddle between Everest and Lhotse—and on from there. The other would be by the untouched, unknown West Ridge, which, to some of the team beckoned as the greatest challenge left in the whole world of mountaineering.

So, with Advance Base as bifurcation point, the two teams set off to challenge the upper reaches of the mountain. The South Collars, as they came to be called, pushed up to the head of the Cwm, established Camp III there at 22,900 feet, and Camp IV on an icy shelf of the Lhotse Face some 2,000 feet higher. Spearheading this push were Lute Jerstad, Dick Pownall and Jim Whittaker; and with them, not as porter but as fellow-climber, went the Sherpa Nawang Gombu, of Darjeeling, India, the nephew of Tenzing, Hillary's partner in the first conquest of Everest, who, no less than his uncle before him, yearned for Everest's top. It was on April 3 that they first set out from Advance Base. And on April 16, after two weeks of route-finding, step-cutting, rope-fixing, and endless ups-and-downs between camps, Jerstad and Pownall, with two Sherpa carriers, came up over a rocky cliff called the Geneva Spur and stood on the wind-swept 26,200-foot plateau of the South Col.

On the other front, the West Ridgers had first to reach their ridge, which, at the point where Advance Base was set up, slanted savagely skyward some 3,000 feet overhead. Using slants and traverses of their own, they worked their way up steep snow and ice, established their first camp (3W) below the ridge, and thence climbed up to its crest. Here, on the high frontier of Nepal and Red China, their reward was a view no man had ever before seen: on one side the deep white gash of the Cwm, from which they had come; on the other the vast North Face of Everest and, beyond it, sweeping into the miles, the brown plateau of Tibet. Pushing on, three of the climbers —Willi Unsoeld, Tom Hornbein and Barry Bishop—went still higher. Now following the ridge, now traversing out onto the North Face, they reached a height of 25,100 feet, where they found a campsite at the very base of the rocks that form Everest's summit pyramid.

Meanwhile, back at the ranch (i.e., Advance Base), the laden porters were still moving up from below and then on again to the higher camps—now mostly, according to plan, along the Lhotse Face—South Col route.

In terms of over-all timing there was nothing to worry about. There were ample food and supplies. The team was far ahead of where previous Everest expeditions had been at the same time of year, and as of mid-April six weeks still remained before the probable coming of the summer monsoon, that would turn the mountain into a melting, crumbling deathtrap and put an end to all climbing. But waiting, anywhere, is a strain. At 21,350 feet, it can become almost intolerable. Some of the men had already had trouble acclimatizing to the heights, suffering from sore throats, nausea, sleeplessness and general weakness. But now even those who had thus far gone well began to feel the effects, both physical and mental, of high-altitude deterioration. Several had lost between 25 and 40 pounds. Appetites were gone. Nerves were frayed. Night after night, and during storm after storm, the temperature would drop well below zero, and there was nothing to do but huddle in tent and sleeping bag. Then the sun would come out; the ice-and-snow world blazed with blinding light; and in the dead warm windless calm the camp was wrapped in lassitude and apathy.

These were the expedition's dog days. Or, more accurately, gorak days, for roundabout Advance Base for the whole time of its existence dwelt a colony of birds known to the Sherpas as goraks. They were big, black, disheveled and ugly. They flew so badly they had to take off downhill. They squawked sepulchrally. Where they slept, or what they ate when no expedition was there, no one ever discovered; but their saw-edged beaks were tough enough to cut through heavy cardboard food boxes, and they would obviously have been glad to share the climbers' tents if they had been allowed to. Some hated them and threw things at them ("—black unholy monsters"). Others, pro-gorak, gave warning to the throwers: "Remember the Ancient Mariner."

During this period the West Ridgers were rather more active than the Col team. But they, too, had their frustrations; for while the former were waiting for the Sherpas to complete their carries, the latter had virtually no Sherpas to carry anything. With such a contingency in view, the expedition had brought along a light but powerful motor-driven winch capable of lifting a load of 500 pounds. And, with it, Barry Corbet and Al

Auten now tried to set up a mountain ropeway on the steep but smooth-textured ice-and-snow slopes below the ridge.

From Corbet's logbook—

"*1st day:* Dig winch site, run cable 600 feet down, attach loaded sled. Slowly, about eight feet per minute, sled jerks its way up—then dies. After interminable wait, Al calls down that starter is broken. . . . *2nd day:* Fought to compress huge coil spring which controls starter rewind. Would have four hands on it, pushing and poking to make it lie flat, and out it would come like a jack-in-the-box. All this in below-zero temperature, high wind and snow. . . . *3rd day:* Put engine back together, and a completely different part of starter mechanism broke. . . . *4th day:* . . . Terrific wind and cold. Snow blew into delicate fuel mixture of alcohol, castor oil, nitro-methynal, and eventually ice; clogged all moving parts and enraged operator. Winch didn't work. . . . *5th day:* Still cold. Winch wouldn't start. Goddam."

Whereupon they came down to Advance Base—and the goraks.

By the last week in April things had reached a critical point. The deterioration of the climbers, both in body and spirit, was such that they would obviously have to move from Advance Base within a few days—if not up, then down. April 25 had been set as *go* day, but when it came the weather was still bad and the requisite loads were not yet up at the Col. April 26: situation the same. If it had not changed by the next day, Dyhrenfurth decided, the whole expedition would go down.

But it did change. The morning of the 27th was clear. High on the Lhotse Face the Sherpa carrying teams were moving again, meaning that Camp V, on the South Col, would soon be stocked. . . . The word was *up*. . . . And in an instant the depression and lethargy of the past two weeks were swept away in a tide of energy and joy. The first summit assault team left Advance Base that day for Camp III. The second team would leave the next day and follow the first, at a day's interval, from camp to camp. . . . The try for the top was on at last.

The first team consisted of Jim Whittaker, Nawang Gombu, Norman Dyhrenfurth, and Norman's companion of four previous Himalayan expeditions, the Sherpa Ang Dawa IV. On the second assault team were Lute Jerstad, Dick Pownall, Barry Bishop (switched over from the West Ridge, in the cause of still photography), and Barry's Sherpa, Girmi Dorje.

Up they all went now, a day apart: from Advance Base to Camp III, from III to IV, from IV to V, on the Col. With the first team went 13 additional Sherpa porters, with the second team four porters, carrying the remainder of what was needed for the high camps; and with so large a caravan in support, the summit climbers themselves carried somewhat lighter loads than usual. Throughout the three days from Cwm to Col, Jim Whittaker led the way for the first group. From Camp III on, both assault teams used a light flow of oxygen for sleeping at night and a heavier flow for daytime climbing; and above IV the Sherpas who were to carry beyond the Col also made use of mask and tank. From now on oxygen was to be, literally, the breath of life, and upon it would depend much that was, and was not, accomplished.

Up and across the Lhotse Face the weather held moderately good. But as, on April 29, the first team came up onto the South Col, it took a turn for the worse, and they were lashed by the wild, bitter winds for which the Col is notorious. This high rocky platform beneath Everest's summit pyramid has been called "the most desolate place on earth." It has also been called "the world's highest junkyard," and roundabout lay the abandoned debris of the British, Swiss and Indian expeditions—oxygen bottles, food cans, scraps of clothing, and skeletal tent poles swaying and creaking in the gale. To this ghost-world was now added a new and living one: three four-man tents huddled together among boulders and ice. With camp established, some of the Sherpas went down, leaving eight with the summit team, for a total of 12 occupants of earth's highest habitation. Within the tents, as darkness came, there was the hiss of pressure cookers; then a softer hiss from masks and tubes as men lay in sleeping bags breathing oxygen. But these were drowned and lost in the roaring of the winds of space.

In the morning there was still the roaring. The tents flapped and trembled. But the decision was *up*, and presently 12 masked and muffled figures—Dyhrenfurth, Whittaker, Gombu, Ang Dawa, and eight Sherpa carriers—were moving across the bleak wilderness of the Col. Behind them, the three savage crags that form the top of Lhotse were clamped like gray-white fangs into the morning sky. Ahead, the last 3,000 feet of Everest rose before them "like a mountain on top of a mountain."

The way led up long glacial slopes, then across a rocky couloir, or gully, then onto steeper slopes beyond, following the general line of Everest's southeastern summit ridge. The going was not technically difficult, but it was dangerous; for the footing was a mixture of loose snow and rotten rock in which crampons and ax could find no secure purchase. Each man was carrying a 55-pound load and breathing oxygen at a rate of four litres a minute; and the minutes passed, and then the hours, as they climbed higher and higher.

Big Jim, Gombu and the eight supporting Sherpas were out ahead, with Norman and Ang Dawa (who were busy with photography) following after. "During the first stage of the climb," the expedition leader commented, "I was feeling good. This day, for the first time since leaving Advance Base, I was sure that I could get to the Southeast Ridge and on up to the highest camp. There was no certainty in my mind that I could go higher. But in the past I had always had doubts if I could even reach the South Col—and here I was above it, at the ripe old age of almost 45."

As they climbed still higher, however, that "ripe old age" began to make itself felt. Near the top of the couloir there was a traverse across steep ice and snow that required careful belaying with rope and ax; and beyond that, on the outcrop beneath the ridge, there was the same sort of treacherous footing, on rotten rock and plastered snow, as they had encountered the day before on the Yellow Band. Feet slipped and tripped. "By the time we reached the ridge," Norman said, "I was pretty well done in." He and Ang Dawa rested—went on again—rested—went on again. "Up ahead, we could see that Jim, Gombu and the Sherpas had stopped and were preparing a camp. It seemed fairly close. But it took us hours to get there."

The others had come up more quickly and easily—if "easily" is a word that can ever be used for movement on Everest's heights. At any rate, they moved steadily. The wind was strong, but not overpowering. The cold was bitter, but not unendurable. Reaching the ridge, they had followed it upward, now on its crest, now to its left a bit below it, slogging on through a mixed footing of rock and snow. By early afternoon they were a thousand feet above the South Col—at 27,200, then higher—but, as through the whole of the ascent from Base Camp, the top of Everest was still hidden from view. Above, the ridge culminated, or seemed to, in a white point in the sky. But this was not the true summit. It was the South Summit, 28,750 feet high. The ultimate peak would not be visible until on the next day, God willing, someone came up over the sub-peak and went on from there.

An impossible try for the top

Even this close to earth's last outpost there were human relics. Out of the waste of rock and snow emerged the remnants of the highest Indian camp, the highest Swiss camp, tiny clusters of rusted tent poles, torn fabric, empty and abandoned oxygen bottles. The top British camp (their Camp IX), from which Hillary and Tenzing had gone on to their victory, had been even higher than these—at almost 27,900 feet upon the Southeast Ridge—and it had been Norman's hope to place his own final tents at roughly the same altitude. But it was not to be. A short distance beyond the Swiss camp, at about 27,450 feet, the Sherpas decided that they were now higher than any previous camp, and accordingly set down their loads. Gombu, at that time, was also under the impression that they had somehow passed the British Camp IX without seeing it; and Jim Whittaker had no reason to question their opinion. Only Norman was aware, from his close study of the 1953 ascent, that this site was still a good deal farther up the ridge. But since he was still struggling uphill a few hundred feet below the advance party, it was the Sherpas, not he, who had the last word on Camp VI.

There was no such thing as a level place on the ridge, and it took the 10 men two hours to carve out a platform and pitch two two-man tents side by side. Everyone worked without

oxygen. The cylinders were stacked nearby in the snow, and when the tents were up and it was time for the Sherpas to go down, Jim expected them to leave not only the full ones they had brought up but also the now partly filled ones from which they had breathed on the ascent. Indeed, this was a fundamental part of the expedition's logistics: that the Sherpas would descend from VI without oxygen, leaving the whole supply for the first and second assault teams. But when the time came the Sherpas were having none of that. Even at 27,450 feet, they had plenty of breath left for argument. On the Swiss expedition of 1956, they pointed out, the porters had gone down from the highest camp using oxygen—and if this was all right with the Swiss, why not with the Americans? Jim and Gombu did their futile best to persuade them. But it was a lost cause. The Sherpas were not to be moved. Up they had come on oxygen, down they would go on it, and that was that.

The Sherpas took off down the ridge, and after a while came to Norman and Ang Dawa, who were still plodding upward. "I was horrified," said Norman, "when I saw that they were still wearing masks and carrying bottles." But he, too, was unable to persuade them to give them up.

As Norman trudged on, it was not exactly one of the happiest moments he had experienced on the mountain. He was tired almost to exhaustion. Precious cylinders of oxygen were on their way down, instead of up, the ridge. And as he approached the camp he realized it was lower by some hundreds of feet than he had hoped and planned it would be. On his arrival, however, he did not make an issue of this. With the Sherpas gone, nothing could be done about it; and besides, he had strength for little more than to crawl into one of the tents and lie sucking the breath of life from his oxygen rig.

At VI now, the daylight waned. The wind grew stronger, the cold deeper. Again there was the long procedure of melting snow, tending a cooker, preparing food and drink, more laborious than ever now that the Sherpas were gone and at an altitude at which even the slightest effort caused a gasping of breath. As always, in the men's dehydrated condition, it was liquids, not solids, that were most wanted and needed. Then they settled in for the night—Norman sharing a tent with Ang Dawa and Jim with Gombu, for the two big sahibs together could scarcely have fitted into one of the tiny shelters.

May 1 . . . .

In the morning, Everest's first conqueror, Sir Edmund Hillary, who was on an expedition of his own in the valleys below, looked up at the mountain from his camp. Never, he said, had he seen its snow plume boiling more wildly, nor more impossible conditions for a try for the top. . . . At Advance Base in the Western Cwm, Dan Doody wrote in his diary, "Expect all above are staying put for the day."

Both Sir Edmund and Dan, however, were later to have a surprise.

At first light Jim Whittaker and Gombu were astir in their tent. From within they could feel the cold and hear the roar of the gale, but when they peered out they saw that the sky, above the driven veils of surface snow, was clear and almost cloudless. "It was not the weather we had hoped for," said Jim, "but we had climbed in worse, and we decided to go on up and make our try." Even in their sleeping bags they had been wearing much of their clothing, but now they put on everything else they had that could be fitted over their frames and still allow them to move. When Jim left the tent he had on his feet three pairs of woolen socks and stockings, heavy climbing boots and, over these, lighter overboots that came almost to his knees. Covering his body he had, in successive layers, thermal cotton-wool underwear, down underwear, a turtleneck T shirt, a wool shirt, wool climbing pants, a pair of down-filled pants, a down jacket, a waterproofed parka and a down parka. For his hands he had cotton gloves, wool mittens and leather-and-canvas shells—which he later changed for down mittens. Protecting his head was the light helmet of his oxygen rig, a wool pull-over toque, the hood of the waterproofed parka and the fur-trimmed hood of the down parka. Over his face went big skiing goggles and his oxygen mask. Onto his back went a pack containing two full oxygen bottles, rope, other climbing gear, a camera, a canteen, a bit of food and some extra clothing, to a total of about 45 pounds. Outside, with already cold fingers, he laced his crampons on over his boots. He tied on his end of a climbing rope. He hefted his ice ax. And he was ready. Gombu, similarly clothed and accoutered, was ready. It was 6:15. The sun was up. The wind howled.

Norman and Ang Dawa were still in their tent, not yet ready to leave; and it was decided that Jim and Gombu would go ahead on their own. Following after, Norman, with Ang Dawa's help, would try to film them through telescopic lenses higher up on the peak.

The two lead men started off, and in the beginning, as Jim reported it, "moved fairly rapidly up from camp, heading along the ridge toward the point where it steepens into the rise to the South Summit." The wind buffeted them. Worse, it half blinded them, carrying snow that coated their goggles and sifted in at the sides onto their eyelids and lashes. Even when they removed the goggles to wipe them—and this was dangerous, because of possible resultant snow-blindness—they could see little beyond the white slant of the ridge.

Too late to turn back

The snow on the ridge was deep. Taking turns in the lead, Jim and Gombu had to kick steps all the way. But at least the snow was of a consistency that they *could* kick; only at rare intervals did it become so hard that they had to cut steps with their axes. As they went, they kept looking for the remains of the highest British camp—the famous Hillary-Tenzing camp of 1953. (It had been close beside the ridge and, if still there, would be visible even through the pall of snow.) But they found no sign of it. Unlike the Swiss and Indian camps lower down, it had apparently blown away, to its last remnants. They climbed on. A few steps. A pause for rest. Another few steps. At about 8 o'clock they reached the point where the ridge steepens toward the South Summit.

Here they decided that, to lighten their loads, they would each dump one of their two cylinders of oxygen. They discarded the partly used ones, leaving them in a conspicuous place where they could find and retrieve them on the descent, then attached their regulators to the full cylinders and moved on again. As through most of the climb, there was rock on their left and snow on their right, both falling off into abysses below. And at the bottom of the right-hand abyss, some two miles down, lay the Kangshung Glacier, in Tibet. "A very delicate margin had to be maintained here," said Jim. "If we got too far out on the snow it would almost surely avalanche, carrying us down with it, while the rock on the other side made for hard going with our crampons. So we stayed between the two, working back and forth, zigzagging, taking to the rock when it was necessary and hitting the edge of the snow when the rock became too steep."

Progress was now much slower than before. There were pauses not only for rest but for protective belaying over the steeper pitches. During this stage Big Jim stayed in the lead, using a three-litre flow of oxygen, carefully testing each step, each stance, before he used it.

Below, Norman and Ang Dawa had left Camp VI at about 7:15, and now they, too, were inching upward, bent almost double in the tide of wind and snow. With Norman's photographic gear—movie camera, two still cameras, tripod and film—added to oxygen bottles and other items, their loads were heavier than Jim and Gombu's: more than 50 pounds apiece. And with such a burden, and in such weather, Norman had no illusion about making the top of Everest. His best hope was to reach the South Summit, at 28,750 feet, and from there to film the others on the summit ridge beyond. Even this, however, would depend on an easing of the wind and driven snow; and as the minutes, and the hours, dragged by, there was no indication of this happening. "My rucksack," he said, "grew heavier and heavier, and I was taking three or four breaths for every step. I counted my steps, and after every 20 I rested. Then after every 10. . . ."

Came a tug on the rope, and turning, he had to clean out his snow-filled goggles before he could see Ang Dawa gesturing. The Sherpa's first oxygen bottle was used up, and Norman, descending to him, hooked up his breathing hole to the second bottle. Then they went on again. They came, after a while, to a small snow shoulder where the ridge leveled off before beginning its steep climb to the South Summit. And here Nor-

man's first oxygen bottle gave out. Taking it from his pack, he threw it off the right—the snowy—side of the ridge and watched it vanish into the mist on its two-mile journey toward the Kangshung Glacier: a gift for the honorable Comrades of Peking and Lhasa. He hooked into his second bottle. Then he turned to his companion and said, "Ang Dawa, this is it."

The little Sherpa wanted to go on. "But I explained to him," said Norman "that this was the point of no return. If we went on, we would run out of oxygen about halfway between the South Summit and the Main Summit, and that would be that: we would never get down alive. Also, we couldn't reach the Main Summit, so we wouldn't even be dead heroes on the top of Everest."

Ang Dawa, a bare 5 feet tall, but with every inch indomitable, was not yet quite convinced. He pointed. "Up go, Sah'b?" he asked.

Norman shook his head. "No, Ang Dawa," he said. "Down go."

And slowly, gropingly, down they went.

That was at 11:30 in the morning. At almost exactly the same moment Jim Whittaker and Nawang Gombu came up the steep slant of the ridge and stood on Everest's South Summit.

They had been later reaching the South Summit than they had hoped to be, and they had used up a fair part of their second bottles of oxygen. It was still deathly cold. The wind still roared. But visibility was better than it had been lower down, with only a concentrated snow cloud blowing away to the east. In any case, there was little debating of pros and cons. The two men were committed.

At the top and out of oxygen

From the South Summit the ridge broke downward almost vertically for about 30 feet, and they descended cautiously. Then, from a small snow saddle, it rose again, and they followed it up. As before, they hewed close to a line where rock on the left met snow on the right; but this time they were even more careful not to venture far onto the snow, for they knew that here, on Everest's final heights, it projected from the mountain wall in great cornices that could crumble without warning beneath their feet. Jim led a pitch, belayed, and Gombu followed. Jim led another pitch, belayed, and Gombu followed.

As now they approached the goal, they came to "Hillary's Chimney," a near-vertical wall angling up between rock and snow cornice on which he and Tenzing had had their final great struggle. But apparently the years had wrought changes in its structure, for now, mercifully, it presented no great obstacle. Jim first worked his way up the snow, taking great care not to move too far out on the cornice; then he cut back to the rock, clambered to a small platform above; and Gombu, without difficulty, came after. Beyond the platform, the slope eased off. There was still the rock on the left, the snow on the right, and still they followed the line between them. But there was no steepness now; only humps and hummocks, each just a little higher than the one before it; and there were 10 of them, 15, 20—rising, rising. Some were of rock, some of snow, some a mixture of both. Then there was no more mixture, no more rock, but only snow; only a rounded white dome curving slightly above them. Jim, in the lead, stopped and waited for Gombu to come up to him. "You first," he said. "No, you," said Gombu. Then, the dome being wide enough, they walked side by side to its top. Beyond, everything fell away. And there they were.

Jim speaking: "I slapped Gombu on the back. We hugged each other. I dug my ice ax in and slung my pack over it. It was very windy, very cold, and my fingers and toes were numb." (At that time—exactly 1 p.m.—a thermometer on the South Col registered 20° below zero, and a fair estimate is that it was 30-below on the summit.)

Then:

May Day used to be the day of Maypoles. Then the Comrades took it over. Now, happily, it was back to Maypoles again: specifically the four-foot aluminum stake with American flag attached that Big Jim had carried up from Advance Base, and that now he detached from his pack frame and planted on Everest's crest. The wind tore at stake and flag, but they held. And soon Jim's camera was out and he was taking pictures of them. He and Gombu were taking pictures of each other holding other smaller flags—of the United States, of Nepal, of the National Geographic Society, of Gombu's Himalayan Institute of Mountaineering, in Darjeeling—and of Gombu holding a *kata,* the traditional "friendship scarf" of the Buddhist faith, that had been given him by his uncle, Tenzing, to take to precisely where he had it now. Then came a long wheeling view of the world roundabout: of the summits of Makalu, Lhotse, Nuptse and the host of other giants, now all far below; of rock and ice walls plunging to glaciers, of glaciers plunging to valleys; of the brown distances to the north that were the Tibetan plateau and the dim miles to the south that were the plains of India. Ironically for Norman, now far below, panoramic moving picture photography would have been possible from the summit, for, though the wind still raged, the mountaintop pierced above the snow veils of the slopes beneath it. To north, south and west all was clear and brilliant. Only to the east was Jim and Gombu's view obscured—by Everest's own great snow plume boiling away in the west wind from beneath their feet.

There remained one more thing: that hypothetical bust of Mao Tse Tung that the Chinese Everest Expedition may or may not have left on the summit in 1960. There was no sign of it—nor, barring a miracle, could there have been. For if the Chinese (assuming they got there) had placed it on the surface of the snow dome, it would long since have been buried or blown away; and if they had buried it themselves, buried it would remain forever. Conceivably, it could have been cached among the highest rocks on the northeastern side of the peak, which would have been the Chinese route of ascent. But Jim and Gombu had better uses for their remaining strength than to go down and look. In those altitudinous moments they were not worrying about Mao. They were worrying about the wind and the cold, about numb hands and feet, and, most of all, about the fact that right there on earth's pinnacle *they had run out of oxygen.*

In leaving their two partly used cylinders below the South Summit, they had estimated that they could get to the Main Summit and back—descending on a reduced flow—on one full bottle apiece. But their judgment had been faulty. They were out *now,* on top. After 20 minutes there, very slowly, very warily, they began their oxygenless descent.

Only a short way down came the first of three crises. As on the ascent, they were following the ridgeline where rock (now on their right) met snow (now on their left); but at one point, with Gombu ahead and Jim second on the rope, they veered a bit farther than usual onto the snow, and in the next horrifying instant a whole section of the cornice between them dissolved and fell away. The first stop in its fall would be the Kangshung Glacier, more than two miles straight down. And Jim reported, "We hopped fast to the right."

The second crisis, of a rather different genre, occurred at the small snow saddle before the ridge's rise to the South Summit, when Jim, to his consternation, felt—and heeded—what was undoubtedly the highest call of nature in mountaineering history. And the third came a few minutes later on the 30-foot ascent to the South Summit. Until this point the going had been all down, and though without oxygen and in a still-howling wind, they had moved along fairly well. But now, even for 30 feet, the uphill climb was killing, and besides, Jim was already gasping from his just-completed struggle with his pack and layers of clothing. On this pitch Gombu was still going first, and presently reached the top of the rise. Jim was coming after, when suddenly he lost his footing, his pack pulled him over backward, and he found himself sprawled upside down with the rope biting into his midriff. He shouted, but in the gale Gombu could not hear him. Then, with a mighty effort with ax and crampons, he righted himself and battled on to the South Summit at a rate of about 20 breaths per step.

This, he said later, was the worst point in the climb. He and Gombu had now been two hours at around 29,000 feet without oxygen, and their hypoxic condition was obviously getting serious. For the first time in that day's great doings, Jim began to doubt that they would get down alive.

Get down they did; but not until after a continuing ordeal

on the steep section of ridge beneath the South Summit. "Here," said Jim, "we crept very *very* slowly, belaying each other, moving one at a time, moving perhaps half our rope's length and then stopping to fight for breath; doing nothing but breathing for three or four minutes, then creeping on together until we were in position for the next belay, after which it was one at a time again. . . ." After an eternity or two, however, they were past the worst of the steepness. They were at the almost level platform on the ridge where, on the ascent, they had left their two other oxygen bottles, and now came the best of all the rests, as they hooked them up to their masks and sucked in the breath of life at its fullest flow. Then, still on oxygen, down they went again—down, down, down—their crampons catching on the rocks, their heels kicking endlessly into the snow, making new steps to replace the old ones that the storm had obliterated. The worst was over, however. In the late afternoon Camp VI at last became visible; it moved slowly nearer; and at 5:45, staggering with weariness, they reached the tents where Norman and Ang Dawa were awaiting them with hot food and drink. All they had the strength for was to make a soundless sign of victory. "All I could do," said Norman, "was croak my congratulations."

Later, however, he had something to add. It was "miraculous," he said, that Jim and Gombu had made the top on that day of wild wind and bitter cold. Indeed, it was "superhuman." . . . For his part, thinking it over later, Big Jim Whittaker took a rather different point of view. How did he feel on top? he was asked. "Not expansive," he said. "Not sublime. I felt like a frail human being."

Frail or mighty, human or superhuman, the big man from the West and the small man from the East had come down from their Maypole with a shining victory.

As of that evening of May 1st, however, they had not come down very far. In continuing wind and cold, and with their oxygen running out, the four "top men" spent a second night at Camp VI's 27,450 feet, and in the morning began the descent to the South Col. Now none of them had oxygen. But Jim and Gombu had recovered some of their strength and made good headway. About noon, 1½ hours after Jim and Gombu, Norman and Ang Dawa neared the Col, and the second summit team, which was in position there, came up to meet them. It was none too soon. "Norman was delirious when I got to him," said Lute Jerstad. "He kept calling me Dave. He collapsed in my arms, 'at the end of my rope.' Barry Bishop called to Dick Pownall to bring oxygen, and we gave him a mask right there and took his pack. Ang Dawa, too, was exhausted. We got them into a tent and on oxygen."

If May 1st was the Day of Triumph, May 2nd was the Day of Disappointment—at least for this second team of Bishop, Jerstad, Pownall and Girmi Dorje. The weather was still bad, but rather less bad than before, and they were prepared to go on to Camp VI and, on the next day, to make their own bid for the summit. . . . Prepared, that is, except for the one item that of all items in the world was the most essential. And that was oxygen. . . . According to the logistic planning there should have been enough oxygen at the two highest camps to take both teams up and down. But on arrival at the Col the second group had found only four full bottles and more than two dozen empties, and now the first group, descending, reported that there was virtually none left at Camp VI. Later there were conflicting opinions as to where the blame lay. But as of then and there what mattered was the bald and galling fact: there was not sufficient oxygen on hand for a second summit assault.

So, turning their backs on the goal toward which they had struggled so hard, the second team took on the essential task of escorting the first team down to lower and safer altitudes.

To Advance Base. Down the Icefall. To Base Camp. Here spring had come at last to the Himalayas; from the troughs of the glacier came the sound of running water; and the high climbers, now at a mere 17,800 feet, felt as if they were at a seaside resort. Victory had been won, and it was sweet, and the sun was shining. But 11,000 feet up, it was also shining on Everest's summit ridge—and for some that was not so sweet; for, happy though they were over the Whittaker-Gombu triumph, they could not but realize that they might have been up there this very day, if . . . if . . . if. . . .

For most expeditions that would have been the end. But not for this one. It was rich in manpower, in materiel, above all in time—for this was only the first week of May and almost a full month remained of at least potentially good climbing weather. The West Ridge team had not yet had its chance. Some who had gone so high on the Col route, only to have the prize snatched away, were burning for another try. And, further, the master plan of the expedition as conceived and organized by Dyhrenfurth, had all along been geared to the ambition of putting more than two men on top of Everest.

With the West Ridge beckoning as a supreme challenge, the project of an attempt of Nuptse had long since been abandoned. And now Lhotse, too, was jettisoned; for, big as the expedition was, it had by this time been in the field for more than 2½ months and could not afford to scatter its fire in all directions. From this point on, it was decided, the long-undermanned West Ridge team would have top priority on materiel and porterage. But a second assault by way of the Col route would also be mounted; and the ideal climax—indeed so ideal as to seem more a dream than a possibility—would be for the two teams to meet on Everest's summit and for the West Ridgers then to traverse the summit and descend with the others via the Col and the Lhotse Face. No such traverse had ever been made on any major Himalayan peak, let alone Everest.

The siege was resumed. For those who had already gone to the top, and some who had come close to it, the campaign—at least in terms of high climbing—was over. Jim Whittaker and Gombu, Norman Dyhrenfurth and Ang Dawa and Dick Pownall would henceforward remain at Base. The West Ridge team would consist, as it had for some time now, of Willi Unsoeld, Tom Hornbein, Barry Corbet, Dick Emerson and Al Auten. The Col team would have Barry Bishop and Lute Jerstad as its summit pair, with Dave Dingman and the Sherpa Girmi Dorje as support and Jimmy Roberts as what might be called support-of-support at Advance Base.

Even with their *nouveau riche* status, however, the Ridge team had the longer pull ahead of them, and they therefore headed back up the mountain before the Collars—again toiling up the steep slopes that rose from Cwm to Ridge, operating their winch-cum-ropeway (which now at last consented to function), reoccupying Camp 3W, and from there moving on to their previous high point and establishing 4W at 25,100 feet. Everest climbed did not mean Everest conquered, and the mountain resisted its second wave of challengers no less fiercely than it had the first. To begin with, the spring thaw had wrought great changes in the Icefall, and what amounted almost to a new route had to be pushed up through it.

On the plus side, the skies cleared, the winds dropped. Fair day followed fair day; by winch and Sherpa-back and climber-back the requisite loads went up to 3W and beyond; and by mid-May Camp 4W was at last fully stocked, with enough of everything on hand to push the climb still higher. Meanwhile the Col team, led by Bishop and Jerstad, had come up from Base to Advance Base, and in the fine weather, with a known route ahead, were champing at the bit to get going.

For a few days two of the West Ridgers, Barry Corbet and Dick Emerson, were also at Advance Base. On May 15 both of them, plus Sherpas, took off to join their companions on the Ridge; but Dick, who throughout the expedition had had great trouble acclimatizing, was unable to make 3W and had to return. If the flesh was weak, however, his spirit was something else again, and the next day he started up, once more on his own. He did not overestimate his strength. Fearing he might not be able to reach 3W in one day's climbing, he made preparations for a possible enforced night out. And it was well he did, because when darkness came he was still on the icy slopes beneath the camp and had to spend the night in a crevasse.

Blown off the mountain

As it turned out, he was far better off than his teammates, who were now all up at 4W, at 25,100 feet. For on that night the fair weather broke and the worst storm that the expedition was to experience fell in fury upon the mountain. It was a "high" storm. Down at Base Camp that night, Dick Pownall reported, "we had hardly any wind, but there was a constant roar above—like the sound of a jet." And in that roar the men

at 4W were all but swept from the mountain.

Indeed, six of them *were* swept from it—though not, by the grace of God, all the way.

There were three tents at Camp 4W on that night of May 16: the one small one in which Tom Hornbein and Willi Unsoeld were now spending their second night, and two larger newly pitched ones, joined together at their entrances, in which Barry Corbet, Al Auten and the four Sherpas who had that day come up and stayed with them. "After supper," said Barry Corbet, "we sang songs and were really carried away with our *hubris*." Then all crept into sleeping bags, turned on the night oxygen flow, and fell asleep.

Hubris was, as usual, to go before a fall, however—no less for Everesters than for ancient Greeks. For a few hours later, at about midnight, Barry and Al, in their part of the two joined tents, awoke to a wild fury of blowing and realized to their horror that the tents had begun to slide downward. All they could do for the moment was to dig their fingers into the flooring, trying to claw a hold into the snow beneath; but it had not the slightest effect. The sliding continued. Then, suddenly, it was no longer a sliding but a rolling. The tents were of a design with external tubular frames; and on these frames the two of them, still lashed together, now tumbled over and over, with everything inside—men, sleeping bags, food, clothing, climbing gear—tumbling with them. In the black confusion, there was no way of telling in which direction they were going. If it was to the south, it would in a matter of seconds be the end for them, for here the mountain walls fell almost vertically 4,000 feet down into the Western Cwm. If it was to the north, they at least had a chance; for though on this side the drop was some 6,000 feet, down to the glaciers of Tibet, the gradient was easier and there would be no free fall. When after a moment or two they were still rolling, not plummeting, they knew they were on the north side. Yet all they could do was pray. At a caprice of the wind, or of the conformation of the mountainside, the bouncing, somersaulting tents could go straight to the base of the mountain, and the only difference from a fall to the south would be slow instead of instantaneous death. . . . But the caprice was otherwise. Everest was primed to strike but not to kill. . . . About 100 vertical feet and perhaps 50 linear yards below Camp 4W there was a shelf, a shallow trough, in the mountainside. And here the tents came to rest in a chaos of torn canvas, jutting poles, scattered gear and dazed struggling men.

A quick stock-taking revealed that, amazingly, no one had been hurt. "Al and I were all right. The four Sherpas were all right," said Barry. "But things were in quite a shambles, with the tent floor now overhead and the main body of the tent fabric under and around us." With the gale still roaring in hundred-mile-an-hour gusts, it was obvious that the lesser of the possible evils was for most of the men to stay where they were, serving as ballast to keep the tents from blowing even farther down the mountain. So it was Al alone who crawled out of them, emerging through a rent in the fabric. "In the dark and with the wind blowing a ground blizzard across the tents," he said, "I at first couldn't see anything. But Barry rummaged around in the wreckage, found a flashlight, and handed it out to me. Beaming it around, I determined that we probably weren't going to take off again—at least not immediately. But things needed a lot of anchoring, and I got to work, and meanwhile the others passed out my down parka, which I was badly needing, and my outer boots, which I pulled over my down boots." With the rest doing what they could from inside, Al pinioned down some of the ruin. Then, realizing that more help was needed, he battled his way up the slope, without oxygen, to where the Unsoeld-Hornbein tent still stood at its original site.

Through the howl of the storm, Willi and Tom had heard nothing of what was happening until Al, snow-rimed and gasping, appeared to tell them. But now, putting on their outer clothing, they went down with him to the wreck. In the witches' cauldron of night and gale there was no possible way of restoring true order. The best that could be done was to bind the remains of the two tents together with lengths of rope and to run other ropes up to belay points above to provide further anchorage. Then Willi, Tom and Al crept back up to the original campsite, where Al squeezed into the tiny tent with the others, while Barry and the Sherpas, still serving as ballast, weathered out the rest of the night in the wreckage below. They were shaken, stunned, battered—but at least still alive.

In the morning the storm was raging on. In the upper tent, Tom, who was lying on the windward side, could feel his body, in its sleeping bag, being lifted into the air by the gusts that drove in under the flooring, and to make things worse, the wind had unzipped the zipper of the tent entrance and was seeping in at an alarming rate. At about 8 o'clock, in spite of the frenzy around them, Willi was able to make walkie-talkie contact with Base Camp (during which he carefully understated their plight, for there was nothing anyone could do to help them). And, fantastic though it may seem, it was through Base that the upper three had their first word that day of Barry and the four Sherpas in the ruins below. For Barry was on the air with another walkie-talkie at the same time—managing it by poking its antenna up through the urinating hole of his upside-down shelter.

In the upper tent there followed another period of waiting and holding on, in the hope that the wind would slacken. But, if anything, it blew still more fiercely. After a while three of the Sherpas came up from below, announcing that they were getting out and descending to 3W (—"not a bad idea," said Tom—); and soon after Barry appeared with the fourth Sherpa, the 55-year-old Tashi. Now everyone was preparing for evacuation. Al left the tent briefly to search for his pack, which had blown away. Inside, Tom and Barry were struggling to assemble gear, and Willi was again on the radio with Base Camp, announcing their imminent descent. . . . At which moment there was a heaving and snapping of guy ropes, and the tent, like the others on the previous night, began to slide ominously over the snow. . . . "I was nearest the entrance," said Tom. "I dove for it and got half out, with my legs wrapped into the vestibule, and there, right before me, was a rappel picket lying on the snow. I picked it up, jammed it into the snow, and hung onto it in the manner of a self-arrest, managing to stop not only myself but the tent from blowing and sliding on down the slope. Barry crawled out after me and began piling boxes of food and oxygen bottles on the tent, to collapse it, and Willi crawled out behind him, still talking calmly on the radio."

Between earth and sky, however, that was the only calmness, as what came to be known as "The Great Rout of May 17th" now continued. With the last of the tents down, there was no choice for anyone but to descend to 3W—if it could be done—but first a detour had to be made down to the two blown-away tents to retrieve several ice axes that had been left there to pinion them. During this operation the wind reached the height of its savagery, whipping the mass of ruined tentage around and trying to blow everything and everyone off the mountain. "Willi, stretched out flat on the snow," said Tom, "was literally lifted off it by the wind blowing underneath him, picking him up and just transporting him." And the rest held themselves only by lying prone with their ice axes jammed into the slope.

One-day feat of the West Ridge team

Finally they were able to get moving again. In the vicinity of 4W they were at an open gap in the West Ridge, but after descending a little they came into its lee, and though the wind was still wild it was not quite so bad as before. At all events, they managed to stumble on down, and in midafternoon came at last to 3W, to be greeted by Dick Emerson, who earlier in the day had arrived there on his upward journey. While all were alive and unharmed, the mountain had struck what seemed a mortal blow, both in delay of their schedule and in loss of materiel. Three tents had been destroyed. Several sleeping bags, mattresses, oxygen masks, and packs containing personal gear had blown into eternity. If replacements for even the most critical items could be brought up quickly—or if enough Sherpas could be mustered for subsequent carries—appeared at the time highly dubious.

Everest is nothing if not schizophrenic. For a night and a day it had been demonic. Now it smiled and beamed. After a day's rest the men themselves were all right. But the loss in tentage and other materiel had been appalling, and no time

was left to bring replacements up from below. The original plan had called for two camps above 4W and two two-man teams of climbers to try for the top. Now the most that would be conceivably possible was one higher camp and one two-man team to go beyond it. On May 18 and 19 climbers and Sherpas remained at 3W, gathering strength for the last long-shot bid.

Meanwhile, at Advance Base, the Col party had also been hit and delayed a day by the storm. But on the 18th Barry Bishop and Lute Jerstad, accompanied by three Sherpas, began the long push upward, and the next day Dave Dingman, with Girmi Dorje and two other Sherpas, followed after. Reaching Camp III, the first group found the tents there partly buried in an avalanche, but were able to dig them out, and on the 19th they went on to Camp IV, on the Lhotse Face, and on the 20th to V, on the South Col. Their supply of oxygen was marginal—"even sub-marginal," Norman Dyhrenfurth had called it when their logistics were being planned. But they made do with what they had. The weather held good. And on the 21st, three weeks less a day after their Day of Disappointment, when they had had to turn back from the Col, they moved up to Camp VI on the Southeast Ridge. With them, all the way to 27,450 feet, went the Sherpas Pemba Tensing and Nima Tensing. Then, their loads delivered, they returned to the Col, leaving Barry and Lute to make their summit bid the next day.

Across a gulf of space, beyond snow slope and precipice, the West Ridge team was now also again in motion. On the previous day, May 20, they had climbed back from 3W to 4W and, with the help of their skeleton crew of Sherpas, set up a new camp on the wreckage of the old. And on the 21st, while the South Collars were pushing up to Camp VI, they launched what must surely be ranked as one of the great one-day feats of mountaineering history. On difficult and unknown terrain on a great peak, the usual order of events is, first, a reconnaissance and trail-blazing, second, a series of load-carryings to establish a higher camp, and third—if all has gone well in the first two stages—the actual occupation of that camp. But on the West Ridge there was no longer time for such a program, and all three operations were performed simultaneously.

Ten men were involved: the whole West Ridge team of Unsoeld, Hornbein, Corbet, Auten and Emerson, and their five Sherpas, Ang Dorje, Ila Tsering, Tenzing Nindra, Passang Tendi and Tenzing Gyalsto. Of the Sherpas, only Ang Dorje was an experienced veteran. The rest were young untried men who, until now, had done little or no high climbing.

Not all the day's climb was on virgin mountainside. On their earlier visit to the site of 4W they had given names to various of the features of the mountain above, and now they started off by following a transverse gully which they had called the Diagonal Ditch. Above it, at intervals, other gullies (known to mountaineers as "couloirs") furrowed the rock, leading straight up the mountainside, and of these, a large, long one which they had named Hornbein's Couloir seemed to offer the best key to the heights.

They followed the Diagonal Ditch for about three hours to Willi and Tom's high point—the base of Hornbein's Couloir, at 26,200 feet. The team moved in three echelons. First went Barry Corbet and Al Auten, the reconnoiterers of the operation, who would try to forge a way up the couloir and find a site for Camp 5W. They were followed, some time later, by the Sherpas, carrying the materiel to stock the camp. And finally came Willi and Tom, who would occupy the camp, and who, like Barry and Lute on the far side of the mountain, were traveling as light as possible to conserve strength for the next day. Third on the rope with Willi and Tom was Dick Emerson; but Dick, at this stage, was only "along for the ride." Thanks to an immense output of effort—and his night in the crevasse—he had made Camp 3W. Subsequently he had made 4W, and was now climbing up even beyond it. But he was well aware that he would reach his ceiling before the airy heights of 5W.

In their three groups of two, five and three, the climbers moved on, cutting up over the snow-slopes to the base of Hornbein's Couloir. When Willi, Tom and Dick reached this point, Barry and Al were already far above it—two minute creeping dots high up on the steep ribbon of snow. The Sherpas, however, were there, waiting and resting, and here the three sahibs stopped and rested, too. This was the end of the line for Dick Emerson. "It was evident," he said, "that the summit team should pick up speed and get themselves up the couloir into their high camp as quickly as possible. Also that I was holding them back somewhat. So here I said a fond and rather tearful farewell to Willi and Tom."

Then Dick was alone with his thoughts. Soon Willi, Tom and the Sherpas were also dots on the ribbon of snow, high above.

And the dots crept on. The angle of ascent in the couloir was between 35 and 40 degrees; the snow was hard and glazed; and up ahead, Barry and Al had to cut a stairway of uncounted thousands of steps. Through midday and early afternoon the two echelons moved up several hundred feet apart, advancing higher and higher toward Everest's citadel. On either side of their narrow gully were the smooth down-sloping slabs of the North Face. Overhead, however, about a thousand feet above the base of the couloir, the smoothness stopped, and the wall containing it bulged out in rugged looming cliffs. This was the Yellow Band—the same stratum of tawny, rotten rock that, cutting through the whole massif of Chomolungma, also shows itself on the Lhotse Face, near the South Col. But on Lhotse the Band is at around the 25,000-foot level. Here on the north of Everest its lower margin is above 27,200. Through the hours, nine masked and roped men moved slowly toward it: nearer . . . nearer. . . .

'I think I'm going mad.'

At about 2 in the afternoon Barry Corbet and Al Auten reached the base of the Yellow Band, and there on the wall of the couloir, buttressed by rock, was a small platform of snow that might just conceivably hold a single two-man tent. Ideally, they would have liked to go higher. But there was to be no Camp 6W. A high 5W would be it. Almost 1,800 vertical feet remained to the summit—a forbidding distance at such altitudes and over totally unknown terrain. But there was nothing for it. Willi Unsoeld, Tom Hornbein and the five Sherpas, laboring up the couloir, were some two hours behind them.

They waited. At 4 the second echelon arrived and dumped its loads, and almost immediately Barry, Al and the Sherpas made ready for the descent.

The seven receded below. The two remained. And for more than an hour they hacked and shoveled, enlarging and leveling the tiny platform that was Camp 5W. Then came the no less arduous job of pitching a tent, with a stiff wind pouring down the mountainside, trying its best to dislodge both tent and pitchers. "We finally got it up," said Tom, "at a rather eerie sloping angle, with about a foot and a half of its outer side hanging over the edge of the platform."

Outside, the wind rose and howled. The tent trembled and teetered on its flimsy perch. But inside, both men slept warmly and well until 4 in the morning, when their oxygen ran out, and, waking, they began to prepare breakfast. They hoped, though they could not know, that on the other side of the mountain, some 200 feet higher than themselves, two other men were also stirring in a tent in the darkness, waiting for daylight. . . .

They were.

Lute Jerstad and Barry Bishop, with the Sherpas Pemba Tenzing and Nima Tenzing, had reached Camp VI on the Southeast Ridge in the early afternoon of the previous day. Pemba and Nima, their loads delivered, had then turned to go back to the South Col, and the summit pair, like Willi and Tom, set themselves to the labor of digging in.

But, when they were inside, out of the night and the wind, it was with none of the snug euphoria that had rewarded Willi and Tom. Both, of course, were tired. But Barry, it was soon apparent, was more than tired; even at rest, he was having great difficulty in breathing, and soon it appeared that he might be becoming seriously ill. With Lute's help he got his oxygen going, and it helped a little—but not much. "He still couldn't breathe properly lying down," said Lute. "So he'd try sitting up, and that was no good. Then lying on his stomach, and that was no good." Meanwhile Lute was trying to get some water prepared, but nothing went right there either. "I got some water

made," he said, "and we kicked it over, and I made some more, and the stove ran out, and all sorts of things happened. We just couldn't get anything to eat. For a while we couldn't even get any liquid. Then finally we got some soup made and drank some water." But Barry, instead of getting better, was getting worse: shifting and turning constantly, but unable to find a position in which he could relax and rest.

"Lute, I think I'm going mad," he muttered suddenly, through clenched teeth.

Later, recalling the experience, he said: "It wasn't just breathing that was bothering me. I was fighting a terrifying claustrophobia and had to suppress a wild desire to break out of the cluttered tent. Also, my sense of balance was muddled. Lying flat, I felt as if I were at an absurd and sickening angle, and nausea wrenched my stomach. Only by bracing myself semi-upright could I keep some semblance of equilibrium."

He increased the flow of oxygen into his sleeping mask from one to two litres per minute. Again there was slight relief—but only slight—and as the hours dragged past he was able neither to lie down nor sit up, but only to maintain a cramped position halfway between. Having done all he could to help, Lute, at Barry's urging, took a sleeping pill and dozed fitfully; and finally Barry, too, still on two litres of oxygen, managed to close his eyes and sleep.

At 4:30 in the morning Lute was up and stirring, trying again to prepare some food for their empty stomachs. Soon after, Barry awoke—and was feeling better. Still weak, but at least not nauseated and disoriented; and he, too, began to get ready for the day ahead. Their troubles, however, were far from over. For, a few minutes later, as Lute was attaching a fresh butane cylinder to one of the two stoves he was using, there was a sudden great whoosh and a burst of flame filled the tent. Both men's beards and eyebrows were singed. Barry's plastic oxygen mask was consumed in one blinding second. And in the next, with the fire still burning, the little tent was filled with acrid white smoke.

Said Barry: "Panic gripped us. Lute struggled toward the zippered entrance, and I tried to smother the flames with my sleeping bag; but my legs were still inside it and I could get no leverage. Meanwhile the fire was feeding on the air in the tent, soon exhausting it, and our lungs were aching. I was groping desperately for a knife to cut through the tent wall, when Lute managed to tear open the zipper and literally dived outside. His momentum was so great that he almost pitched down the steep slope toward the South Col. I was on his heels. We snatched the flaming stove from the tent, doused it in the snow, and soon the fire had died in the thin air." The tent and most of its contents were all right; they did not go up in flames. But the spasm of violent action was almost more than the two men could take, and for several minutes they sagged, gasping and choking, on their hands and knees in the snow.

Their hope for an early start was gone. Hampered both by their own weakness and the shambles in the tent, they needed almost three hours to prepare a bit of liquid breakfast and get themselves ready for takeoff.

Finally, at 8 o'clock, they were on their way. At least the weather was fine, the sun was brilliant, and compared to the gale on the Whittaker-Gombu ascent, the wind was no more than a zephyr. Before them the Southeast Ridge climbed up in a white arc into the flawless blue of the sky.

West Ridgers Unsoeld and Hornbein, with no fire to delay them, had started at 7 o'clock, an hour earlier than South Collars Jerstad and Bishop. Behind them they left the little tent that was Camp 5W, and in it their sleeping bags, air mattresses and most of their food—hoping never to see them again. With them they took only their climbing gear, two full oxygen bottles each, and a few other assorted items of essential equipment, adding up to loads of about 40 pounds each. Though they had been through no such pre-climbing ordeal as Lute and Barry, they were, however, not to be altogether fortune's favorites; for they were presently to find that, of their two oxygen rigs, one—Willi's—had a slight leak and the other—Tom's—a regulator that did not accurately record the flow of gas.

For the first part of the way they were still in Hornbein's Couloir, cutting straight up through the rock of the Yellow Band. At an average the gully was 10 to 12 feet wide; it was filled with loose granular snow, and on the unstable footing, tilted at a 45-degree angle, they had to move one at a time, kicking and cutting steps and zigzagging from wall to wall.

After four hours of climbing—and some 500 feet gained above 5W—there was a change in the couloir. It was not, however, a change for the better. They were still moving up through the zone of the Yellow Band; but whereas until now the rock had merely formed the walls of their gully, it now closed in to form its surface as well, and what had thus far been a steep but straightforward slog was now about to become an exercise in highly technical climbing. "It was apparent," said Tom, "that we were going to have some very messy going on downsloping rotten slabs."

Here Tom took the lead, trying one alternative after another, slowly moving from one precarious stance to the next in a concentrated effort that lasted almost an hour. The vertical height of the pitch was some 60 feet, and finally he had negotiated all but the last 10 of them. At this point, there being no further hand- or footholds, he tried, and at last managed, to drive a large piton into the crumbling rock overhead. But beyond it was a short outsloping bit of absolutely vertical slab, and after his exhausting maneuvers—and with his insufficient flow of oxygen—he was unable to surmount it. Descending, he stood again at the foot of the pitch, fighting for strength and air. Together, he and Willi studied the wall above, foot by foot, almost inch by inch. In the hope that they would find a likelier route, they then moved out of the couloir, traversing onto the open North Face, scouting upward. But here the prospects were even worse. *The* route—if any—was the one they had been trying. So they returned to the couloir and had at the vertical wall again. This time Willi took the lead, working his way up to Tom's highest point, and at last, using Tom's piton, moving beyond it. For the topmost part of the pitch he had to take off his mittens and climb barehanded, clawing and worming his way up almost holdless surface, affixing still another piton into the rotten rock. But in the end he came up over it. Tom came up after him. At a height of almost 28,000 feet, they had accomplished the most difficult stretch of climbing that the expedition encountered anywhere on the mountain.

Decision at 28,200 feet

Above, the couloir widened again. Its surface was again of snow, and, though steep, it was no longer vertical. For another few hundred feet they were once more kicking, hacking, zigzagging. And then the couloir ended. The Yellow Band ended. Ahead the mountainside opened out in a sweep of firmer gray rock and broad bands of tilted snow. At this point they were at about 28,200 feet, with the summit of Everest no more than 800 or so above their heads.

By now, however, it was 3 in the afternoon. And where *was* the summit? The rock and snow ahead did not converge into a visible apex, but swept in a great featureless mass across half their field of vision, and whether the proper route was to the right, to the left, or straight ahead, they had no way of telling. They had finally come to the first place on the whole day's ascent where they were able to sit down; and pausing to rest they tried to reach Base Camp on their walkie-talkie. They were successful. Jim Whittaker answered, and wanted, of course, to know where they were. They told him, in general, but added that they were puzzled as to how to go on. From more than 10,000 feet below, Jim could not help them with that, but he raised the question of whether they should go on at all. It was now midafternoon, he pointed out, and at the rate they were going—

Willi and Tom had been fully conscious of that. "We're thinking it over," they told Jim. And now, with the radio turned off, they were faced with making what could well be the decision of their lives—or deaths. It was obvious that, even if they found the right route and had easier going ahead, they would not reach the summit much before darkness; and no less obvious that, when and if they reached it, there would be no summit meeting with the South Col team. With the bulk of the mountain intervening, they could not make radio contact with Jerstad and Bishop to find out where they were. But it was as good as certain that, if they were to make the top that day, it would be long before they, Willi and Tom, could get there—indeed, they would probably be there already—and they surely could not be expected to wait for hours on that most

exposed point of all earth's surface. According to the basic plan of the two-pronged ascent, the West Ridge team would cross over the summit and descend by the South Col route *only* if the Col team met them on the summit and was thus in a position to lead them down.

But—

There was a rather pointed *but:* Was such a descent possible? Coming up the long couloir had been hard enough. Going down it would be, if not harder, surely far more dangerous; for descent is always more hazardous than ascent, and, besides this, the snow in the gully, loose and treacherous to begin with, had been growing ever more unstable through the warmth of the day. "All in all," said Tom, "it was a most revolting prospect." And making it more so was the vertical rock pitch, which would be even worse; for the only moderately safe way of negotiating it would be through the roping-down technique of a rappel, and there were no sound projecting points anywhere on which to anchor a rope for such a maneuver.

Thus the pros and the cons of going on or retreating. Plus one pro for going on that was the strongest of all pros: desire. "It was the old onwards and upwards," said Tom. "We felt that by now we had committed ourselves," said Willi. And for body and mind and heart—when all the rest had been added and subtracted—these were the great driving forces: desire and commitment.

Besides, the weather was good. Not too cold. Not too windy.

They called Jim back on the radio.

"We're going on," they told him.

Return to the Maypole

Earlier in the day, through the hours of the morning, Lute Jerstad and Barry Bishop, on the far side of the mountain, had toiled up the incline of the Southeast Ridge. Lute was first on the rope, and he climbed very slowly; for both men were still shaken by the experience of their breakfast fire, and Barry, in addition, was still feeling the effects of his ordeal of the previous night. After an hour or so they were off the rock and onto snow. Before them they could see the bootprints of their predecessors, still clear after three weeks of wind and weather. But most of them had partially filled up and iced over, so that they were useless as stances, and for all but a few steps Lute had to blaze his own trail. Indeed, though the first climbers, in the gale of May 1, had had it worse with the weather, the second team was, throughout the climb, to have harder going underfoot. Jim and Gombu, Norman and Ang Dawa had climbed in snow of a consistency in which most steps could be kicked, with few strokes of the ax. For Lute and Barry the snow was ice-hard and it was whack-whack-whack for almost all the way.

At about 11 o'clock, after three hours of climbing, they worked their way back onto the ridge and from there peered down the all-but-vertical walls of its far side to Tibet's Kangshung Glacier, two miles below.

As they climbed on, the wind rose—not to gale force, but enough so that they were thoroughly aware of it, particularly since it kept pushing them in the direction of the Kangshung precipice. With Lute again leading, they therefore kept as much as possible to the windward side of the ridge, following, as had Whittaker and Gombu, the dividing line between rock and snow. As Barry put it, "We were trying to enjoy the best of two very tricky worlds."

Soon the ridge steepened. They had reached the stretch in which it flares abruptly topward toward Everest's South Summit, and here it took them 2½ hours to gain a mere 200 vertical feet. At a rocky outcrop which offered a place to sit they stopped for 10 minutes and ate the only food they were to have that day—a quarter of a candy bar apiece. Then they struggled on. A while later, at 28,500 feet, 250 below the South Summit, Barry's first oxygen bottle ran out, and Lute, checking his, found that it, too, was almost empty. So hooking into their second bottles, they discarded the used ones, and for a moment reveled in the 13-pound lightening of each of their loads. The moment was brief, however, "for in the next instant," said Barry, "I tripped over one of the bottles at my feet and flew out into space. Instinctively I twisted in mid-air. Hitting the slope face down I clawed at the snow with hands and feet and managed to stop, and at the same time I saw Lute beside me, holding me tight with his right hand. He had jumped out after me, flipped on his belly, and grabbed. We crawled back up to the ledge and lay there for a long moment."

Then they were climbing again. "I felt spent, dull," said Barry. "One step . . . six long breaths . . . another step . . . again six breaths. Each pace required almost half a minute. My entire body ached."

But the South Summit was drawing slowly closer. They were almost there. Then they *were* there. At 2 o'clock they stood on its 28,750-foot crest, 500 feet higher than any other mountain on earth, leaning into a 60-mile-an-hour wind and peering up at the one bit of our planet that rises still higher. "It loomed above us," said Barry, "in crazy snow-scarred grandeur." And as with Jim and Gombu, it seemed steeper and more forbidding than they had expected; so, to conserve their now dwindling supply of oxygen, they turned their regulators down from a flow of three to two litres a minute.

Going first, with Barry following, Lute carefully descended the snow cliff that dropped down to the saddle at the foot of the final ridge. Then they were ascending again. A half hour passed. And an hour. Coming to the slot between rock and snow that is known as Hillary's Chimney, they climbed it, as had Jim and Gombu, without undue difficulty. And beyond it the last of the steepness fell away and they were out on the snow of the gently sloping summit ridge. Here, as almost all the way up, there was rock on their left, snow on their right—snow which they knew projected out in great cornices above a sea of space. At its inner margin, close by the rock, the footprints of their predecessors were still visible: the improbable spoor of man in a world man never made.

Although the slope was gentle, they moved even more slowly than before. Now it was one step, seven breaths . . . one step, seven breaths . . . lifting a foot, placing it . . . lifting, placing. . . . Their feet were no longer made of flesh and blood, but of lead. Their bodies were things they were dragging with them: amorphous yet aching. Behind their goggles, their eyes were glazed with weariness and by the gleaming unearthly brilliance of snow and sky. . . . "But if we had to crawl the rest of the way on hands and knees," said Barry Bishop, "we were going to get there."

Mostly he climbed with head down, but at intervals he raised it. Off to the right he saw the long line of cornices, and now, ahead, the old footprints angled off toward it, and there was a break in the prints, a jagged gap in the snow, which he knew must be the place where a cornice had fallen away between Jim and Gombu on their descent. But he did not look at it long, for at almost the same instant there was something else ahead. The rope joining him to Lute, 75 feet in front, had gone slack. Lute had stopped and raised his arm. Slowly, very slowly, Barry came up to him. And now they were together. They were side by side, looking up at the snowy ridge. And ahead there was a white hummock, and another, and another . . . but that was not all, as it had been for Jim and Gombu . . . for above there was a final hummock, a dome, a white crest in the sky to which something had been added; and it was something that brought a lift to their hearts and tears to their eyes.

Big Jim Whittaker had done his work well. After three weeks his aluminum Maypole still stood straight and tall. And from it—wrapped once or twice around the pole, but not ripped and shredded, only slightly tattered along its edges—Old Glory streamed out above the summit of the world.

Almost a month earlier, Lute, looking up at Everest, had written in his diary: "Comes a moment of truth when I feel like a little boy humbled before this huge mountain, knowing I am in the wrong place." But now—humble or proud, wrong place or right place—there he was, he and Barry, on its top. It was 3:30 in the afternoon, when, arm in arm, they stepped up together. They embraced, but they did not speak. On the metal stake beneath the flag Gombu's *kata* scarf, given him by his uncle Tenzing, was still tied securely, and roundabout, frozen into earth's summit, were his bootprints and the larger ones of Big Jim. The wind was stronger than on the slopes below, and for a while Lute and Barry sat resting, hunching against it, gazing out on a world that was clear and dazzling on all sides. On arrival they had turned off their oxygen. And now, still without oxygen, they set about the task of taking pictures—many pictures—for in the gale of May 1 Jim and Gombu had been able to do only a little photography. Working slowly and carefully, in agonized concentration lest his numbed mind and

fingers betray him, Barry, with his still camera, made a series of shots around the full circle of the horizon. Lute, ramming his ice ax into the snow and anchoring his small movie camera to its head, also made a 360-degree swing, as he recorded the first motion pictures ever taken on Everest's summit.

Jim and Gombu had spent 20 minutes on top. Barry and Lute spent 45. Their picture-making done, they looked around them: out across mountaintops into miles of space; at their own mountaintop, falling away on all sides beneath them. As had been the case with the first summiteers, they saw no sign of Mao Tse Tung. More important—there was no sign, down the West Ridge or North Face, of Willi Unsoeld or Tom Hornbein. They waited until 4 o'clock—until 4:15—but there was still no Willi, no Tom. And with the sun sloping toward the west above the ridges of Nuptse, they made ready to descend.

Turning up their oxygen, they started down.

In the waning afternoon, on the other side of the mountain, Willi and Tom were still out of sight of—and from—the summit, but they knew it was no longer far above them. They had come up at last out of Hornbein's Couloir. They had talked on the radio to Jim Whittaker. They had made their decision. And now, after a brief rest, they were again moving upward.

For a while they were still confused in their bearings: as to whether the summit was to the right or left or straight ahead. But at least they were past the crumbling schist of the Yellow Band, back on Everest's usual gray limestone, on which the going was better. And as they climbed, the bulge of the Band fell away beneath them, allowing them to see past it to the glaciers below, and thus to orient themselves as to their own position on the peak. Beyond the stretch of rock above the couloir was a great sloping snowfield that led up to the final pyramid of the North Face, and at 4:30 they reached its lower edge at a height of about 28,400 feet. Here Willi's first oxygen bottle, with its slight leak, gave out, and abandoning it, he switched to his second, which seemed to function properly. Tom was still on his first bottle, and though, with his faulty regulator, he could never tell precisely how much oxygen he was getting, he was feeling better and climbing more strongly than earlier in the day.

The summit, they now knew, was almost directly overhead; but as the snow steepened before them they soon had to decide on a tack over rock to either right or left. The route they had tentatively selected through binoculars from below was the left-hand one, leading toward the northeast of the summit—which would have brought them to the top by what would have been the route of the old British Everesters, if the British had gone all the way. "But now," said Tom, "we felt that our best hope was to traverse to the right, back over to the West Ridge, and to try to get onto some snow there to continue the ascent." So they diagonaled upward, stopping en route for a quick and late lunch of kippered snacks. The weather, which until now had been almost ideal, began to blast them with stronger winds as they neared the ridge; and presently, to their dismay, they struck a stretch of rock even more unstable than that of the Yellow Band. But at last they gained the ridge-line, and for the first time since leaving Camp 4W the day before were able to look across it toward Lhotse and Nuptse—now both far below them—and down almost vertical walls to the Western Cwm and Advance Base. "It was," said Tom with fine understatement, "a rather impressive drop."

A voice from above

It was 5 o'clock. And only now, after 10 hours of use, did Tom's first oxygen bottle give out. Like Willi before him, he hooked into his second, noting with gratitude the 13-pound decrease in weight of the load on his pack. In spite of the dizzying height and their enormous expenditure of energy, both men were feeling strong and fit, with none of the miseries of lung and limb that had beset Lute Jerstad and Barry Bishop during their ascent. "In fact, the going began to be a wonderful pleasure," said Tom. "I felt almost as though we were on a climb in the Rockies."

With Willi still leading, they followed the West Ridge upward, with the North Face and the miles of Tibet on their left, and on the right the precipice and the deep white chasm of the Cwm. For a time they were on snow. But soon a sheer knife-edge of rock sprang up before them, and here they were forced to stop and remove their crampons and overboots before working their way along its sheer flank by a series of tiny cracks and holds. For a distance of four rope lengths they crept up one at a time, each securing the other by belays from such stances as they could find. Then they were past the rock. They were again on snow, replacing overboots and crampons. As they moved on, the wind grew steadily in strength, for they were truly high now—higher than Everest's South Summit, off to the right—and all that remained was a ridge slanting on, with two other ridges converging on it from north and south.

It was 6 o'clock; then 6:15. The sun was low. And it was in the sun's red rays, streaming across earth's rooftop, that they saw what the others had seen before them. The pole. The flag. The flag stiff and streaming in the winds of space. Said Tom: "Willi, up ahead, waited, and I joined him, and we hugged each other, full of unspoken thoughts and feelings—almost unfelt feelings in a way, at that time and place." The flag was perhaps 40 feet away when it came into view. Then with each step, as they moved on, it was closer. Approached from the west, the very tip of Everest is more dramatic than as seen from the south. It was not a final hump in a line of humps, but an entity in itself: a peak, an apex. And now, after almost 12 hours of climbing—after weeks and months on the mountain, months and years of planning before reaching the mountain—Willi Unsoeld and Tom Hornbein, side by side, stepped up to that apex and stood beside the flagpole. They were the 11th and 12th men ever to stand on top of Everest. (We are here following the lead of most mountaineering authorities and discounting the Chinese claim of placing three men on the summit.) They were the fifth and sixth of the expedition of which they were members. But they were the only ones ever to reach it by a route other than that of Lhotse Face and South Col, and theirs was one of the great "firsts" of mountaineering history.

The sun was setting now. The wind was bitter. And in the deepening cold and grayness they spent only some 15 minutes on their perch in the sky. Like the others, they took pictures—though only stills, and not so many as Barry Bishop. They left a few mementos, including a crucifix which Willi wrapped into Gombu's *kata*, and two prayer flags given them by their Sherpas—which seemed a good balance for an expedition that was part Buddhist, part Christian. In the snow around them they saw both the old bootprints of Jim Whittaker and Gombu and fresh prints, which they knew must be those of Lute and Barry. They knew, too, that the other pair must have been here hours before them and that they would have to descend the unknown Southeast Ridge on their own. But there was no question in their minds but that this was what they were going to do. Back on the North Face, at the top of the couloir, they had made their decision. They had made their commitment. Not only had they been the first to climb Everest by a new route; now—though the hoped-for thousand-to-one summit rendezvous had not materialized—they would be the first to attempt its traverse from one side to another.

They had turned their oxygen off. Now they turned it on again. The first thing was to get as far down as they could before night closed in.

Not more than 50 feet below the summit, some two hours earlier, Lute and Barry's rope had gone askew. The wind, coming hard from the west, blew it out in a taut crescent over the snow cornices that were now on their left; and as Lute, going first, descended a curving dip in the ridge, it dropped onto the cornice, caught on its edge, and hooked itself in.

"I shouted into the 70-mile gusts," said Barry, "but Lute heard nothing, and the fouled rope between us began to draw me toward the edge. I dived onto the snow and wriggled out on the cornice, trying to free the rope. My face was just above the snow. But my weight was too much. A section of the cornice at my chest gave way, and I had a sudden hair-raising view of the Kangshung Glacier 10,000 feet below. Scrambling back, I noticed that Lute's continuing forward movement was causing the rope to cut ever deeper into the snow; so I undid the knot that secured it to my waist. It whipped up and away across the whiteness, and unroped, I paralleled its route. I waited until the end of the rope, like a frozen snake, slithered free of the

cornice, and then I re-tied it to my waist. Elapsed time: less than a minute. Not until I told him back in Katmandu did Lute know what had happened."

They moved on down.

But slowly. Almost as slowly as on the ascent. For they were very nearly done in. Rallying what was left of strength and concentration, they inched their way down Hillary's Chimney, down the other steep pitches that followed, and at the base of the summit ridge collapsed onto the ice-coated rocks for a short breather. Thus far they had been using a frugal one-litre flow of oxygen—at least theoretically. But now Lute, who had been having an even harder time than Barry, discovered that a string had become fouled around the breathing bladder of his apparatus and that he had been getting no gas at all.

He ripped the string away. For the 30-foot vertical push up to the South Summit they allowed themselves the luxury of a two-litre flow; then, as the descent continued, cut back again to one, for by now their supply was almost gone. "We stumbled and staggered and crawled," said Lute, for what seemed like generations of time. As if hypoxia and exhaustion were not enough, they were both now having trouble with their vision, and Lute in particular found himself half-blinded, both by the wind seeping in through his goggle frames and by the after-effects of the singeing his eyes had suffered in that morning's breakfast fire. Several times they wandered off the proper course.

"We began to wonder," said Lute, "if we would make it."

They had left the summit at 4:15. At a little before 8 they were at about 28,400 feet—a descent of a mere 600 feet in more than 3½ hours—and Camp VI was still almost a thousand feet below.

As Barry told it . . .

"The last of the light reflects wanly off the snow. The sky is cold, moonless, black. Our feet grow colder as we lurch down the mountain.

"I stop abruptly. Is it the wind?

" 'Helloooooo. . . . Helloooooo. . . .'

"From somewhere the sound echoes across the mountain, eerie in the enveloping darkness.

"Lute stops, too. We listen intently.

" 'Helloooooo. . . . Helloooooo. . . .'

"On Everest the wind speaks with many voices. It rises, it falls, it thunders. Sometimes it is the remote night cry of a sick child. But it is always the wind.

"Then we hear still another 'Helloooooo. . . .' and this time it is unmistakably human.

"Could it be Dave Dingman and Girmi Dorje, our support party, searching for us out of Camp VI? No. The wind drops, and in the sudden stillness the cries have a bell-like clarity. They are floating down from above.

"Above!"

Night in the open at a record height

Leaving the summit, Willi Unsoeld and Tom Hornbein were a little over two hours behind Barry and Lute. This meant that daylight began to fade even while they were on the summit ridge. But they were able to follow the footprints leading down before them, kept clear of the cornices, and negotiating Hillary's Chimney without trouble, reached the South Summit in 45 minutes.

From the South Summit they had a brief glimpse of Advance Base, down in the Western Cwm—so remote that it might have been in another world, on another planet. Then it was gone, and there was only the icy spine of the ridge falling away before them, while twilight thickened into dusk, and dusk into night. Now they, too, were going slowly: stumbling, groping. Repeatedly they lost the tracks they were following, in darkness or in outcroppings of rock. At one point they stopped and conferred, weighing the dangers of continuing against those of halting where they were for the night. But the decision was to go on.

They began to shout and yodel, hoping to raise a reply from Dave Dingman, who, according to schedule, should now be at Camp VI. And after a time—almost incredibly in that vast wilderness—answering shouts came back from below. At first the voices were faint; no more than distant hoots in the blackness. It was 8 o'clock—8:30—9 o'clock, as their groping crawl still continued.

Another half hour dragged on. It was after 9:30. Then at last came the great moment when dark figures loomed against the snow, and a few minutes later the men who on that day had climbed Mount Everest were no longer two teams of two but one team of four. At first, however, Willi and Tom did not know who it was they were meeting. They assumed that the two masked and muffled shapes were Dave Dingman and Girmi Dorje, and it was not until they had embraced and pounded one another's backs that they asked "Who are you? Who are you?" and discovered that they were with Lute Jerstad and Barry Bishop.

They were, of course, astonished. They had assumed that by now Lute and Barry would be down at Camp VI, or even at Camp V on the South Col; not waiting for them at some 28,400 feet on the open ridge. And here was where the unforeseeable bad-plus-good luck of Lute and Barry's early-morning fire played its part, for had it not been for the fire and the consequent delay in starting their day's climb, they *would*, by the time Willi and Tom began shouting, have been back at VI, and at such a distance, inside a tent, unable to hear them. Thanks only to the fire, they had been late enough, hence high enough, to hear. They had stopped their descent at the point where the shouts first reached them. And for the past two hours they had stayed there, propped on their ice axes, shuffling their freezing feet, doing what they could to help Willi and Tom in their descent.

In theory it would be the South Collars who would now lead the West Ridgers down the rest of the way. But this was to be only partly the case, for Lute and Barry were closer to exhaustion than the others. Indeed, Barry at first declared that he was physically unable to move on at all, and it took the strong insistence of the others, plus an immense effort of his own will, to get him started. With all joined on one rope, Tom went first, with Lute a few feet behind him trying to point out the way, and Willi, farther back, giving Barry such encouragement and help as he could. As before, when they were two separate teams, progress was no more than a crawl. Lute's vision was now hopelessly blurred, and even those whose eyes were all right could see almost nothing in the black moonless night. The ridge was a spectral tightrope between the gulfs of darkness. A false step anywhere, by anyone, could mean a slip, a slide, a fall—and extinction.

Could, but did not quite. For at one point Lute *did* slip and slide, off toward the precipice of the Kangshung Face. But he did not fall. He was held by the rope joining him to the others. And peering, groping, zigzagging, they struggled on down. The West Ridgers' feeble flashlight gave its last flicker and died. One by one, their oxygen bottles ran out, until all four were finished and discarded. And still the ridge plunged down, down, down, with no easing and no end.

An hour passed. And a second hour. By midnight they were below the knife-edged section of the ridge, but here, though the exposure was less, the route became even harder to follow in a jumble of mixed snow and rock. Lute and Barry knew that, along about here, there was a sharp turnoff leading down to the lower ridge and Camp VI. But they knew, too, that the chances of pinpointing it were small, and that if they made a wrong turning it might be the end for them all. They were still at a height of more than 28,000 feet. Even if they could find the right way, it would take them hours to reach the camp's level of 27,450. Barry, by now, could scarcely stand, let alone climb; the others were not much better off; and at 12:30, by almost unspoken agreement, they halted and made a decision.

Some 25 feet below the ridge-line they found a fairly level outcropping of rock in the slope of snow. They settled down on it. And they waited for morning.

At Base Camp, word had been received hours before that Willi and Tom had reached the summit and were about to begin the descent by the Col route. But of where they were now—and of what had happened to Lute and Barry—there was no inkling.

At Advance Base, Maynard Miller and Jimmy Roberts also knew no more than what had come over the walkie-talkie.

At Camp 4W, on the West Ridge, Barry Corbet, Al Auten and Dick Emerson knew even less than that. In the late afternoon they had heard from Base that Willi and Tom were going for the summit and planned to traverse it. But their radio had not picked up the relay of their subsequent message

from the top, and they were totally in the dark as to what was going on above them.

At Camp VI, on the Southeast Ridge, Dave Dingman was, in different fashion, having almost as bad a time as the summit climbers themselves. With Girmi Dorje and Nima Dorje, he had arrived there early the previous afternoon, and an assessment of their oxygen situation showed that, if all went well higher up, there would be enough on hand for him and Girmi Dorje to make their own try for the top the next day. As the hours wore on toward evening, however, he became concerned about the nonreturn of Lute and Barry; and by 7 o'clock, when the sun set, concern had grown into all-out alarm. Girmi, because of his long and close association with Barry, was no less upset, as the two grappled with the problem of what should, and could, be done.

In the early darkness they took turns beaming their single flashnight up the ridge, but like Tom and Willi's, it was half frozen and would emit only brief feeble flickers. Frustrated, they went back into the tents. "And then at about 9," said Dave, "I thought I heard faint shouting in the darkness above us. I went into the Sherpas' tent and spoke to Girmi, and he thought it was only the wind. But back in my own tent, listening and straining, I still heard the sounds from above, and after a while I was absolutely sure they were human voices. Going outside again, I started shouting back and tried to use what was left of our flashlight to signal upward. But this got no apparent result; so I roused Girmi again and told him the two of us were going up ourselves."

It was about 10 when they started off. Dave carried one oxygen cylinder, from which he breathed a two-litre flow. But Girmi, though he carried two cylinders, performed the remarkable feat of climbing with no oxygen at all, so that there would be a full supply left for the men above, when and if they found them. Their route of ascent was along the western slope of the ridge, for it was from this direction that Dave believed the shouts had come; and for an hour and more they toiled on, gaining some two or three hundred vertical feet. "Here we reached the area," Dave said, "from which I was sure the voices had been coming. I took off my oxygen mask and gave many long shouts, and Girmi shouted, too, and we waited, but to our great distress there was no answer. My worst fears, I thought, were being realized: that the men above, surely out of oxygen by now, and in total darkness, had either fallen or had already taken a wrong route past Camp VI and were lost."

Again he and Girmi shouted, loud and long, but there was still no answer. By now, in the inky night and cold, Dave was becoming worried about their own safety, and slowly, reluctantly, they descended to camp. Through the rest of the night Dave sat in his tent—listening, dozing, re-awakening and listening. Now and then he thought he could hear voices again.

Twice before in mountaineering history, men had spent a night out near the summits of great Himalayan peaks and lived to tell the tale. In 1953 it was done by the Austrian climber Hermann Buhl on the descent from his solo climb to the top of Nanga Parbat, in Kashmir; and in 1954 it was again done by the Alpine guide Walter Bonatti and a Pakistani porter named Mahdi during the course of the successful Italian ascent of K2. Buhl's bivouac was at some 26,000 feet, Bonatti's and Mahdi's a few hundred feet higher. Now four men down from the summit of Everest were enduring the experience at 28,000. They had no tent, no sleeping bags, no food, no drink, no oxygen. All they had were the clothes they wore, their ropes and axes, and their now almost empty packs.

On their little eyrie of rock, Willi Unsoeld and Tom Hornbein huddled close together. A few feet off, Lute Jerstad and Barry Bishop made the second pair. "By this time," said Barry, "we have both slipped into a stupefied fatigue. My feet, which while I was still moving had been growing colder to the point of agony, had now lost all feeling, and the tips of my fingers were following them into numbness. We curled up in our down jackets as best we could. Then after a while I was lying dazedly on my back, with my feet propped up like two antennae, wondering—almost too weary to care—how badly they were damaged. I tried to wiggle my toes, but felt nothing. Then, knowing it was hopeless, I gave up the effort and sank into a fitful sleep."

Lute, on the other hand did not—or thinks he did not—sleep at all. He hugged himself; he dug hands into armpits; he kept moving his toes and knocking his feet together for hour after hour. "As grimly as I had vowed to reach the summit," he said, "I now felt an indescribable savage drive to live through that night. Nothing was going to turn our victory into defeat. . . ."

Of the four of them, only Tom was lucid enough—or had enough energy—to remove his crampons, which, with their steel spikes, were prime conductors of cold. And later Willi, in a typical Willi action, removed Tom's boots and warmed his stockinged feet by drawing them under his clothing and holding them against his bare stomach. At this time Tom's feet still had sensation and were paining him. But when he suggested to Willi that he would now reciprocate the foot-warming, Willi said no, it was not necessary; his feet were all right. His awareness was so dulled that he did not realize that they were frozen numb. Even Tom, who was less far gone than the others, could not think clearly enough to realize that this must be the case. Willi, Lute and Barry kept their crampons on, their feet exposed. The most they did was clink them on the icy rock.

The hours passed. The night crept on. In a whole year's cycle of Everest nights there are no more than a handful in which unsheltered men at 28,000 feet could conceivably live to see the morning. But this was one of them. The mountain was kind. God was merciful. The temperature hovered at 18° below zero; but sheer cold, however bitter, is not so fierce an enemy as cold with wind behind it—and in the early hours of darkness the wind had dropped. There was only an occasional vagrant gust; then stillness. Utter stillness. On the roof of earth's highest mountain this was a miracle. And the miracle had been granted.

Beyond the stillness hung the frozen stars. Far, far to the south, beyond the blackness of Lhotse and Makalu, heat lightning flared and faded above the plains of India. It was 3 o'clock. Two men stirred and two others lay like stones. It was 4 o'clock. Two men dozed and two men stared at the sky. Then it was almost 5—and all were staring at the sky. At still another miracle: the miracle of a new day. Above, the stars were receding, fading. But around them the world was emerging: slowly, slowly. Rock was no longer black but gray. Snow was no longer gray but white. Above and below, the ridge took shape; beyond, and all around them, other mountains took shape; all that had been gone and lost returned.

The four men were silent, watching.

And God said, "Let there be light"; and there was light.

And still they watched and waited, while a day was born.

The long schuss *to Base Camp*

Color seeped into the grayness and whiteness. First in the east; then everywhere. A tide of pink and gold flooded the host of earth's highest peaks and poured down their flanks to the glaciers and valleys. There was no wisp of wind, or any sound or movement. The luminous miles spread away in such stillness, such clarity, that it seemed not merely the dawn of a day but of the world itself. Never in his life, said photographer Barry Bishop, had he seen a sight that so demanded to be recorded in its full panoply of grandeur. But his hands were too numb to change the film in his camera.

Now the sun was up. It streamed across the earth and upon the four men huddled close beneath earth's summit. It touched their faces and eyes. It penetrated through their layers of clothing to blood, bone and spirit. Though it had been light now for some time, they had deliberately waited for sunrise and its life-giving warmth. And now they rose, too. They were *able* to rise. Their bodies were stiff, their minds dulled, their eyes bleared. For all but Tom Hornbein, their feet were unsentient stumps at the end of their legs. But still they could rise. They could move. They could even make a few wry jokes. "What's for breakfast?" "Who's got a new razor blade?"

Struggling with stick-like fingers, Tom got his crampons back on. The others slung on packs and shuffled about. Then they tied into their ropes, in their original pairings of Lute and Barry, Tom and Willi, and at 6 o'clock, after five and a half hours on their perch in the sky, they were ready to go. Tom and Willi went first, following the now visible tracks in the snow. Lute and Barry followed a few moments after. Lute could barely see through his wind- and fire-burned eyes, and one of Barry's had now also fogged over. "We moved as much by feel as by sight," he said. But move they did.

Down—down—

At 5:30, in the first dawnlight, Dave Dingman and Girmi Dorje had started up from Camp VI. Each carried two bottles of oxygen, breathing from one of them, and both were still physically in good shape; but all thought of a summit attempt on their own part was now a thing of the past. They were now not a summit team. They were a rescue team—if there was anyone left to rescue—and as long as daylight and strength held out, they would search the upper mountain for Lute and Barry. That Willi and Tom might also be up there, on *this* side of the peak, did not occur to them.

Partly they followed their own route of the previous night, partly the upward tracks of Lute and Barry, which were now plain to the eye in the light of morning. And in an hour or more of climbing they again gained a few hundred feet. Then again, as on the night before, they took off their masks and shouted. "And, lo and behold," said Dave, "about 100 feet ahead of us two figures slowly staggered to their feet." His excitement was so great that he virtually dashed up toward them, leaving him with no breath to speak when he arrived. And he was rendered even more speechless when he realized that the two men were not Lute and Barry but Willi and Tom. "I was so astonished, so absolutely dumfounded," he said, "that the significance of their being there didn't dawn on me for another half hour; that it meant they had made their traverse of Everest."

Willi and Tom told him that the other two were following a bit behind them. When Dave offered them oxygen they said that no, they could get to Camp VI without it; Lute and Barry's need would be greater. And after Dave had pointed out the way they continued their descent. Meanwhile Dave and Girmi continued on. They gained another hundred feet or so. Once more they shouted. And once more, in almost dreamlike repetition, two figures above them slowly rose to their feet. "They seemed so shaky," said Dave, "that I shouted to them to stay where they were until I could get to them. Which they did. And when I arrived they were lying prostrate on a little shelf of snow. As they spoke to me it was very slowly and with much effort, and their faces were a deep ashen blue."

Dave and Girmi quickly unlimbered their extra oxygen bottles and hooked them up to the two men's masks. After a few minutes their talk became more coherent and their color changed from blue to a more healthy pink. Presently they were standing. They started down. Lute and Barry were lurching and stumbling, with Dave and Girmi assisting them. And it was as if an old moving picture film was being re-run, with ironic changes; for three weeks before it had been Lute and Barry who were helping lurchers and stumblers, leading Norman and Big Jim and Gombu and Ang down from the heights, while Everest's summit receded behind them. . . . That had been their day of disappointment and sacrifice. But they had had a second chance. They had risen to it. They had reached their goal. And now it was others who were sacrificing for them.

Here again was proof, perfect and poignant, that mountaineering is a matter not of individuals but of teams; not only of triumph but of selflessness as well. For the day was bright and windless; Dave Dingman and Girmi Dorje were in good strength and well equipped; and had they gone on, they would have had an excellent chance of reaching the summit themselves. But they did not go on. With their companions needing help, it would have been inconceivable.

Together the six men descended to the highest camp. Then to the South Col, the Lhotse Face, the Western Cwm, Advance Base, the Icefall, Base Camp. For two full days they descended, while earth's summit receded above them: "It was one long *schuss*," said Willi Unsoeld later. Down, down, down. . . .

'The mountain remains unvanquished.'

The records and "firsts" established by the expedition are almost too many to list. Pre-eminently, there was the climbing of the West Ridge, the crossing of the summit, the descent by the South Col; and of this Norman Dyhrenfurth said, "For decades it has been the dream of mountaineers to do a major Himalayan traverse. We are particularly happy and proud, not only that this was the first Himalayan traverse, but that the traverse was on Everest."

Among the others were: most men on top of Everest in one expedition; most men on top in one day; most climbers and Sherpas to heights of 26-, 27- and 28,000 feet; the highest "night out" in history; and the first time that any great Himalayan peak had ever been tried—let alone climbed—simultaneously from two directions.

The "long *schuss*" down, as Willi put it, had not, infact been as carefree as he made it sound. Of the four summit climbers, he and Barry Bishop had suffered severe frostbite of the toes, Lute Jerstad lesser frostbite—with only Tom Hornbein escaping scot free—and their progress down the mountain was slow and difficult. Doggedly, they made it all the way to Base Camp on their own power; but on their arrival there word was flashed by radio to Katmandu for a helicopter to be sent, three days later, to Namche Bazar to fly Willi and Barry out to civilization and hospital care. Eventually frostbite and gangrene were to force the amputation of all Barry's toes, plus the tips of his little fingers, and all Willi's toes but one. Lute's toes were not that bad. He would be able to walk out with the expedition. But as a precaution, for the two-day march from Base Camp to Namche, he, along with Willi and Barry, was carried on the backs of porters working in relays. On May 25, a mere three days after four men had stood on Everest's summit, the caravan left Base Camp for the descent of the Khumbu Glacier. Progress was in single file, with the team members and "high" Sherpas spread out among the rank-and-file Sherpas, who carried the bulk of the loads; and among these were 12 men whose loads were human—four each for Willi, Barry and Lute, whom they carried in relays for periods of 20 minutes each. At first the crippled climbers rode backward, sitting in baskets slung over the porters' shoulders; but in this position the jolting was unendurable, and soon they had changed to a simple piggyback, which was more comfortable, if less dignified.

Indeed, there was little dignity—at least of the outward variety—anywhere in the plodding procession; little indication that this was a group of men returning from a bright and glittering triumph.

It was a tatterdemalion lot: the porters stooped and ragged, the climbers scruffy, bearded, emaciated—three of them unable even to walk—as they moved down the glacial valley, looking back now and then at the mountain on which they had struggled and aspired.

"—And conquered," one might add—

But it would not be these men who would add it. Not then—nor ever. For these men were mountaineers. They would say, with George Leigh-Mallory, "Have we vanquished an enemy? None but ourselves." They would say, with Barry Bishop, "When the battle ends, the mountain remains unvanquished. *There are no true victors, only survivors.*"

Plus one who was not a survivor. And presently they were to bid good-by to him; for they had come to a place called Gorak Shep, beside the Khumbu Glacier, which on their upward trip had been a wilderness of ice and snow, but was now, in late spring, a rocky vale beside a mountain lake, in which grew tiny alpine flowers, as high as any in all the world. The trail passed close by the lake—and also by a large rock near its shore on which a stonecutter from one of the Sherpa villages, hired by the expedition, had been at work for a few weeks past. His work was now finished, and on the rock was carved:

IN MEMORY OF
JOHN E. BREITENBACH
AMERICAN MOUNT EVEREST EXPEDITION 1963

Slowly, in single file, the other men of Everest passed by and moved on toward the world below.

—James Ramsey Ullman

NEXT MONTH'S BOOK CONDENSATION

From the author of **The White Nile** and **The Blue Nile,** the ordeal of an expedition into the wilds of the world's strangest continent, of a venture that reached its goal only to end in disaster:

COOPER'S CREEK

By Alan Moorehead

RINGTHEBELL77 on Archive.org

this funny Life

An eager young lieutenant, fresh from the states, had just joined our engineer outfit during the Korean fracas. Our unit was busy setting up its equipment in a new bivouac, stringing barbed wire and establishing a routine perimeter defense of the encampment. The self-important young officer was bustling about, issuing superfluous directions to the old hands as they dug slit-trenches and firing positions. Observing disapprovingly, he stopped at a detail of men sweatingly excavating a long deep pit.

"Hold it, you men. Come out of there!" he ordered, surveying their efforts and shaking his head in disgust.

When the diggers were out of the pit, the lieutenant hopped in, careful not to muddy his pressed fatigues. Addressing the non-com in charge of the detail, he said scornfully, "Sergeant, you've got this trench too deep and too wide. Do you call *this* a proper slit-trench? How would you like to be in here with me if a fire-fight should break out?"

Gazing patiently down at the officer, the sergeant drawled, "Sure wouldn't like that, lieutenant, sir—that there's a latrine we're diggin'!"

J. H. Matthews
St. Louis, Mo.

As credit manager for a Los Angeles department store, I received the following letter from a Pasadena man: "Very sorry that my bill has been delinquent for this length of time. I've recently married and have been on a honeymoon. As soon as I am on my feet again, I'll be sure and take care of it. . . ."

J. D. Dublin
Los Angeles, Calif.

My husband, a local TV and radio entertainer, was scheduled to interview a well-known "exotic dancer" on his afternoon TV show. She arrived—almost dressed—in a short, tight-fitting, low-necked garment, with a tiny dog under her arm. The dog, almost as unnerved as the male viewers, cameramen and my husband, kept yipping. Each time the dog yipped, the voluptuous young lady would turn aside and fondly admonish it with a breathless "No! No! No!"

After five minutes of disconcerted patter, accentuated with frequent tender "No's!" to the adoring pet, my appreciative but overwhelmed mate blurted out: "For heaven's sake, what's it asking?"

Mrs. Bill Gordon
Cleveland, Ohio

In a barracks at Fort Dix, New Jersey, the heating plant failed during a cold snap last fall. After the platoon had struggled through two cold nights, one trainee mustered courage enough to report the lack of heat to the first sergeant.

"Heat?" responded the sergeant. "What do you want heat for? It's 48° outside."

"But it's only 44° in the barracks," replied the trainee.

"Well," thundered the sergeant, "open the windows!"

John Chase
Point Pleasant, N. J.

Some guests dropped in at a couple's house and during the evening's conversation, one of the guests remarked, "You certainly have a lovely family, two boys and two girls."

Since the sexes of the children alternated the wife replied, "Yes, but it might have been nicer if we had had the two boys and then the two girls for closer companionship."

Glancing disgustedly in his wife's direction, her husband exclaimed, "*Now* she tells me!"

Dan Bennett
Pacific Palisades, Calif.

When the Air Force implemented the weight control program, it required that individuals of a certain height should weigh within a certain weight range or face a rather rigorous exercise program designed to reduce their weight. I was waiting patiently for my turn to be weighed when a short, chubby airman came out of the weigh-in room.

"How'd it go?" I asked.

"Fine," he replied. "The sergeant said I wouldn't have to lose any weight." Then he added, "But he said that I had better grow about six inches taller."

Gary R. Ensminger
Grand Forks AFB, N. Dak.

During the course of a neighborhood house party, at which one of the guests was a bona fide professor, the subject of birth control was discussed.

"One article I read," said a housewife, "stated that in the year 2050, or sometime about then, if the present rate of population increase is maintained, there will be 'standing room only' on this earth."

"Well," said another housewife, "I think it's high time the people did something about it!"

Then the professor ended that discussion by seriously remarking, "Standing room only? That should slow them down a little!"

St. Martin L. Nielsen
Odell, Ore.

While spending his vacation in the hills of eastern Tennessee, a friend of mine decided to see how the mountaineers of this section lived. He walked up to a farm where a man was lying under a tree listening to a ball game on a portable radio while his wife plowed the garden.

"Isn't that kind of work pretty hard for a woman?" my friend asked.

The man replied, "Yep, but we work in shifts."

"Oh, I see, when she gets tired you take over."

"Nope," the mountaineer said. "When she gets tired out plowing, I let her shift to the house chores."

Charles V. Phillips
Chattanooga, Tenn.

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